FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

VOLUME 1

ISSUES 15–17 AND 4-6

THE EC ARCHIVES

FOREWORD BY ROBERT ENGLUND

THE EC ARCHIVES

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

ISSUES 15–17
and 4–6

VOLUME 1

Foreword by
ROBERT ENGLUND

DARK HORSE BOOKS

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER MIKE RICHARDSON **COLLECTION EDITOR** DANIEL CHABON **ORIGINAL SERIES EDITOR** WILLIAM M. GAINES
ASSISTANT EDITORS CHUCK HOWITT and KONNER KNUDSEN **COLLECTION DESIGNER** DIEGO MORALES-PORTILLO
DIGITAL ART TECHNICIAN ADAM PRUETT **DIGITAL COLORIST** JAMISON SERVICES **Special thanks to Cathy Gaines and John Cochran**

THE EC ARCHIVES: The Haunt of Fear®
Copyright © 1950, 1951, 2021 William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Introduction © 2021 Grant Geissman. The EC logo is a registered trademark of William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc., and used under license by Dark Horse Comics LLC. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics LLC. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics LLC. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects *The Haunt of Fear* #15–#17 and #4–#6, originally published between May 1950 and April 1951 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc.

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics LLC
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

DarkHorse.com

Comic Shop Locator Service: comicshoplocator.com

First edition: November 2021
Ebook ISBN 978-1-50672-903-9
Trade paperback ISBN 978-1-50672-120-0
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Printed in China

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Craig, Johnny, 1926-2001, writer, artist. | Feldstein, Albert B., writer, artist. | Kurtzman, Harvey, writer, artist. | Harrison, Harry, 1925-2012, penciller. | Wood, Wallace, illustrator. | Ingels, Graham, 1915-1991, illustrator. | Kamen, Jack, 1920-2008, artist. | Davis, Jack, 1924-2016, artist. | Severin, Marie, colourist.
Title: The haunt of fear.
Other titles: At head of title: The EC archives
Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, 2021- | Series: EC Archives | Volume 1: "Foreword by Robert Englund" -- Volume 2: "Foreword by Tim Sullivan" -- Volume 3: "Introduction by Grant Geissman ; Foreword by Cullen Bunn" -- Volume 4: "Introduction by Grant Geissman ; Foreword by Rob Zombie" -- Volume 5: "Foreword by Clive Barker" | Summary: v. 1: "The Haunt font overfloweth! Collecting issues #15-#17 and #4-#6 of the classic horror series, and features gorgeous new digital colors--using Marie Severin's original palette as a guide, this volume includes unforgettable stories drawn by all-star comic artists Johnny Craig, Al Feldstein, Harvey Kurtzman, Harry Harrison, Wallace Wood, Graham Ingels, Jack Kamen, and Jack Davis!"-- Provided by publisher.

Identifiers: LCCN 2021023541 (print) | LCCN 2021023542 (ebook) | ISBN 9781506721200 (v. 1 ; trade paperback) | ISBN 9781506726038 (v. 1 ; ebook)
Subjects: LCSH: Horror tales, American. | Comic books, strips, etc. | LCGFT: Horror comics. | Comics (Graphic works)
Classification: LCC PN6728.H374 H43 2021 (print) | LCC PN6728.H374 (ebook) | DDC 741.5/973--dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021023541
LC ebook record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021023542

MIKE RICHARDSON President and Publisher
NEIL HANKERSON Executive Vice President
TOM WEDDLE Chief Financial Officer
DALE LAFOUNTAIN Chief Information Officer
TIM WIESCH Vice President of Licensing
MATT PARKINSON Vice President of Marketing
VANESSA TODD-HOLMES Vice President of Production and Scheduling
MARK BERNARDI Vice President of Book Trade and Digital Sales
KEN LIZZI General Counsel
DAVE MARSHALL Editor in Chief
DAVEY ESTRADA Editorial Director
CHRIS WARNER Senior Books Editor
CARY GRAZZINI Director of Specialty Projects
LIA RIBACCHI Art Director
MATT DRYER Director of Digital Art and Prepress
MICHAEL GOMBOS Senior Director of Licensed Publications
KARI YADRO Director of Custom Programs
KARI TORSON Director of International Licensing
SEAN BRICE Director of Trade Sales
RANDY LAHRMAN Director of Product Sales

CONTENTS

7 **INTRODUCTION**
Grant Geissman

9 **FOREWORD**
Robert Englund

11 **THE HAUNT OF FEAR #15**
May–June 1950
Cover Artist: Johnny Craig
Letters: Jim Wroten

13 **THE WALL: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY**
Writer: Johnny Craig
Artist: Johnny Craig

20 **HOUSE OF HORROR**
Writer: Ivan Klapper
Artist: Harvey Kurtzman

27 **OUT OF THE GRAVE**
Writer: Al Feldstein

30 **THE MAD MAGICIAN**
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Pencils: Harry Harrison
Inks: Wally Wood

37 **THE THING IN THE SWAMP!**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

45 **THE HAUNT OF FEAR #16**
July–August 1950
Cover Artist: Johnny Craig
Letters: Jim Wroten

47 **VAMPIRE!**
Writer: Johnny Craig
Artist: Johnny Craig

55 **HORROR-AHEAD!**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Pencils: Harry Harrison
Inks: Wally Wood

62 **DEATH SHROUD!**
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Artist: Al Feldstein

63 **THE KILLER IN THE COFFIN**
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Artist: Graham Ingels

69 **MURDER BY A DEAD MAN!**
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Artist: Al Feldstein

70 **THE MUMMY'S RETURN!**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack kamen

77 **THE HAUNT OF FEAR #17**
September–October 1950
Cover Artist: Johnny Craig
Letters: Jim Wroten

79 **NIGHTMARE!**
Writer: Johnny Craig
Artist: Johnny Craig

87 **TELEVISION TERROR!**
Writer: Harvey Kurtzman
Artist: Harvey Kurtzman

94 **REPEAT PERFORMANCE**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

95 **MONSTER MAKER!**
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Artist: Graham Ingels

101 **THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE**
Letters to the Editor

102 **HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

109 **THE HAUNT OF FEAR #4**
November–December 1950
Cover Artist: Al Feldstein
Letters: Jim Wroten

111 **THE HUNCHBACK!**
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Graham Ingels

118 **FIRE**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

119 **THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!**
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack Kamen

126 **CUNNING**
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

128 THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE
Letters to the Editor

129 THE LIVING MUMMY
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack Davis

135 MAN FROM THE GRAVE!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Graham Ingels

143 THE HAUNT OF FEAR #5
January–February 1951
Cover Artist: Johnny Craig
Letters: Jim Wroten

145 A BITING FINISH!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Graham Ingels

152 THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE
Letters to the Editor

153 HORROR IN THE FREAK TENT!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Wally Wood

160 SKELETON
Writer: Al Feldstein
Artist: Al Feldstein

162 A TASTY MORSEL!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack Davis

169 SEEDS OF DEATH!
Writer: Johnny Craig
Artist: Johnny Craig

177 THE HAUNT OF FEAR #6
March–April 1951
Cover Artist: Johnny Craig
Letters: Jim Wroten

179 A STRANGE UNDERTAKING . . .
Writers: Ray Bradbury, Bill Gaines, and Al Feldstein
Artist: Graham Ingels

187 SO THEY FINALLY PINNED YOU DOWN!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Wally Wood

194 MARSH SAND
Writer: Al Feldstein

196 THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE
Letters to the Editor

197 A GRAVE GAG!!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack Kamen

203 CHEESE, THAT'S HORRIBLE!
Writers: Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein
Artist: Jack Davis

Most of the coloring on the original versions of these stories was done by EC colorist Marie Severin. Although all of these stories have been digitally recolored for this new edition, her coloring style was followed to retain the integrity of the original EC comic books.

While all attempts have been made to include proper attribution to the writers and artists who worked on these comic books, we regret any errors and omissions. Please contact the publisher at help@darkhorse.com with any new information.

INTRODUCTION

BY GRANT GEISSMAN

The *EC Archives* series is an effort to preserve, in a high-quality format, the complete sequential output of what are generally considered to be among the greatest comic books of the twentieth century, those of the Entertaining Comics group (EC).

EC had a rather modest beginning. The company was begun in 1945 by comics pioneer Maxwell C. Gaines. The letters "EC" originally stood for "Educational Comics," reflecting Gaines's firm belief in the notion of comic books as an educational medium. Back in the 1930s, Gaines had been instrumental in the formation of the early comic book industry. Somewhat later, as publisher of the All-American comics group, he had encouraged his partners at sister company DC/National to release a feature called *Superman*. Max Gaines was later bought out of his share of the All-American and DC/National partnership, and almost immediately he formed EC Comics, taking with him the rights to his *Picture Stories from the Bible* series.

Gaines soldiered on with EC, publishing his ho-hum line for younger readers (including titles like *Tiny Tot Comics* and *Animal Fables*) and the *Picture Stories* series. When Max Gaines was killed in a motorboat accident in August 1947, the company was running about $100,000 in the red. The responsibility for the company fell to his son, William M. Gaines. Bill, who had been studying to be a chemistry teacher, was initially quite reluctant to step into his father's shoes, and he did so only on his mother's insistence. "In the beginning," Bill wrote, "I hated the business so much that I visited the office only once a week to sign the payroll checks." As he began feeling his way through the ins and outs of being a publisher, his attitude began to change. "First thing I knew, I had to read our comics. Next thing I knew, I was in love with them," Bill wrote.

As Bill began to assemble a new and younger staff (notably artist/writers Al Feldstein and Harvey Kurtzman, along with a young artist/writer named Johnny Craig, who had worked for M. C. Gaines), he also began replacing his father's well-intentioned (but lackluster) titles with new (but highly derivative) ones. After several years of playing "follow the leader" and trying to keep up with the ever-changing trends in the comic book industry, Gaines and Feldstein decided to try out some experimental horror stories. (These tryout horror stories were included in the final two issues of their crime titles *War against Crime!* and *Crime Patrol*.) The stories proved to be quite popular, and before long EC's horror comics had become the flagships of the line. This time it was EC's turn to be imitated, and the other companies began to flood the newsstands with competing horror titles.

EC's new line of comics (which Gaines and Feldstein christened "New Trend") consisted not only of horror, but also included science fiction, crime, shock, and—under Harvey Kurtzman's aegis—war and humor comics. (Kurtzman's groundbreaking humor comic, *MAD*, was so successful that Feldstein also produced a sister title for the company, called *PANIC*. This sort of cloning was common practice in the comic book industry.)

Unlike virtually all the other comic book publishers of the time, Gaines and Feldstein strived to produce comics that were several cuts above the standard fare, both in the writing and the artwork. While essentially writing to amuse themselves, they were also targeting an older age group than most other publishers; both men were in their midtwenties at the time. Gaines and Feldstein soon developed a highly effective system, with Gaines generally providing the plot ideas (which he jotted down on little scraps of paper he called "springboards"), and Feldstein fleshing out and writing the stories directly onto the art boards that would be given to the artists to illustrate. Rounding out EC's creative team were artist/writer/editor Harvey Kurtzman, who wrote nearly everything he drew (he also wrote nearly every story in the titles he edited), and Johnny Craig, who generally also wrote the stories he drew.

The list of freelance artists that regularly did work for EC reads like a who's who of comics (and to some extent, magazine illustration) in the mid-twentieth century: Jack Davis, Wallace Wood, Bill Elder, Reed Crandall, Frank Frazetta, Graham Ingels, Al Williamson, Joe Orlando, Jack Kamen, George Evans, Bernie Krigstein, and John Severin. Bill, whose father had always told him that he would never amount to anything, had been able to do what even his father could not do: make EC a success. However, an ominous cloud was on the horizon. Armed with his book *Seduction of the Innocent*, an ambitious psychologist named Dr. Fredric Wertham had begun a highly publicized campaign against horror and crime comics, which eventually led to a full Senate subcommittee investigation of the supposed—but never proven and patently absurd—link between comic books and juvenile delinquency. Forced under pressure to "clean up" his comics or go out of business, Gaines dropped most of his titles, and in 1955 EC began the "New Direction" line of comics. These titles ran into retailer and distributor resistance and were a money-losing proposition. A magazine-sized experiment (dubbed "Picto-Fiction") was also attempted; this too proved unsuccessful.

Fortunately for Bill Gaines, he still had *MAD* in his back pocket, which he had recently turned into a magazine format to mollify creator/writer Harvey Kurtzman. Gaines put all his eggs in the *MAD* basket, and insanity (though some would say inanity!) prevailed. After Kurtzman's departure from *MAD* in 1956, Gaines enlisted Al Feldstein as the magazine's editor (a position he held until his retirement in 1985). *MAD* magazine became, of course, an American icon. The EC comics, however, were no more.

Gone but not forgotten, EC has a flame that its most ardent fans have kept burning brightly over the many years. And as a result, the EC magic can still be enjoyed not only by its original devotees, but also by successive (and equally rabid) generations of EC Fan-Addicts. Like you!

FOREWORD

BY ROBERT ENGLUND

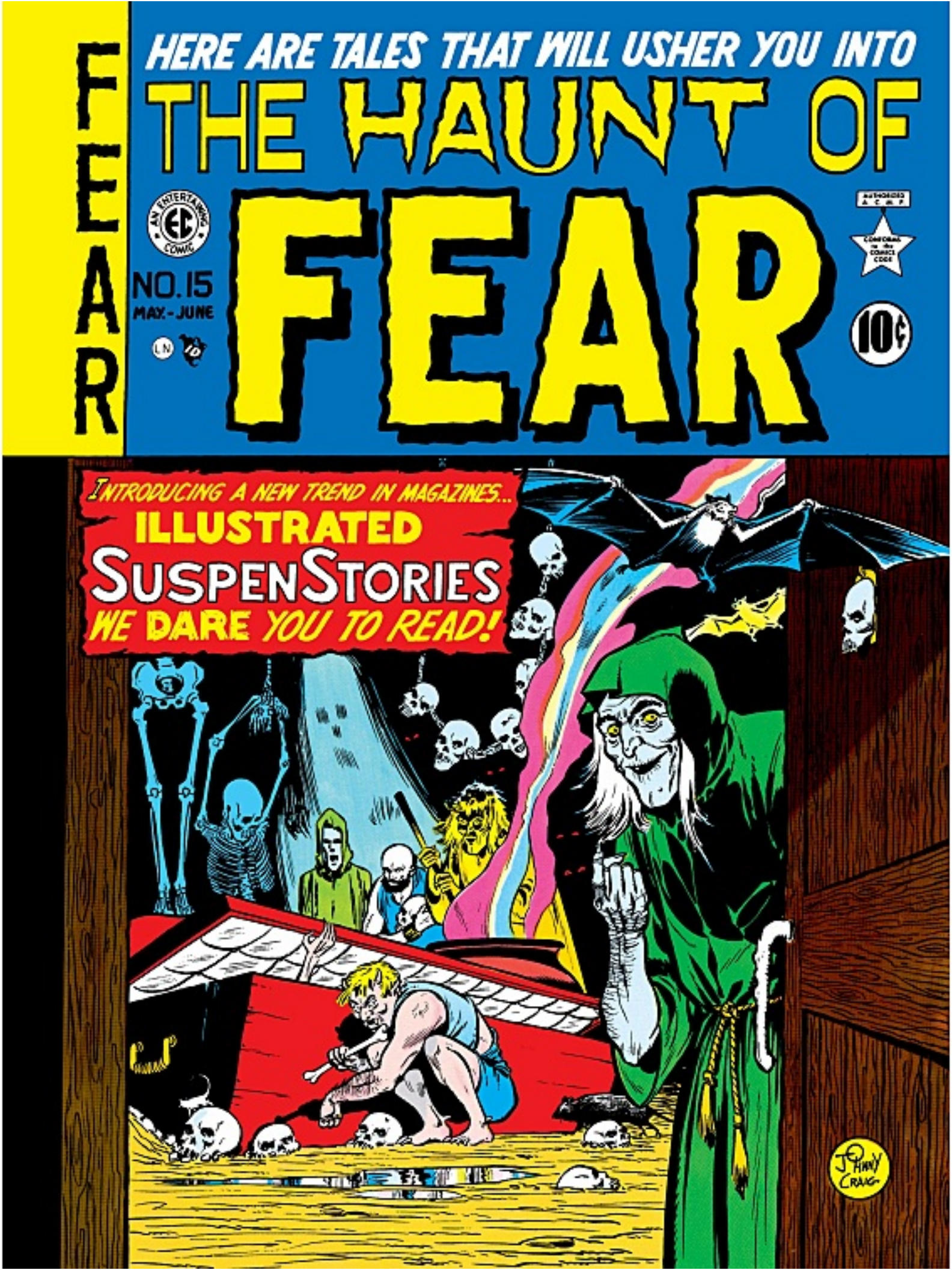
I cut my teeth on such eclectic comics as Disney's *Scrooge* and the *Blackhawk Adventures* series as well as devouring Sunday funnies like *Li'l Abner, Prince Valiant*, and *Dick Tracy*.

As the only child of a Lockheed engineer, I had a special fascination with 20th century aircraft, which manifested itself in a ceiling dangling with Revell authentic model kits and the action illustrations of WWII and Korean warplanes in EC's *Two-Fisted Tales*.

My feeble attempts to trace the Hellcats, Mustangs, P-38s, and Sabre jets from the pages of *Two-Fisted Tales* also begat my twisted history lessons courtesy of the other stories in my dog-eared, peanut butter and jelly–stained copies. Eventually I graduated to *Tales from the Crypt*, *The Haunt of Fear*, and *The Vault of Horror*. That graphic, storyboarded, extreme view still affects the way I visualize literature and scripts to this day.

As a "sophisticated" preteen my comics education was furthered by the discovery of *Mad Magazine*. The great pop-culture parodies from the fifties and sixties, and the astounding artists of *Mad*, offered a secret code to the Keds-sneakered, Levi-ed, striped-tee-shirted tribes who thumbed through issues together and shared our favorite *Mad* jokes huddled in forts in the orange grove jungles of post-war Southern California. EC comics were and are a seminal influence on my generation and generations to come.

Robert Englund was born in 1947 in Glendale, California, the son of a Lockheed engineer. His acting career began in 1974 with his appearance in Buster and Billie, *and he has played more than 100 roles in movies and television. He is best known for his portrayal of the fictional serial killer Freddy Krueger in the series of* A Nightmare on Elm Street *horror films.*


FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 15
MAY.-JUNE
10¢
INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!
JOHNNY CRAIG

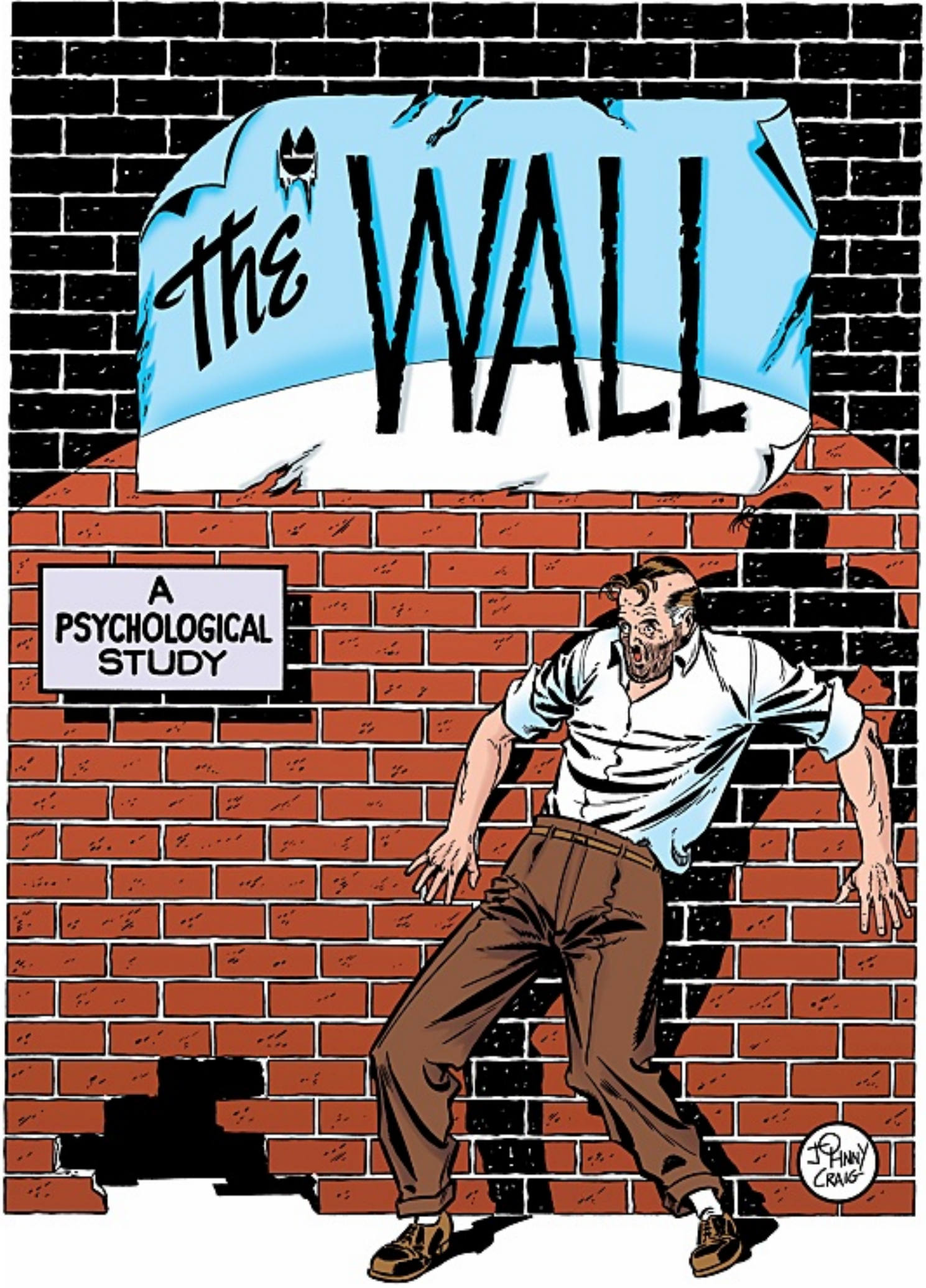
SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*

HORROR
NO. 12
APR.-MAY
THE VAULT OF HORROR
10¢
INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
ILLUSTRATED SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!
EXHIBIT #3 ROBIN HOOD PRESENTED BY GAINES WAX MUSEUM
GOOD LORD... CAN'T THEY SEE I'M ALIVE... NOT A WAX DUMMY! I'M FLESH AND BLOOD... PLEASE SOMEONE, HELP ME...
...AND HERE WE SEE THE STRETCH-RACK, ONE OF THE MOST DIABOLICAL INSTRUMENTS OF MEDIEVAL TORTURE EVER CONCEIVED! WATCH THE ACTION OF THE RACK UPON THE WAX DUMMY WHEN I PUT THIS MECHANICAL DISPLAY INTO OPERATION!
EXHIBIT #3 STRETCH-RACK.
TORTURE DEVICE USED IN THE MIDDLE AGES. GAINES WAX MUSEUM

ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!
ANOTHER EC SURE-FIRE WINNER!

Haunt of Fear, May-June, 1950—Vol. 1, No. 15. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter December 17, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.


THE WALL
A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY
JOHNNY CRAIG

MY NAME IS NEAL HARPER. CLARA AND I WERE A HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE... ONCE! BUT SINCE THE ARRIVAL OF SNOOKY, HATE SEEPED INTO THE HOUSEHOLD AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO DISINTERGRATE OUR LOVE. I WAS FRUSTRATED AT EVERY MOVE, AT EVERY TURN... AND SNOOKY WAS ALWAYS TO BLAME!..YOU SEE, SNOOKY WAS CLARA'S PET CAT...
DON'T SAY "NO" TO *ME*, YOU WORM! I DON'T CARE HOW FAR IT IS TO THE GROCERS! YOU *GO!* SNOOKY WANTS SOME MILK BEFORE I PUT HER TO BED!
Y-YES, DEAR... I'M SORRY...I... I'LL GO...

AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS! CLARA'S LOVE AND AFFECTION WERE NOW CENTERED ON SNOOKY... AND I WAS LITERALLY "OUT IN THE COLD!"
GROCERY

IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME...
NEAL HARPER, DON'T YOU *DARE* GO *NEAR* YOUR CHAIR WHILE SNOOKY IS SITTING IN IT!
YES, DEAR...

I WASN'T THE BOLD, ASSERTIVE TYPE WHO WOULD FIGHT BACK...PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD ANYWAY... NOT AGAINST CLARA...
YOU PUT THAT CREAM RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT! IT'S SNOOKY'S! I BOUGHT SKIM MILK FOR *YOU!*
YES, DEAR...

THAT MANGY CAT!! I BEGAN TO LOATHE IT! HOW I WISHED I HAD THE NERVE TO WRING ITS NECK!
B- BUT IT'S *MY* BED...
I'M SORRY, NEAL! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SLEEP ON THE LIVING-ROOM COUCH FOR TONIGHT! SNOOKY WAS SLEEPING THERE FIRST, AND I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB HER...

...ALWAYS THE SAME! DON'T DO THIS! DON'T DO THAT! SNOOKY THIS, SNOOKY THAT! AND IT CONTINUALLY GREW WORSE UNTIL I HATED THAT CAT SO MUCH, IT NEARLY DROVE ME TO FRENZY!
SNOOKY!
CATS!
SNOOKY
CATS!
SNOOKY
SNOOKY
SNOOKY
2

HMM-M... I STARTED THIS BOOK SOME TIME AGO! I THINK I'LL FINISH IT TONIGHT...
GET OUT OF MY CHAIR, YOU CONFOUNDED CAT!
NEAL!
YOU BEAST! PICKING ON POOR LIDDEW SNOOKY! COME HERE, YOU POOR THING...
SNOOKY! SNOOKY! SNOOKY! THAT'S ALL I HEAR AROUND THIS PLACE! YOU AND YOUR BLASTED CAT! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!
IS MY LIDDEW SNOOKY ALL RIGHT NOW? POOR DARLING, YOU'RE SO FRIGHTENED, AREN'T YOU? POOR, POOR SNOOKY...
"POOR, POOR SNOOKY!!" HA! SHE'S CAUSED NOTHING BUT TROUBLE EVER SINCE SHE CAME HERE, AND I'M GOING TO STOP IT ONCE AND FOR ALL!
THUD!
CLARA... CLARA... CLARA! SHE'S DEAD!

I...I'VE KILLED HER! CLARA'S DEAD... BUT I'M NOT SORRY! I HATE HER! HER AND THAT CAT!
BUT I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HER BODY...TAKE IT DOWN THE CELLAR...MAYBE THROW HER IN THE FURNACE...
?
BRICKS! OF COURSE! I'LL BUILD A BRICK WALL...AND SEAL HER DEAD BODY BEHIND IT!
I SET TO WORK FEVERISHLY! I'D NEVER BUILT A BRICK WALL BEFORE AND I KNEW I DIDN'T MIX THE CEMENT CORRECTLY, BUT IT WOULD DO!
HA...THIS IS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT! I SHOULD BE FINISHED BY...WHA?
SNOOKY!
CAT! STOP TRYING TO GET BEHIND THIS WALL! CLARA CAN'T COODLE YOU ANYMORE! CLARA'S DEAD!
HOURS PASSED, AND I CONTINUED WORKING...WITH SNOOKY TRYING AGAIN AND AGAIN TO LEAP OVER THE WALL TO BE WITH CLARA...AND I, ALWAYS CHASING HER OFF...HER TIME WOULD COME...
GET OUT OF HERE! SCAT!
WAIT, SNOOKY, WAIT...I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU IN A LITTLE WHILE! HEH! HEH! WAIT...WAIT...
4

THERE! I'M FINISHED! I FEEL BETTER NOW THAT SHE'S OUT OF THE WAY! HA! NOW TO FIND SNOOKY... AND KILL HER...
I SEARCHED THE HOUSE FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC! I COULDN'T FIND SNOOKY! AGAIN I SEARCHED... MORE CAREFULLY THIS TIME, AND STILL COULDN'T FIND HER! SHE WASN'T IN THE HOUSE...
BLAST IT! WHERE IS THAT CAT?! NOT IN THE HOUSE... I RANSACKED THIS PLACE SEVERAL TIMES... WAIT!
THE WALL!... THE WALL WHERE CLARA IS BURIED! SNOOKY WAS TRYING TO GET BEHIND IT... MAYBE SHE SNEAKED OVER THE WALL WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING... ???
THAT MUST BE WHAT HAPPENED! SNOOKY WANTED TO BE WITH CLARA! HA! HA! NOW THEY'LL BE TOGETHER... FOREVER! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
SUDDENLY I FELT EXHAUSTED. NOW THAT IT WAS ALL OVER, I BEGAN TO TREMBLE SLIGHTLY! THE FEAR OF KILLING CLARA AND SNOOKY WAS NOW OVERTAKING ME...
I... I MUST CONTROL MYSELF!... NEED REST... I'LL... I'LL SLEEP... GO TO BED!
FULLY CLOTHED, I COLLAPSED ON THE BED AND INSTANTLY WAS ASLEEP. BUT I SLEPT FITFULLY, BEING PLAGUED BY TERRIFYING NIGHTMARES OF CLARA... AND CATS!
5

I AWOKE NEXT MORNING... I FELT WRETCHED. I HAD SLEPT LONG, BUT NOT WELL... NOT WELL AT ALL!
OHH--H... THOSE DREAMS! THEY COMPLETELY UNNERVED ME! I... I'M A NERVOUS WRECK! MAYBE A DRINK WILL HELP...
MERRO-WEBR!
A CAT! I'D HEARD A CAT! SNOOKY WAS CALLING FOR HER FREEDOM... FOR HER LIFE! SHE KNEW THAT IN A SHORT WHILE, SHE WOULD DIE FROM LACK OF OXYGEN...
HA! HA! YOU DON'T LIKE BEING IN THERE WITH CLARA, DO YOU, SNOOKY? WELL, YOU'LL SOON BE QUIET... AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE...
BUT SNOOKY DIDN'T KEEP QUIET! SHE YOWLED AND SCREAMED INTERMINABLY... SHE WOULDN'T DIE! DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I HEARD HER PIERCING WAILS UNTIL MY NERVES WERE ON THE VERGE OF SPLITTING ...
SHUT UP, DO YOU HEAR? SHUT UP, IN THERE! STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!
6.

SHE WOULDN'T STOP! SNOOKY WAS CRYING OUT HER LIVID HATE FOR ME! SHE WOULDN'T DIE! SHE WOULDN'T *DIE!* AND NO MATTER WHERE I WENT IN THE HOUSE, I HEARD HER...SCREAMING HER RAGE AT ME...

ME-EYOW! MER-ROWER-R! MEE-YOW! MER-ROW MEE-YOW! MEE-YOW! MERROWER! MER-ROWERR!

I COULDN'T STAND IT! FINALLY, I DECIDED I WOULD HAVE TO KILL HER MYSELF...I WENT TO THE CELLAR...

THERE! I'VE KNOCKED OUT ONE BRICK DOWN BY THE FLOOR. I'LL REACH IN...GRAB THAT CAT...AND *THROTTLE* HER!

I STRETCHED MY ARM THROUGH THE OPENING... A TIGHT SQUEEZE...

MY HAND GROPED ABOUT SEARCHINGLY ...TRYING TO GRASP THE CAT...

AND THEN...

OUCH!

SHE BIT ME! THEN IN QUICK SUCCESSION, HER CLAWS RIPPED THROUGH MY FLESH, HER FANGS GNAWED MY HAND AND FINGERS! *I SCREAMED!*

HELP! MY ARM! I CAN'T GET MY ARM OUT! HELP!

MY ARM WAS BEING RIPPED AND TORN! I FELT WAVES OF KNIFING PAIN SURGE THROUGH ME...WARM BLOOD TRICKLED OVER MY ARM, THROUGH MY FINGERS! WARM, STICKY! SNOOKY WOULDN'T LET GO! SHE HAD ME AND WAS GOING TO *KILL* ME! I COULDN'T GET FREE! *SHE WAS TEARING ME TO SHREDS!!*

HELP! HELP! YELP

7

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
OFFICERS... SOMEONE! HELP ME! SNOOKY... EATING MY ARM TO PIECES!... HELP! PLEASE... GET ME FREE! I'LL DIE!
OKAY, MISTER! GRAB THAT PICK, JOE! WE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK DOWN THAT BRICK WALL!
TAKE IT EASY, MISTER... WE'LL HAVE YOUR ARM FREE IN A JIFFY!
HURRY! I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE! I'M... ???
?
SNOOKY...
OKAY, BUD... YOU CAN PULL YOUR ARM FREE NOW...
SNOOKY... WASN'T BEHIND THE WALL... WASN'T EVEN IN THE HOUSE... OUT HAVING KITTENS! SNOOKY'S PIERCING SHRIEKS... THEY WERE ONLY IN MY MIND! I... I ONLY IMAGINED THEM!
THIS GUY'S BATTY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS ARM AT ALL!
HEY, LOOK! THIS CAT JUST CAME IN WITH HER NEW LITTER OF KITTENS! HERE, KITTY, KITTY...
NEVER MIND THE CAT, JOE! WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS GUY DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! THERE'S A CORPSE BEHIND THIS WALL!
-THE END-

IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL FRATERNITY INITIATION EVER SEEN ON THE CAMPUS. . . OR ON ANY OTHER CAMPUS, FOR THAT MATTER! THE THREE PLEDGEES WERE TAKEN OUT TO THE OLD PALMER HOME ON THAT INFAMOUS NIGHT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND INSTEAD OF THE PLACE BEING AMUSINGLY HAUNTED, IT TURNED INTO A---

HOUSE OF HORROR

IT WAS ON A NIGHT IN 1934 THAT THIS STRANGE TALE HAD ITS BEGINNING! TODAY, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, THERE IS STILL NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PALMER PLACE!

HE'S GONE ABOUT PREPARING THIS HOUSE FOR THE INITIATION AS IF IT WERE THE CLOSING SECONDS OF THE BIG GAME!
HE CLAIMS THAT EVEN IF IT WAS JUST AN OLD DUMP BEFORE... IT *IS* HAUNTED NOW!
1

...AND AS THE LAST STEP IN YOUR HAZING, BOYS... YOU'LL HAVE TO PASS THE TEST OF COURAGE! A LONELY JOURNEY INTO THE OLD PALMER PLACE...WHICH LEGEND TELLS US IS HAUNTED!
EACH ONE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE ON THE RIDE OUT HERE! IF ANYONE WANTS TO DROP OUT NOW...LET HIM SPEAK UP OR SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR-EVER! EVERYONE READY...?
Y-YES...I-I GUESS SO...
HERE'S YOUR LIGHT, HENDERSON... YOU MIGHT AS WELL START THE BALL ROLLING! AND REST AS-SURED OF ONE THING, BOYS... THIS IS NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK...AS YOU'LL SOON LEARN! HEH, HEH!
WAVE THAT LANTERN AT US FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND LANDINGS, HENDERSON...AND JUST COOL YOUR HEELS IN THE ATTIC TILL I COME UP FOR YOU... IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY BATHED IN COLD SWEAT, THAT IS!
YOU'RE DRIVING THESE FRESHMEN PRETTY HARD, LES...YOU MUST HAVE GIVEN THIS PLACE QUITE A BUILD-UP, BECAUSE THEY LOOKED SCARED TO DEATH! FROM THE LOOK IN HENDERSON'S EYE... HE'D KILL YOU IN A MINUTE IF HE HAD THE CHANCE!
T-THERE HE IS NOW... WAVING THAT LANTERN AT THE FIRST FLOOR WINDOW!
NOW THE FUN STARTS! I WENT THROUGH THAT PLACE LAST WEEK...RIGGED A FEW CON-TRAPTIONS FOR THE BOYS TO TRIP OVER! OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR SOME LAUGHS BEFORE THE EVE-NING'S OVER!
THERE HE IS AGAIN... POOR KID MUST HAVE RAN ALL THE WAY UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR! AS IF THERE WAS A A GHOST BEHIND 'IM!
2

THERE MAY BE MORE THAN GHOSTS BEHIND 'IM BOYS... HEH, HEH!
ONE OF 'EM MAY HAVE GOTTEN HENDERSON THEN... 'CAUSE IT'S BEEN SEVERAL MINUTES SINCE WE SAW HIM AT THE SECOND FLOOR... AND IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO GET UP TO THE ATTIC!
JUST A BOYISH PRANK, THAT'S ALL! THINKS HE'LL TURN THE TABLES AND SCARE *US* A BIT! PROBABLY SITTING UP THERE IN THE ATTIC, WAITING TO JUMP OUT AND YELL *BOO* AT ME WHEN I COME UP TO RELIEVE HIM!
SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS... TO MEET THE EMERGENCY! INSTEAD OF LES WILTON GOING UP THERE... WE'LL PICK THE SECOND PLEDGEE! HEY... WATERS!
M-ME? Y-YEAH... BE RIGHT THERE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESHMEN SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY WOULD NORMALLY TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HAUNTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY WORK AFOOT!
HMMM... MAYBE THERE IS!
HEH HEH! LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU! IMAGINE THAT... A GROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GAL GOING PAST A GRAVEYARD!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT *I* WOULDN'T LIKE THIS SET-UP, MYSELF!
WHAT IN THE WORLD *DID* YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE *DREAD* ON THEIR FACES!
AW, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLA LOOSE STEPS... A FEW COBWEBS... SOME SQUEAKY DOORS...
I-IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN... WATERS NEVER REACHED THAT ATTIC WINDOW! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS...
AW... THEY PROBABLY TURNED RIGHT AROUND FROM THE SECOND FLOOR... AN WE'LL FIND 'EM HIDING NEAR THE FRONT DOOR! IF THESE GUYS HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO GO UP THERE... THEN THEY'RE NOT FIT TO BE GAMMA DELTAS!
3

YOU... ARLING... C'MON OVER HERE! YOU'RE NEXT, MAN... GO UP TO THAT ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-SHINES! THIS IS A FRATERNITY INITATION... NOT A SCHOOLBOY PRANK!
I-I DON'T THINK I... I C...CARE TO GO!
YOU'LL GO ALL RIGHT... OR THEY'LL FIND YOU IN A DITCH! I DIDN'T RIG UP THIS PLACE JUST TO HAVE A COUPLA PUNKS SPOIL OUR FUN! IF THE THREE OF YOU ARE PLANNING TO GIVE *ME* A SCARE... YOU'LL REGRET IT!
W...WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES LIKE T... THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS... IT'S N... NOT LIKE WATERS AND HENDERSON TO FOOL AROUND! B...BUT I'LL GO!
SPOKEN LIKE A REAL GAMMA DELT- TO BE!
HEH, HEH! LOOK AT 'IM SHAKING! BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR ARLING... THINKING IT'S THEIR BELOVED LES WILTON!
MAYBE THE KID'S RIGHT, LES ...MAYBE SOMETHING *DID* GO WRONG UP THERE!
RATS! NOTHING'S WRONG UP THERE... ARLING'S AT THE FIRST FLOOR SAFE AND SOUND! FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST HAVE STUMBLED OVER THAT SKELETON I BORROWED FROM THE LAB, TOO!
HE'S AT THE SECOND FLOOR...
ON HIS WAY TO THE ATTIC! HOLD YOUR BREATH, BOYS... HERE'S WHERE THE *REAL* FUN BEGINS... IN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS.
FIVE MINUTES, WILTON... AND NO SIGN OF ARLING! ALL THREE OF 'EM... *GONE!*
THE STUPID PUNKS... TOO YELLOW TO TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS! I'LL SHOW 'EM *REAL* FEAR...
4

GIMME THAT LIGHT, JENKINS... I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF! FIRST TO PROVE TO ALL OF *YOU* THAT THERE'S NO DANGER UP THERE... AND SECOND, TO KICK THOSE GUYS OUT OF THAT PLACE... AND OUT OF THE GAMMA DELTA!
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE INITIATION BY HIMSELF! HE'S LIABLE TO GO OVERBOARD ON THIS HAZING BUSINESS... THE BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE HURT THEMSELVES!
FOR ALL WE KNOW HE MIGHT HAVE STUCK SOME RATTLESNAKES IN THE OLD DUMP!
CRASH!
W... WHAT TH...?
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW... IT'S BEEN *SMASHED!*
I... IT'S WILTON...
THOUGHT I'D INJECT A *LITTLE* EXCITEMENT INTO THIS INITIATION... DO I LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR?
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT HERE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER...
CRASH
THE SECONDS TICKED BY IN THAT LONELY AREA KNOWN AS PALMER'S PLACE... SECONDS BECAME MINUTES ... AND THE MINUTES STRETCHED INTERMINABLY...
FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE WE SAW WILTON!
T...THERE *IS* SOMETHING WRONG UP THERE!
SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY THOSE THREE FRESHMAN HATED WILTON... THEY MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD BEATING!
I... I HOPE IT'S ONLY *THAT!* LET'S HURRY!
5.

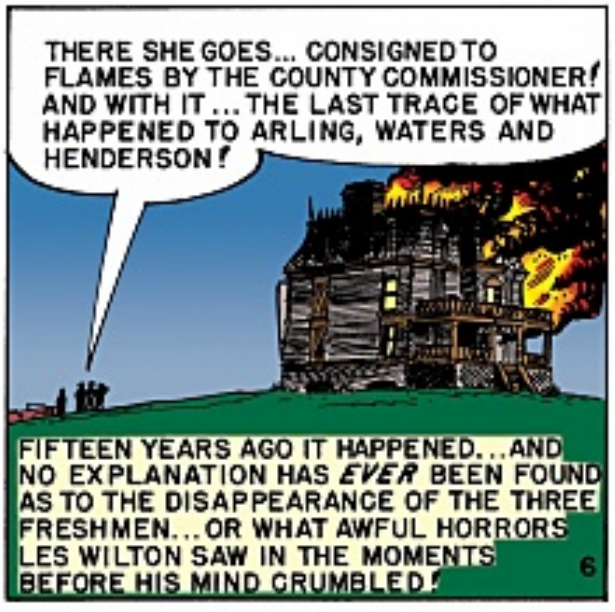
WE'LL COMB THIS PLACE UNTIL WE FIND ALL FOUR OF 'EM! MIKE... FRED... SEARCH EACH ROOM WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! WE'LL GET THIS THING STRAIGHTENED OUT IF IT TAKES THE REST OF THE NIGHT!
NOT A TRACE OF ANY-ONE IN THE FRONT ROOM...
OR ANY OF THE OTHERS EITHER! THE DUST WASN'T EVEN DISTURBED!
AND OUTSIDE, NO FOOT-PRINTS! WHICH MEANS THEY'RE ALL STILL IN THE HOUSE!
NO ONE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER! AND SINCE NO ONE COULD HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE... THEY MUST ALL BE UP THERE!
T...THE ATTIC!
T...THIS IS PROBABLY WILTON'S IDEA OF A JOKE... HAZING THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US! W...WELL... HERE GOES . . .
T...THE DOOR...IT OPENS EASILY! AS IF SOME-ONE ELSE OPENED IT BEFORE WE D...DID!

G-GOOD HEAVENS!
I...IT'S WILTON! H...HE'S AGED FIFTY YEARS IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES... H...HIS HAIR... IT'S TURNED WHITE!
H...HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GONE INSANE! LISTEN TO HIS MOANING!

WITHIN HALF-AN-HOUR THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED AT PALMER'S PLACE... AND A THROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES REVEALED ONE STARTLING FACT...

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS... NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ITS EQUAL! THAT WILTON KID ...CAN'T GET A COHERENT WORD OUT OF HIM! HIS MIND... IT'S CRACKED... HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE! AND THE OTHERS... VANISHED!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE BUILDING THE NEXT FEW DAYS. BUT NO FURTHER INFORMA-TION WAS UNCOVER-ED... AND THEN, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE NIGHT OF HORROR...


THERE SHE GOES... CONSIGNED TO FLAMES BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER! AND WITH IT... THE LAST TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ARLING, WATERS AND HENDERSON!
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED...AND NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN FOUND AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE THREE FRESHMEN...OR WHAT AWFUL HORRORS LES WILTON SAW IN THE MOMENTS BEFORE HIS MIND CRUMBLED!
6

OUT OF THE GRAVE

The Thing stirred slowly, the dirt against its mouth and body. It pushed upward, clawing. Slowly the earth gave way, and clean fresh air seeped down into the shallow grave . . .

He got to his feet clumsily. Stood erect in the moonlight, seeing the trees all around him, hearing the croaking of the bullfrogs by the lakeshore. The wind rustled his rotting garments. He lifted his head, stood listening. He could not hear that cry now. But down there, down in that shallow grave where he had lain for weeks, he had heard a scream. A scream that made him seek the open air.

He was dead. He knew that. But inside him there was a power that let him move, that stirred his rotting legs and arms, that let his sightless eyes see and his shredded ears hear.

Who was he? He did not remember his name, or anything about himself. The fact that he could see and walk, that something had summoned him, was all he could know.

He moved forward at a stumbling walk. He must find whatever it was that brought him back from the dead, that made him walk the earth again, a horrible figment from a distorted nightmare.

When he came to the lake, he stared at his reflection in the limpid, still waters. He had no nose, and bits of flesh clung here and there to whitened skull that was beginning to show through. Where his eyes should have been, there were only twin black hollows. And his teeth gleamed white and hungry, because he had no lips.

He lifted his head. This time he heard it. A scream!

He started straight toward it, walking into the cold water, not feeling it. He stumbled over submerged logs and rocks, but he kept walking at that slow, steady pace. Stumbling forward, always moving.

* * *

The man tied a gag around her lips so she could not scream again. He said, "It's all over, Marie. No sense yelling. No one can hear you in these woods. That's why my little cabin here comes in so handy. I -ah- write finish to a few of my better jobs."

"Jim," the girl whimpered, arching her neck to avoid the gag. "Jim will save me. You can't kill me . . . Jim will save me."

The man laughed. "Jim is dead, Marie. I killed him. If I hadn't finished *him*, maybe I couldn't get rid of *you*. He would come after me . . . try to get revenge. This way, it's safe."

"Jim said he would protect me. That . . . *wherever he was* . . . he would know when I was in danger and come to save me!"

The man tied the gag so she could not speak again. Her wrists and legs were tied to a heavy log chair. The man stood back and nodded.

"With you out of the way, Marie, your inheritance will revert to me,

your cousin. It will be very legal. I will wait seven years and have you declared legally dead. In the meantime, I will enjoy the estate as its trustee. I will not hurry. I am not too greedy. No one will ever know I killed you!"

The man went to a coal stove and lifted out a pine branch smeared with pitch. The branch was flaming, the red tongues of fire casting a scarlet glow around the room. He went and touched the blazing branch to the tiny bed, to the rug on the floor and the curtains on the window. The room caught fire. It swirled up, hot and eager, eating the logs and the furniture. He had prepared well. Everything was drenched in kerosene.

The man tossed the burning tree-limb on the floor. He backed out the door; stood there a minute, watching the fire leap and roar.

"Two and a half million dollars," he said to the wide-eyed, almost fainting girl. "That's what I'm getting out of this. I buried your Jim a few miles back in the densest part of these woods. Maybe the fire I'm starting will burn him too . . . because the woods will go up like paper!"

The heat was awful. The man turned and ran.

From the fringe of the trees, he saw the Thing coming at its stumbling, shambling gait. The Thing was looking at the burning cabin. It did not see him. The man put his hands over his mouth. He was sick. He whimpered, "Jim . . ."

* * *

The Thing went into the fire. He did not feel it licking at his clothes, at his rotting flesh. He was dead. He could not feel anything.

There! Right in front of him. He did not know the girl had fainted mercifully just before he came in the door. He did not remember who the girl was. All he knew was that a long time ago, in a different world, he had promised that no harm would come to her!

He picked the girl up, chair and all. He turned and went toward the door. His clothes flamed. His hair was gone. Even the dried strips of flesh still clinging to his body were charred. Here and there a white bit of bone protruded. Where the fire had touched the bone, it was black and scorched.

The man crouching in the underbrush screamed and screamed. He screamed as the Thing put the girl down far away from the fire. He screamed as the Thing turned its fleshless face toward him. He screamed and tried to flee as the Thing shambled toward him.

The Thing picked him up and held him clutched to the rotting chest. He went at his steady, remorseless pace, onward and onward, through the forest, carrying the man who would have inherited two and a half million dollars.

The man tried to fight, but the Thing was strong. He held the man easily.

He was still holding him when he came back to the grave. The Thing fell on top of the man, pinned him in the grave with his heavy weight.

And the Thing began, with one rotting hand, to fill the grave with loosened dirt, burying them both.

It did not take long to fill the grave. Before long, there would be two dead men in it. It was nice to have company down here where everything was cold and black.

After a while the screaming stopped. . . .

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party

WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

RUBBER MASKS

IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET
NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE
BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT DEVIL'S FACE
YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN
THE MYSTERY "DEVIL" MAN SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG
WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...
Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

Special
SANTA CLAUS, $4.95

IDIOT . . $2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at $2.95, except Santa Claus ($4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.588D, Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.588D, Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET.....P.O. ZONE.....
CITY.....STATE.....

BORIS PETAJA WAS SKILLED IN THE TRICKS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MAGIC. HIS HANDS MOVED AND HIS VOICE CALLED ON THE SPIRITS TO AID HIM. DEEP DOWN IN HIS BRAIN, SOMETHING STIRRED AND WHISPERED, THAT HIS MAGIC WAS NOT FAKED...BUT REAL! AND BROODING, BORIS PETAJA BECAME...
THE MAD MAGICIAN
AS HE BOWED TO THE APPLAUSE OF A CHEERING AUDIENCE, THE MAGICIAN SMILED COLDLY TO HIMSELF...
FOOLS! IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT WHAT THEY THINK IS TRICKERY CAN BE DONE JUST AS WELL WITHOUT STAGE PROPS!
I SHALL PROVE IT TO THE WORLD...I, BORIS PETAJA! TONIGHT I WILL SAW A MAN IN TWO...AND THEN PUT HIM TOGETHER AGAIN...WITH NO FALSE-BOTTOMED CABINET TO HELP ME!
STAGE ENTRANCE
HARRISON MACO

FAR UP IN THE HILLS BEYOND METROPOLIS CITY, A STONE-WALLED MANSION NESTLED. ITS EYRIES SWARMED WITH BATS. WITHIN ITS WALLS, FROM TIME TO TIME, SCREAMS OF AGONY HAD BEEN HEARD...

TONIGHT IS THE BIG EXPERIMENT! THE MAN I DRUGGED ON THAT MOUNTAIN ROAD IS IN CHAINS... AWAITING THE TEST. THE POWER IS ON FULL. THE ELECTRIC SAW HAS BEEN SHARPENED!

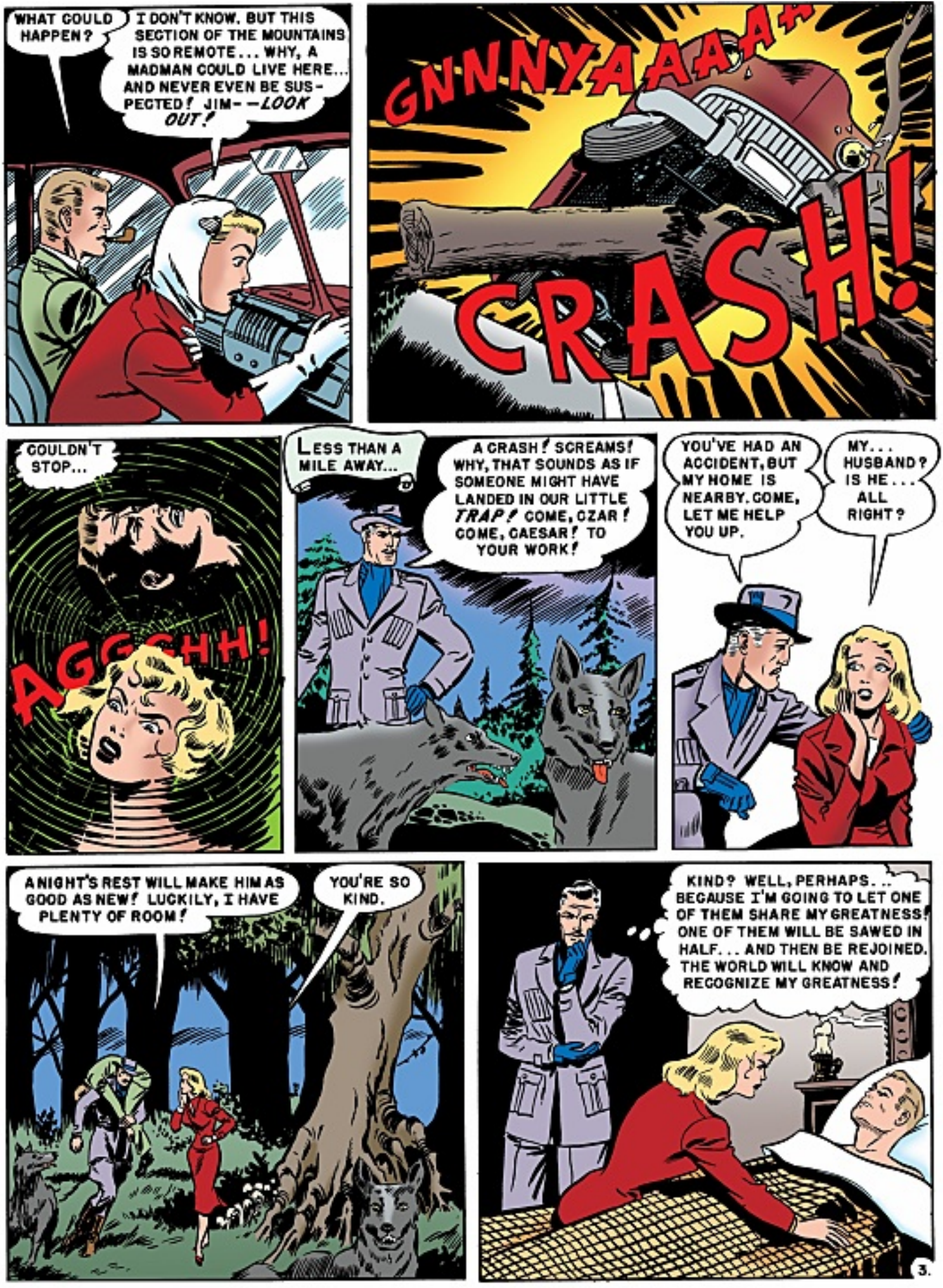
DO YOU DOUBT MY MAGICAL POWERS? I SAY YOU WILL NOT BE HURT! MY POWER IS SUCH THAT EVEN AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN SAWED IN HALF, YOU WILL BE ALIVE AND WELL!

GOOD EVENING, SIR. I HURRIED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE! NOW WE WILL BEGIN...
LOOK, MISTER, PLEASE...LEMME GO! I DON'T WANT TO BE FAMOUS LIKE YOU TOLD ME... I DON'T WANNA GET SAWED IN HALF!

SLOWLY BORIS PETAJA SET ABOUT HIS WORK. THE LIGHTS DIMMED AS THE POWERFUL SAW WHIRRED AND BUZZED. WITH FURROWS OF CONCENTRATION HE MOVED THE SAW FORWARD...
THE NEXT FEW MINUTES WILL TELL THE STORY OF MY GREATEST SUCCESS!
ZZZZZZ

TWO WEEKS LATER, MILES AWAY IN METROPOLIS CITY, REPORTER JIM CRANE AND HIS PRETTY WIFE PACK UP TO TRAVEL EASTWARD...
I THINK THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN AFTER, HONEY. A COLUMN ALL MY OWN!!
BUT I WISH WE WEREN'T DRIVING. I...I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING... THAT SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO... ONE OF US!

DARLING, YOU'RE SO QUIET. YOU AREN'T FRIGHTENED, ARE YOU?
WELL, THE POLICE FOUND A MAN'S BODY JUST ABOUT HERE, JIM. IT WAS... SAWED IN HALF! JIM... THAT'S SO HORRIBLE! I'VE DREAMED OF... THAT BODY! JIM... I'M SCARED!
HOURS LATER, THEY WERE HIGH IN THE WOODLANDS. THE SMOOTH PURR OF THE MOTOR IS HIGHLIGHTED BY THE WEIRD CRY OF A PROWLING CAT...
2


WHAT COULD HAPPEN?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THIS SECTION OF THE MOUNTAINS IS SO REMOTE... WHY, A MADMAN COULD LIVE HERE... AND NEVER EVEN BE SUSPECTED! JIM--LOOK OUT!
GNNNYAAAAA+
CRASH!
COULDN'T STOP...
AGGGHH!
LESS THAN A MILE AWAY...
A CRASH! SCREAMS! WHY, THAT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE LANDED IN OUR LITTLE TRAP! COME, CZAR! COME, CAESAR! TO YOUR WORK!
YOU'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT, BUT MY HOME IS NEARBY. COME, LET ME HELP YOU UP.
MY... HUSBAND? IS HE... ALL RIGHT?
A NIGHT'S REST WILL MAKE HIM AS GOOD AS NEW! LUCKILY, I HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM!
YOU'RE SO KIND.
KIND? WELL, PERHAPS... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO LET ONE OF THEM SHARE MY GREATNESS! ONE OF THEM WILL BE SAWED IN HALF... AND THEN BE REJOINED. THE WORLD WILL KNOW AND RECOGNIZE MY GREATNESS!
3.

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A WRITEUP IN MY COLUMN, PETAJA! YOU'RE A MAGICIAN OF A HOST!
AH, JIM...THANK YOU! AND TO PLEASE YOUR TASTE EVEN MORE, HERE IS SOME CHATEAU YQUEM SAUTERNE... 1911. RATHER RARE, BUT YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE DRINKING AMBROSIA...
THAT NIGHT BORIS PETAJA PLAYED THE GAY HOST. HIS QUIPS AND WITTICISMS, THE EXCELLENT FOOD AND IMPORTED WINES THAT DECORATED HIS TABLE CONVINCED HIS GUESTS THAT HE WAS EVERYTHING HE SEEMED...
AS HE CHATS ON, BORIS PETAJA'S NIMBLE FINGERS... SKILLED WITH THE DEFT PRACTICE OF LONG YEARS OF MAGICAL MYSTERY...DROP TINY POWDER-PILLS INTO THE GLEAMING GLASSES...

LESS THAN TEN MINUTES LATER...
AH, THIS IS SPLENDID! TWO SLEEPING GUESTS, TWO HELPERS WAITING TO MAKE THE NAME OF BORIS PETAJA THE GREATEST OF ALL IN THE ANNALS OF MAGICIANS!
I'LL KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL I CAN SAFELY TIE UP YOUR WIFE! THERE MUST BE NO FAILURE NOW!

WHY, I...MUST HAVE DOZED OFF...JIM'S GONE, AND SO IS PETAJA! I...FEEL SO ODD...
MY DEAR, YOU SHOULD REST. YOUR HUSBAND IS ALREADY DOWNSTAIRS. YOU MUST SLEEP UNTIL THE EXPERIMENT IS OVER.
HE WILL NOT BE HURT, BECAUSE I WILL PUT HIM TOGETHER AGAIN... AFTER I HAVE SAWED HIM IN HALF!
HE'S MAD... MAD!
AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ALICE CRANE SAW THE OVER-BRIGHT EYES, THE SLACK LIPS, THE SHAKING HANDS OF A MADMAN. HER EARS LISTENED, HORRIFIED...
I'VE GOT TO GET TO JIM... TO SAVE HIM!
WATCH OUT! OHHHH!
4

AAAAAGH!
ALMOST NUMB WITH FEAR, ALICE CRANE FLED INTO THE NIGHT...
SHE MUST NOT REVEAL MY SECRETS UNTIL THEY ARE READY FOR ALL THE WORLD TO HEAR! EVEN IF SHE DIES, MY SECRET MUST BE SAFE!
TO THE ROLL AND RUMBLE OF DISTANT THUNDER, TO THE SPLITTING OF THE DARK SKY BY BRILLIANT LIGHTNING, ALICE RAN ON, BREATH SOBBING IN HER STRAINING LUNGS...
I MUSTN'T LET HIM... CATCH ME! I'VE GOT TO... WARN THE POLICE...OF WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO!
I'LL GET HER... BY THROWING THE AXE!
AII!!!!!
THUD!
MANIACAL LAUGHTER SOUNDS ECHO TO HER WILD SCREAM OF TERROR AS ALICE HURTLES DOWNWARD...
HA! HA! NOW SHE'LL NEVER BETRAY THE GREAT SECRETS OF BORIS PETAJA!
WITH HER SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN CONTINUE MY GREAT EXPERIMENT! NOW NO ONE SHALL STOP ME... NO ONE CAN STOP ME!
5

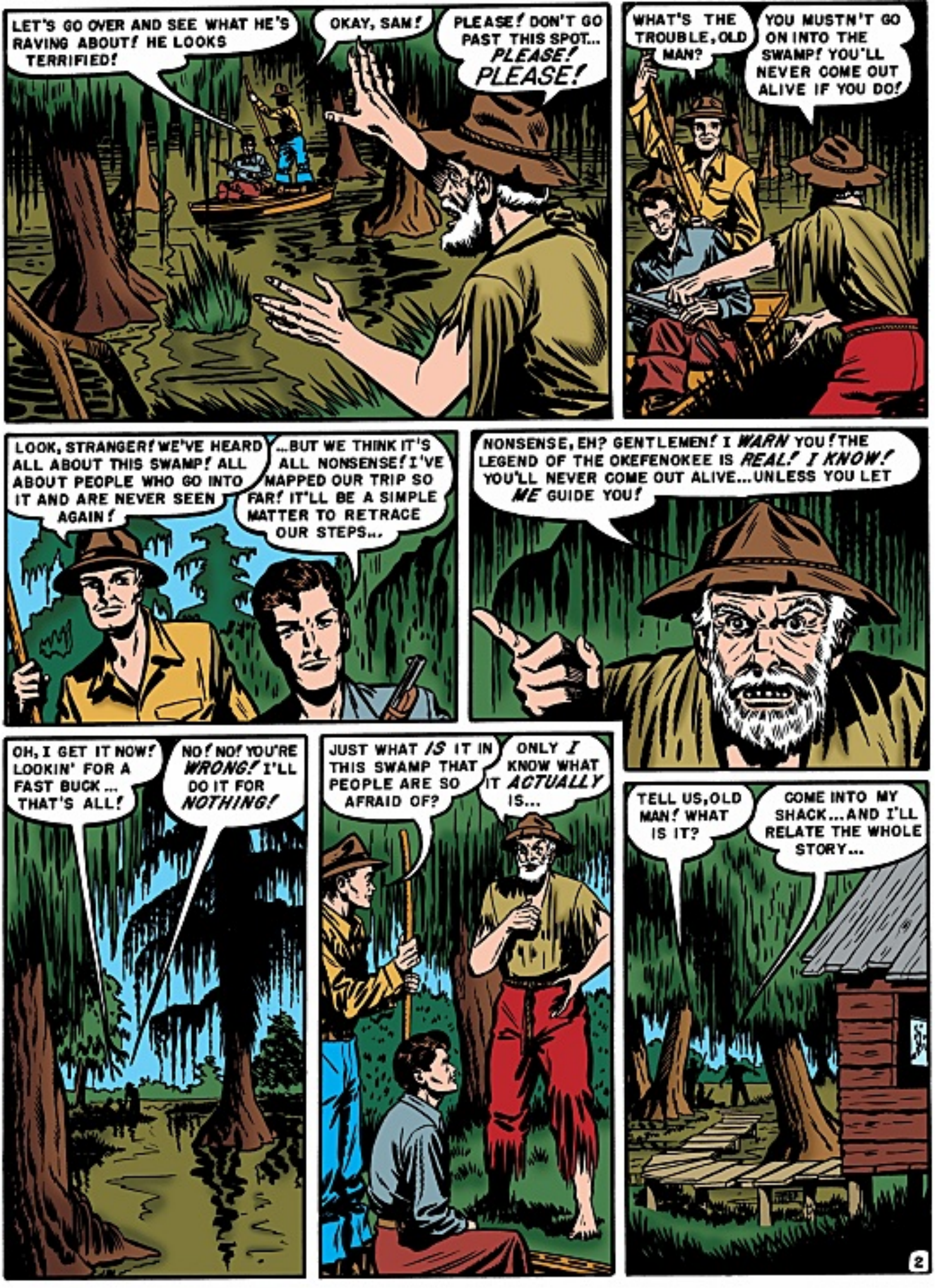
MY PARTNER IS STILL FASTENED TIGHTLY! AND HE IS RECOVERING FROM THE DRUG. GOOD! HE CAN LISTEN AND UNDERSTAND AS I EXPLAIN MY THEORIES...
AWAKE, EH? THEN YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT I INTEND TO SAW YOU IN HALF... THEN PUT YOU BACK TOGETHER AGAIN!
YOU...YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THAT'S ALL A TRICK!
DO I NOT KNOW THAT? THERE IS A BOTTOMLESS BOX USED, WITH A PLATFORM WITH A DETACHABLE DOOR TO IT, SO THAT THE PERSON TO BE SAWED IN HALF CAN DROP DOWN TO SAFETY, LEAVING THE FEET AND HEAD EXPOSED! BUT THAT IS...TRICKERY!
I AM NOT A STAGE TRICKSTER! I AM A MAGICIAN! I WILL REALLY SAW YOU IN HALF...THEN BY MAGIC, WILL RESTORE YOU TO COMPLETENESS!
NO...NO! YOU'LL MURDER ME...KILL ME!
SOON NOW, THE WORLD WILL RECOGNIZE THE GREATNESS OF PETAJA! SOON, THEY WILL BEHOLD THE MIRACLE OF A MAN SAWED IN HALF... AND PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN!
ZZZZZ
EVEN AS THE ROTATING SAW BIT DEEP INTO THE WOODEN BOX, JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO DIG INTO HIS SIDE... JIM CRANE FAINTED...
AS THE RAIN PELTED DOWNWARD, IT BATHED THE CRUMPLED FORM OF ALICE CRANE WHERE SHE LAY HUDDLED ACROSS A CLIFF-GROWING TREE...
NO USE HURRYING! JIM'S... DEAD...BY NOW! BUT MAYBE I CAN GET THE POLICE...PUT THAT MAD FIEND... BEHIND BARS!
TERRIBLE NIGHT! LIGHTNING MIGHT EVEN HIT ME...PUT AN END TO ME... JUST AS... POOR JIM! SOB SOB
REFRESHED AND STRENGTHENED BY THE RAIN SHE STAGGERED DOWN THE CLIFFSIDE, AND ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...
6

THAT'S RIGHT! I KNOW IT'S A CRAZY STORY, BUT SHE'S SCARED BAD! BETTER GET SOME STATE TROOPERS HERE RIGHT AWAY!
SOB--SOB--JIM'S DEAD! KILLED BY THAT MADMAN!
AN HOUR LATER, IN A FARMER'S KITCHEN...
IF YOU CAN SHOW US THE HOUSE, WE'LL INVESTI-GATE.
PERHAPS YOU'RE A LITTLE OVER-WROUGHT. IF YOU GOT SOME SLEEP...
OHH, I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT STOP TALKING. JUST COME WITH ME. I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!
A LIVE WIRE! I'LL REPORT IT, SOON AS WE GET TO THAT HOUSE!
JIM! YOU'RE...YOU'RE SAFE! OH, MERCIFUL HEAVEN!
POLICE! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME...ALIVE!
YOU STUPID FOOLS! NO ONE APPRECIATES MY GENIUS!
STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO... JUMP!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE DEAD, DARLING... YET YOU'RE ALIVE!
THE SAW WAS JUST ABOUT TO TOUCH ME WHEN THE POWER FAILED! THE ELECTRIC CURRENT FAILED SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE!
THAT LIVE WIRE THAT WE SAW... THAT WAS IT! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE CUT IT WITH A SHARP INSTRUMENT...
PETAJA HAD A KNACK OF CUTTING THINGS IN HALF...GIRLS ON THE STAGE...MEN IN THIS CELLAR... LIGHT COMPANY WIRES...AND NOW...HIMSELF!
HE LANDED ON A METAL FENCE. IT CUT HIM RIGHT IN TWO!
7

PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD THE LEGENDS ABOUT THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP...HOW MEN HAVE GONE INTO THAT 40 MILE STRETCH OF BOGS, QUICK-SAND, WATER, AND OVERGROWTH AND NEVER CAME OUT! HERE IS THE *REAL* STORY BEHIND THESE LEGENDS!

THE THING IN THE SWAMP!

ELDSTEIN
A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSTORY
AS THE TWO MEN IN THE FLATBOTTOM BOAT GLIDE SLOWLY UPSTREAM, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE HEART OF THE DREADED OKEFENOKEE SWAMP...THE DANK, MURKY STILLNESS IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED...
HU-LOO-O-O-O! YOU TWO...
LOOK, SAM! THAT OLD GUY ON THE BANK IS WAVING TO US...
COME ASHORE! DON'T GO ON ANY FURTHER! I BEG YOU...
1


LET'S GO OVER AND SEE WHAT HE'S RAVING ABOUT! HE LOOKS TERRIFIED!
OKAY, SAM!
PLEASE! DON'T GO PAST THIS SPOT... PLEASE! PLEASE!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD MAN?
YOU MUSTN'T GO ON INTO THE SWAMP! YOU'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE IF YOU DO!
LOOK, STRANGER! WE'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THIS SWAMP! ALL ABOUT PEOPLE WHO GO INTO IT AND ARE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!
...BUT WE THINK IT'S ALL NONSENSE! I'VE MAPPED OUR TRIP SO FAR! IT'LL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO RETRACE OUR STEPS...
NONSENSE, EH? GENTLEMEN! I WARN YOU! THE LEGEND OF THE OKEFENOKEE IS REAL! I KNOW! YOU'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE...UNLESS YOU LET ME GUIDE YOU!
OH, I GET IT NOW! LOOKIN' FOR A FAST BUCK... THAT'S ALL!
NO! NO! YOU'RE WRONG! I'LL DO IT FOR NOTHING!
JUST WHAT IS IT IN THIS SWAMP THAT PEOPLE ARE SO AFRAID OF?
ONLY I KNOW WHAT IT ACTUALLY IS...
TELL US, OLD MAN! WHAT IS IT?
COME INTO MY SHACK... AND I'LL RELATE THE WHOLE STORY...
2

THE OLD MAN LEADS THE OTHER TWO INTO HIS CRUDE HUT! THEY SEAT THEMSELVES ON ROUGHLY HEWN CHAIRS! THEN THE OLD ONE BEGINS TO SPEAK...
ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, THREE PEOPLE CAME TO THIS PART OF THE OKEFENOKEE... THREE SCIENTISTS! ONE WAS MIDDLE-AGED, ONE WAS A YOUNG WOMAN, HIS DAUGHTER, AND THE THIRD... A YOUNG MAN... THE GIRL'S FIANCEE...
"THEY HAD A DREAM, THESE THREE! THEY WERE GOING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM THAT HAD BAFFLED SCIENCE FOR CENTURIES! THEY WERE GOING TO SOLVE THE SECRET OF LIFE...!"
BUT, WHY THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE, FATHER?
HERE, WE CAN WORK UNDISTURBED BY OUTSIDERS, MARIE! NO PUBLICITY... NO REPORTERS... NO PRYING EYES!
YES, MARIE! AFTER ALL, WE WOULD RECEIVE A GREAT DEAL OF CRITICISM! TO CREATE LIVING MATTER... TO CREATE LIFE... IS SOMTHING THAT IS CONSIDERED BEYOND THE REALM OF SCIENCE...
SO YOU SEE, MARIE, WE MUST SEPARATE OURSELVES FROM SOCIETY... AT LEAST FOR A WHILE...
"AND SO, PROFESSOR CARL WARD, MARIE WARD AND ROBERT COLBY SET TO WORK, BUILDING A LABORATORY... HERE... HERE IN THE OKEFENOKEE...
AT LAST... WE ARE FINISHED!
NOW WE CAN UNPACK OUR EQUIPMENT... ALL OUR APPARATUS... AND BEGIN OUR WORK!
"THEIR EXPERIMENTING BEGAN..."
WE KNOW WHAT PROTOPLASM... LIVING TISSUE... CONTAINS! WE HAVE ANALYZED IT AND WE KNOW EVERY CHEMICAL... IN ITS PROPER PROPORTION! AND YET... WHEN WE PLACE THEM TOGETHER... COMBINE THEM... THEY DO NOT BEGIN TO... TO... LIVE! THERE IS ONE 'ELEMENT' MISSING...
THE SPARK OF LIFE, EH, PROFESSOR?
EXACTLY! WE ARE LACKING A CERTAIN 'CONDITION'! A CERTAIN STIMULUS!
PERHAPS... ELECTRICITY, FATHER? PERHAPS IF WE SHOCKED THIS COMBINATION OF COMPOUNDS AND ELEMENTS... THE LIVING PROCESS WOULD BEGIN...
WE WILL TRY IT, MARIE! WE WILL TRY EVERYTHING! THE 'CONDITION' OR STIMULANT IS WHAT WE MUST DISCOVER...
3

"IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED...THEY TRIED EVERYTHING...".
THIS TIME WE'LL TRY .004 MICRO-VOLTS! IF IT DOESN'T WORK...ELECTRICITY AS WE KNOW IT IS NOT THE ANSWER! READY..?
READY!
WHAT DO YOU SEE, ROBERT?
NO SIGN OF LIFE, PROFESSOR!
EXPERIMENT 214! FAILURE!
"FOR FOUR LONG MONTHS, THE THREE SCIENTISTS WORKED...TRIED...FAILED..."
X-RAY, 10,000 VOLTS!
EXPERIMENT 702... FAILURE!!
RADIUM... EXPOSURE... 3 SECONDS AT 2 INCHES...
EXPERIMENT 1045... FAILURE!
INFRA-RED!
FAILURE!
URANIUM!
FAILURE!!
ULTRA-VIOLET!
FAILURE!!
HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND-WAVES...
IT'S USELESS!! USELESS!!
NO! NO!! DON'T...PROFESSOR WARD!!
4

"In a fit of rage, Professor Ward had flung the beaker containing their precious combinations of chemicals through the window into the stagnant, murky waters of the swamp...

"Slowly the beaker sank...and the mixture spread over the surface of the still water...

"Lazily...it drifted along...coming to rest near a rotted log...

"And then...it *HAPPENED!* There, in the dank, dark waters of the swamp...in the heat...and the stench...and the dampness...it *HAPPENED!* Unknown...unexplained...the condition that *THEY* had tried for five long months to create...came about...

"It *LIVED!* The small mixture of chemicals and basic elements began to *LIVE!* A simple form of life...with no structure! Just a shapeless, amoeba-like mass of living protoplasm!

"At first, it remained small, feeding on microscopic organisms! But then, as it grew...larger and larger...it seeked larger food...small fish...insects! It enveloped them...as an amoeba does...secreting digestive juices that dissolve the victims into a form more easily *ABSORBED*...

"And still it grew, uncontrolled, bigger...bigger! It moved about now...out of the water onto the land...enveloping and absorbing everything in it's path...

MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR WARD AND HIS DAUGHTER HAD MET WITH A NEW PROBLEM! ROBERT COLBY!"
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, COLBY?
EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! I'M QUITTING! THIS...THIS THING WE'RE TRYING TO DO...! IT'S...IT'S... WRONG!
A SCIENTIST...TALKING LIKE THAT! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, COLBY?
I...I DON'T KNOW! ONLY I'M GETTING OUT... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...
ARE YOU COMING WITH ME, MARIE?
BUT...BUT...BOB!
YOU SEE, MARIE! HE'S TURNED OUT TO BE A SNIVELING COWARD! GO ON...COLBY...GET OUT! A TRUE SCIENTIST IS NEVER AFRAID...OF ANYTHING!
ARE YOU COMING, MARIE?
MY PLACE IS HERE, ROBERT... WITH MY FATHER... AND OUR WORK! YOU'D BETTER GO...!
COLBY TURNED AND LEFT! HE CROSSED THE RICKETY WALK FROM THE HOUSE OVER THE SWAMP TO THE BANK! SUDDENLY HE HEARD A TERRIFIED SCREAM...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!
WHAT THE...?
"WHAT HE SAW MADE HIS BLOOD FREEZE...HIS HAIR STAND ON END! THE LABORATORY WAS COLLAPSING INTO A MASS OF QUIVERING WRITHING LIVING MATTER...
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE....!!
6

PROFESSOR WARD AND MARIE...BOTH SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY, WERE BEING SUCKED INTO THAT HUGE BLOB OF LIVING MATTER! HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING, COLBY STOOD, TERRIFIED...WATCHING IT ALL...

"...AS A FINAL MUFFLED CRY ECHOED THROUGH THE SILENT SWAMP...AND THE CLAWING, CLUTCHING HAND OF PROFESSOR WARD DISAPPEARED INTO THE RIPPLING MASS!"

SO YOU SEE GENTLEMEN, THAT IS WHAT AWAITS YOU IN THE DEEP DARK DEPTHS OF THE OKEFENOKEE! THE LIFE THAT THEY HAD HELPED TO CREATE, AND THAT HAD DESTROYED PROFESSOR WARD AND HIS DAUGHTER, WAITS TO DESTROY YOU...

THAT'S QUITE A YARN, OLD TIMER, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE...

YEAH! LET'S GO SAM!

REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, I WARNED YOU! YOU SEE...MY NAME IS ROBERT COLBY!

SURE, OLD MAN... SURE!

THE TWO MEN PUSH THEIR FLATBOTTOM BOAT OUT INTO THE STREAM...THEIR LAUGHTER DRIFTING ACROSS THE STAGNANT SILENT WATER! SLOWLY, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY UPSTREAM! SUDDENLY...

COLBY! HE SAID HIS NAME WAS *COLBY!* THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE YOUNG SCIENTIST THAT ESCAPED...THE...THE...*SAM!! LOOK!!*

WHA...? WHY... NO...*NO*... **NO! IT'S... IT'S...THE... THING...**

THE END

WELL, DEAR READERS! DID YOU LIKE THIS STORY? DID YOU LIKE THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK? WON'T YOU *VOTE* FOR YOUR FAVORITE SO WE CAN SEE THE *KIND* OF STORIES *YOU WANT?* WRITE US... AND TELL US WHICH ONE YOU LIKED BEST!

1. *THE WALL* (A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY)
2. *THE MAD MAGICIAN* (AN ADVENTURE IN HORROR)
3. *THE HOUSE OF HORROR* (A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL)
4. *THE THING IN THE SWAMP* (A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSTORY)

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:
THE EDITORS
THE HAUNT OF FEAR
ROOM 706, DEPT. 15
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK CITY 12, N.Y.

7

FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NO. 16
JULY-AUG.
AUTHORIZED A C M P
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
10¢
INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!
GREAT SCOTT... WE'RE TOO LATE! THE VAMPIRE HAS GONE... LEFT HIS COFFIN! NOW WE MUST WAIT TILL TOMORROW TO DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART!
BUT BY THEN HE WILL HAVE CLAIMED.... ANOTHER VICTIM!
JOHNNY CRAIG

Look For This Seal...

AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE

ON EVERY COMIC MAGAZINE YOU BUY!

This seal is used by the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, which believes in decency and good taste. The Association has been joined by leading magazine distributors, wholesalers, printers and engravers serving the industry. The Association does not believe in censorship . . . it believes in self-regulation. If you want the best comic magazines, always look for the Association seal on the front cover. It is your guarantee of quality and entertainment.

ONLY THE BEST COMICS CARRY THE SEAL

The Association has adopted a code of ethics to assure good taste and high editorial standards. Only comic magazines that meet the code requirements are permitted to use the special "Code-Seal". This magazine is a "Code-Seal" magazine. There are many others.

THIS SEAL Means QUALITY

The Association is constantly working to give you better entertainment and more information about the world we live in. It works with Parent-Teacher Associations, educational groups, welfare organizations, women's clubs, religious organizations of every faith and others interested in the American way of life.

Show this advertisement to your parents so they too will understand what the better comic magazine publishers are doing to raise standards.

If there should be discussion about comic magazines in your community, ask those interested to write for information to . . . .

HENRY E. SCHULTZ, *Executive Director*
Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

PRESIDENT
LEVERETT S. GLEASON
President, Lev Gleason Publications, Inc.

TREASURER
HAROLD A. MOORE
Famous Funnies, Inc.

SECRETARY
RAE HERMAN
Orbit Publications, Inc.

WILLIAM GAINES
Educational Comics

IRVING S. MANHEIMER
Publishers Distributing Corp.

FRANK ARMER
Leader News Co.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
HENRY E. SCHULTZ

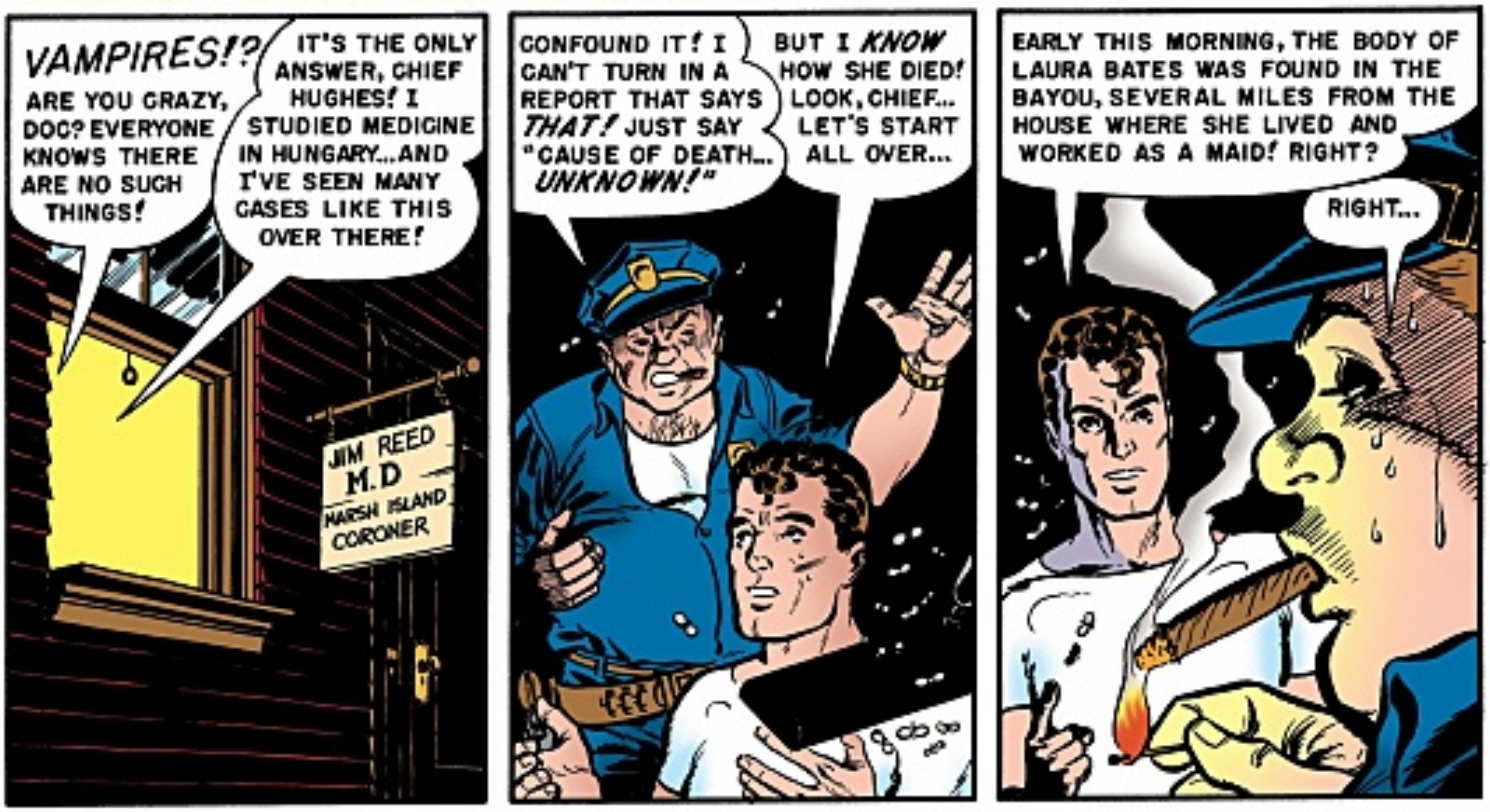
The following is a complete list of EC titles, all of which bear the Code-Seal of The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

- TALES FROM THE CRYPT
- TWO-FISTED TALES
- THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- THE VAULT OF HORROR
- WEIRD SCIENCE
- WEIRD FANTASY
- CRIME Suspenstories

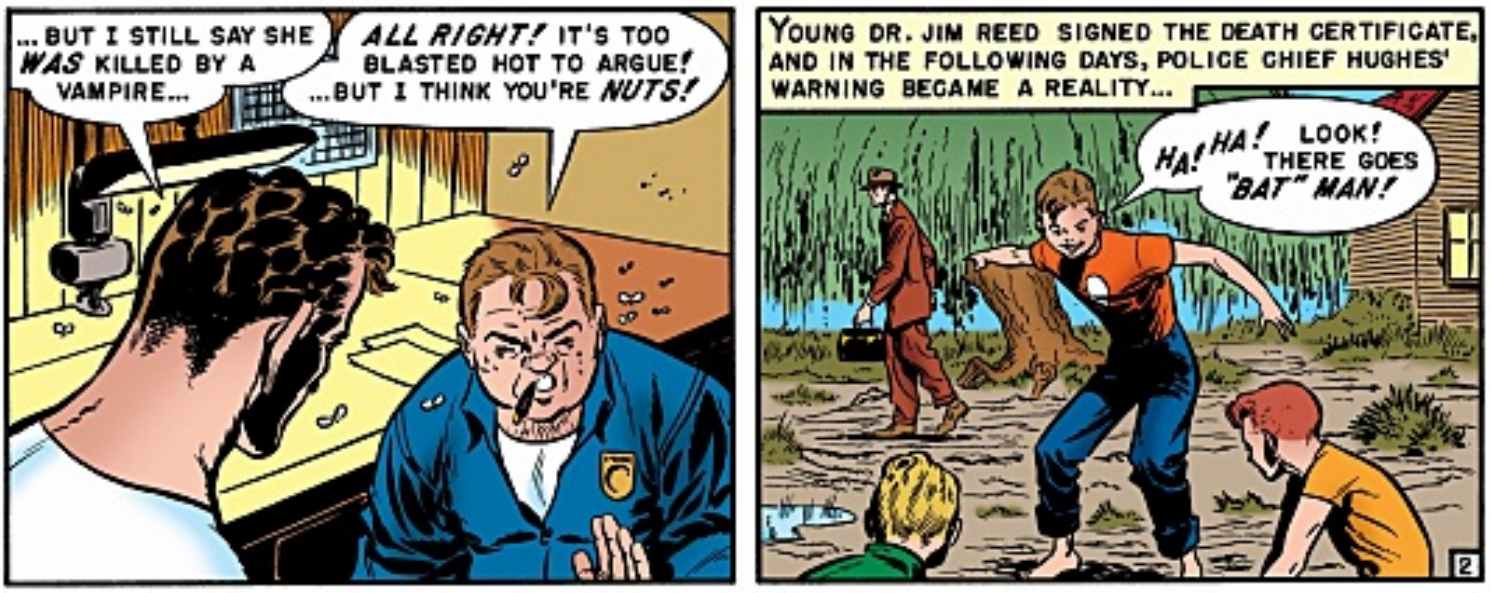
Haunt of Fear, July-Aug., 1950—Vol. 1, No. 16. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Associate Editor. Application as second class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

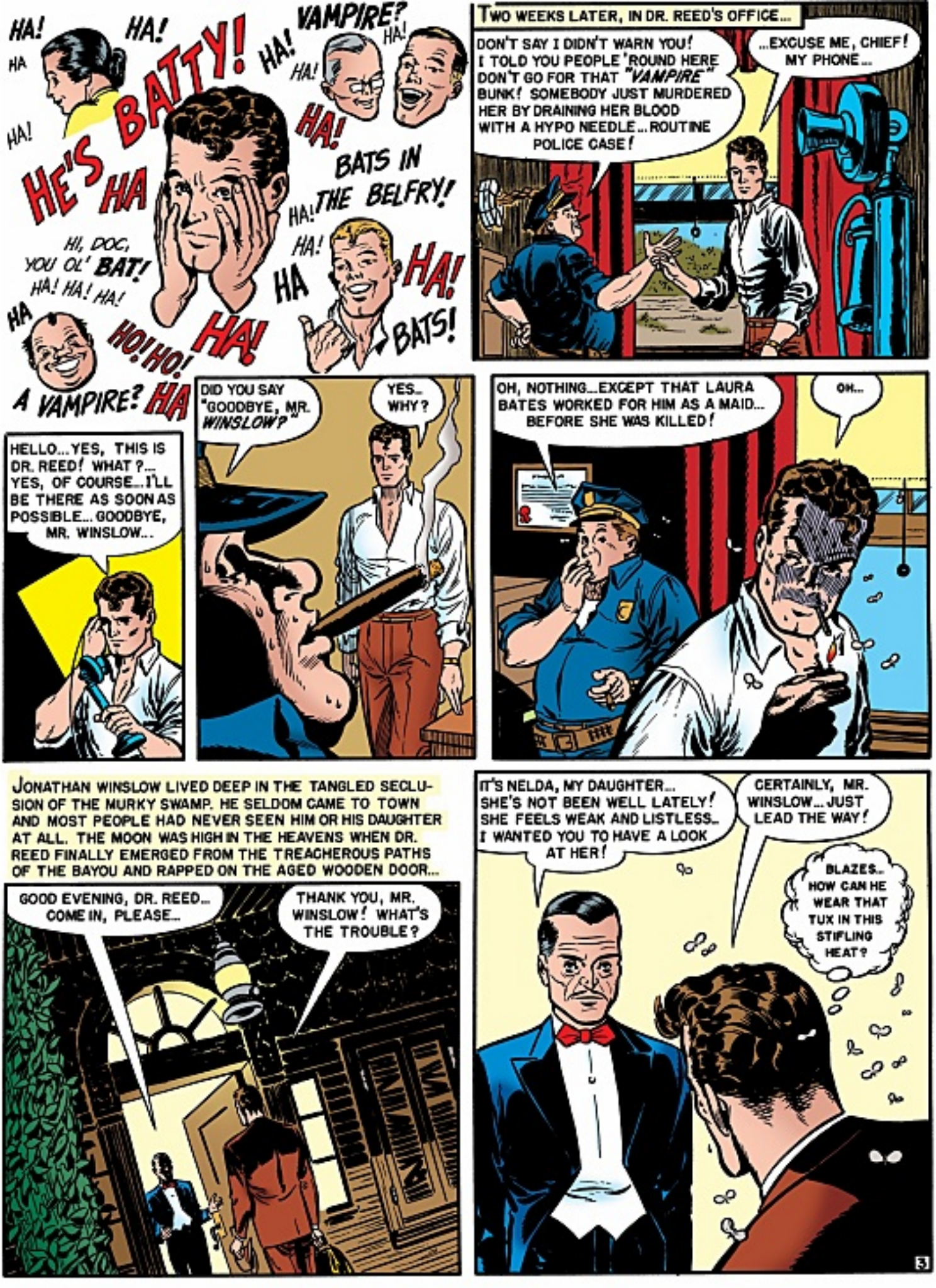
VAMPIRE!
A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL
JOHNNY CRAIG

MARSH ISLAND... A PATCH OF LAND OFF THE COAST OF LOUISIANA, INFESTED WITH SWAMPS, QUAGMIRES AND MALARIA-CARRYING MOSQUITOS, WHERE THE ONLY CHANGE FOR THE FEW INHABITANTS FROM THE BLAZING, SWELTERING, HEAT OF DAY IS THE MOIST, STICKY, UNCOMFORTABLE HEAT OF NIGHT, AND WHERE BIZARRE AND MYSTERIOUS SETTINGS MIGHT VERY WELL FORM A PERFECT BACKDROP FOR...


VAMPIRES!?
ARE YOU GRAZY, DOC? EVERYONE KNOWS THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS!
IT'S THE ONLY ANSWER, CHIEF HUGHES! I STUDIED MEDICINE IN HUNGARY...AND I'VE SEEN MANY CASES LIKE THIS OVER THERE!
JIM REED M.D MARSH ISLAND CORONER
CONFOUND IT! I CAN'T TURN IN A REPORT THAT SAYS THAT! JUST SAY "CAUSE OF DEATH... UNKNOWN!"
BUT I KNOW HOW SHE DIED! LOOK, CHIEF... LET'S START ALL OVER...
EARLY THIS MORNING, THE BODY OF LAURA BATES WAS FOUND IN THE BAYOU, SEVERAL MILES FROM THE HOUSE WHERE SHE LIVED AND WORKED AS A MAID! RIGHT?
RIGHT...

...BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY DOCTOR HERE, I HAVE TO ACT AS CORONER...SO WHEN THEY BRING ME LAURA BATES' CORPSE, I EXAMINE IT TO FIND THE CAUSE OF DEATH! SO WHAT DO I FIND? TWO LITTLE HOLES IN HER NECK THROUGH WHICH EVERY DROP OF BLOOD IN HER BODY HAS BEEN DRAINED! RIGHT?!
RIGHT...
...BUT IF YOU SAY THAT LAURA BATES WAS KILLED BY A VAMPIRE, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HEAP O' PEOPLE IN THIS HERE TOWN LAUGHIN' AT YOU... AND DON'T YOU FORGET THAT!
I KNOW, I KNOW!


...BUT I STILL SAY SHE WAS KILLED BY A VAMPIRE...
ALL RIGHT! IT'S TOO BLASTED HOT TO ARGUE! ...BUT I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!
YOUNG DR. JIM REED SIGNED THE DEATH CERTIFICATE, AND IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, POLICE CHIEF HUGHES' WARNING BECAME A REALITY...
HA! HA! LOOK! THERE GOES "BAT" MAN!
2


HA! HA! HA HA! HE'S BATTY! HA HA! VAMPIRE? HA! HA! HA! HA! BATS IN THE BELFRY! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HA! BATS! A VAMPIRE? HA
HI, DOC, YOU OL' BAT! HA! HA! HA!
TWO WEEKS LATER, IN DR. REED'S OFFICE...
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU! I TOLD YOU PEOPLE 'ROUND HERE DON'T GO FOR THAT "VAMPIRE" BUNK! SOMEBODY JUST MURDERED HER BY DRAINING HER BLOOD WITH A HYPO NEEDLE... ROUTINE POLICE CASE!
...EXCUSE ME, CHIEF! MY PHONE...
HELLO... YES, THIS IS DR. REED! WHAT?... YES, OF COURSE... I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE... GOODBYE, MR. WINSLOW...
DID YOU SAY "GOODBYE, MR. WINSLOW?"
YES... WHY?
OH, NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT LAURA BATES WORKED FOR HIM AS A MAID... BEFORE SHE WAS KILLED!
OH...
JONATHAN WINSLOW LIVED DEEP IN THE TANGLED SECLUSION OF THE MURKY SWAMP. HE SELDOM CAME TO TOWN AND MOST PEOPLE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM OR HIS DAUGHTER AT ALL. THE MOON WAS HIGH IN THE HEAVENS WHEN DR. REED FINALLY EMERGED FROM THE TREACHEROUS PATHS OF THE BAYOU AND RAPPED ON THE AGED WOODEN DOOR...
GOOD EVENING, DR. REED... COME IN, PLEASE...
THANK YOU, MR. WINSLOW! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
IT'S NELDA, MY DAUGHTER... SHE'S NOT BEEN WELL LATELY! SHE FEELS WEAK AND LISTLESS... I WANTED YOU TO HAVE A LOOK AT HER!
CERTAINLY, MR. WINSLOW... JUST LEAD THE WAY!
BLAZES... HOW CAN HE WEAR THAT TUX IN THIS STIFLING HEAT?
3

THIS IS HER ROOM, DOCTOR...I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE...
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO LOVELY! I...WHAT THE?...HER NECK! THERE ARE TWO SMALL HOLES IN HER NECK!
DR. REED MADE A COMPLETE EXAMINATION AND WHEN HE HAD FINISHED...
JUST AS I THOUGHT! SHE'S PERFECTLY WELL...EXCEPT THAT SHE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD... I SUSPECT SHE'S SLOWLY BEING ROBBED OF IT BY A VAMPIRE!
YOU WERE IN THERE QUITE SOME TIME, DR. REED...ANYTHING SERIOUSLY WRONG?
ER...YOUR DAUGHTER ISN'T AS WELL AS SHE SHOULD BE! I... I SUGGEST YOU SIT UP WITH HER TONIGHT...I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DISTURB HER! I'LL DROP BY AGAIN TOMORROW.
ER...TOMORROW? NOT DURING THE DAY, I TRUST... PLEASE... COME IN THE EVENING! I'M NOT...ALWAYS HERE DURING THE DAY!
NOT ALWAYS HERE? ??? OH, ER...SURE! TOMORROW NIGHT, THEN...GOODBYE MR. WINSLOW...
THAT NIGHT AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, DR. REED PONDERED DEEPLY AND ASKED MANY QUESTIONS...
MR. WINSLOW? OH, I'VE SEEN HIM ONCE OR TWICE... COMES IN TO BUY FOOD AND STUFF!.. FUNNY GUY... ALWAYS COMES AT NIGHT...
TUXEDO? YUP! ALWAYS DRESSED FIT TO KILL! DON'T THINK HE OWNS ANOTHER SUIT!
WORK? DUNNO...NEVER SEEN HIM ATAL' DURIN' THE DAY...
HE MUST HAVE NOTICED THE TWO HOLES IN HER NECK! STILL...
4

DR. REED WENT TO THE OLD HOUSE AGAIN THE NEXT NIGHT AND WAS LED TO NELDA'S ROOM BY MR. WINSLOW. THE YOUNG DOCTOR MADE ANOTHER EXAMINATION...
GREAT SCOTT! SHE'S WORSE! SHE SHOULD BE STRONGER TONIGHT! UNLESS THE VAMPIRE AGAIN... NO... MR. WINSLOW WAS SUPPOSED TO STAY WITH HER ALL NIGHT! BUT YET...
MR. WINSLOW! WHERE ARE YOU?... STRANGE... HE'S NOT HERE! PERHAPS DOWNSTAIRS...
THE YOUNG DOCTOR SEARCHED, BUT OLD MR. WINSLOW WAS NOT TO BE FOUND. IT WASN'T TILL MUCH LATER THAT HE THOUGHT OF...
THE CELLAR... I HAVEN'T LOOKED DOWN HERE! MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO... SAY, WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?...
A--A COFFIN! WITH DIRT IN IT! BLAZES! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! MR. WINSLOW IS THE VAMPIRE!
MR. WINSLOW WANTED ME OUT HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME! BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON ON MARSH ISLAND WHO KNOWS HIS MAID WAS KILLED BY A VAMPIRE! ... AND NOW MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! ... AND NELDA... WHAT ABOUT NELDA?
THERE! I'VE LOCKED HER IN HER ROOM! BEST I CAN DO NOW! I'LL HURRY TO TOWN... COME BACK TOMORROW...
WHA...? OH... IT'S IT'S YOU, MR... WINSLOW! I... I... DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN...
JUST CAME BACK FROM A WALK, DR. REED... HOW IS NELDA?
OH, ER... SHE'S... FEELING BETTER! BUT I DON'T WANT HER DISTURBED... JUST... JUST LET HER REST...
OF COURSE, DOCTOR! GOOD NIGHT...
6

LORD, I HOPE I'M DOING RIGHT! WINSLOW EXPECTS ME TOMORROW NIGHT, BUT I WANT TO BE THERE DURING THE DAY! VAMPIRES ONLY PROWL AT NIGHT! DURING THE DAY THEY SLEEP IN THEIR COFFINS! THESE MOSQUITOS!... I'LL BRING A CROSS... AND A WOODEN STAKE TO DRIVE THROUGH HIS HEART... THE ONLY WAY TO KILL... A VAMPIRE!
THE FOLLOWING DAY WAS A HECTIC ONE... AND DR. REED'S ATTEMPTS TO GET TO THE HOUSE BEFORE SUNDOWN SEEMED DOOMED TO FAILURE...
OKAY! OKAY! SO IT'S ANOTHER BLOODLESS CORPSE WITH TWO HOLES IN ITS NECK! BUT IF YOU START RAVING ABOUT VAMPIRES AGAIN, I'LL LOCK YOU UP! NOW GET BUSY! I WANT A COMPLETE AUTOPSY REPORT BEFORE YOU LEAVE!
BUT CHIEF... IT'S SO LATE...
HOURS LATER...
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET HERE! WHA...! THE DOOR'S OPEN! I'M TOO LATE! HE'S GONE!
NELDA! IF HE'S HARMED HER, I'LL...
NELDA! YOU... YOU'RE SITTING UP! YOU'RE... YOU'RE FEELING BETTER!???
I FEEL FINE TONIGHT, DOCTOR! BUT WHY ARE YOU SO EXCITED?
NELDA, LISTEN TO ME! YOUR FATHER IS THE CAUSE OF YOUR ILLNESS! LITTLE BY LITTLE, HE'S BEEN DRAINING YOU OF YOUR BLOOD TO FEED HIMSELF! THAT'S WHY YOU KEPT GETTING WEAKER! YOU FEEL STRONGER TONIGHT BECAUSE LAST NIGHT HE CAUGHT SOMEONE ELSE! PLEASE! BELIEVE ME! IT SOUNDS HORRIBLE, BUT IT'S TRUE! YOUR FATHER IS A VAMPIRE!
6

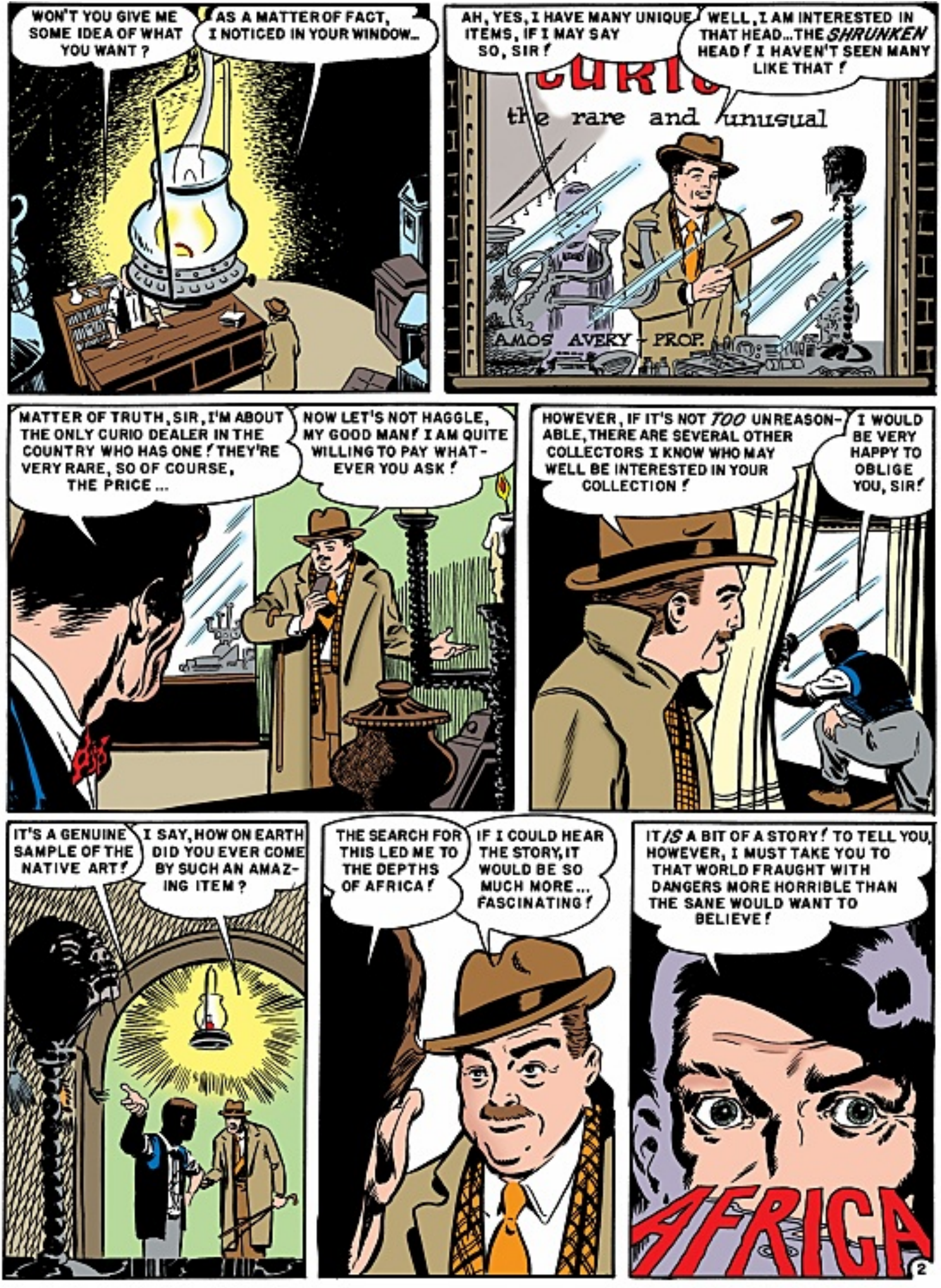
MY...MY FATHER? I...I DON'T... BELIEVE IT... I...I...
THERE ISN'T TIME TO ARGUE! JUST DO AS I SAY! AFTER I LEAVE, LOCK YOUR DOOR... AND DON'T OPEN IT TO ANYONE BUT ME!
IF I TOLD HER I WAS GOING TO KILL HER FATHER, SHE'D NEVER... WHAT'S THAT!? SOUNDS LIKE... WINGS FLAPPING...
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE VAMPIRE! HE'S AFTER ME! THE CROSS!... WHERE'S MY CROSS?!
IT'S...IT'S WORKING! HE KNOWS HE CAN'T HARM ME NOW! HE'S... HE'S LEAVING... HE'S LEAVING!
OH, LORD... I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! WAIT! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING...
IT'S WINSLOW! HE'S LOOKING FOR ME! HE COULDN'T KILL ME WHEN HE WAS A BAT... SO HE CHANGED TO HIS MORTAL SELF... COMING THIS WAY!
... HE'S COMING CLOSER! JUST A FEW MORE STEPS AND I'LL SHOVE THIS WOODEN STAKE RIGHT THROUGH HIS...
...HEART!
AAAGGHHH!
7

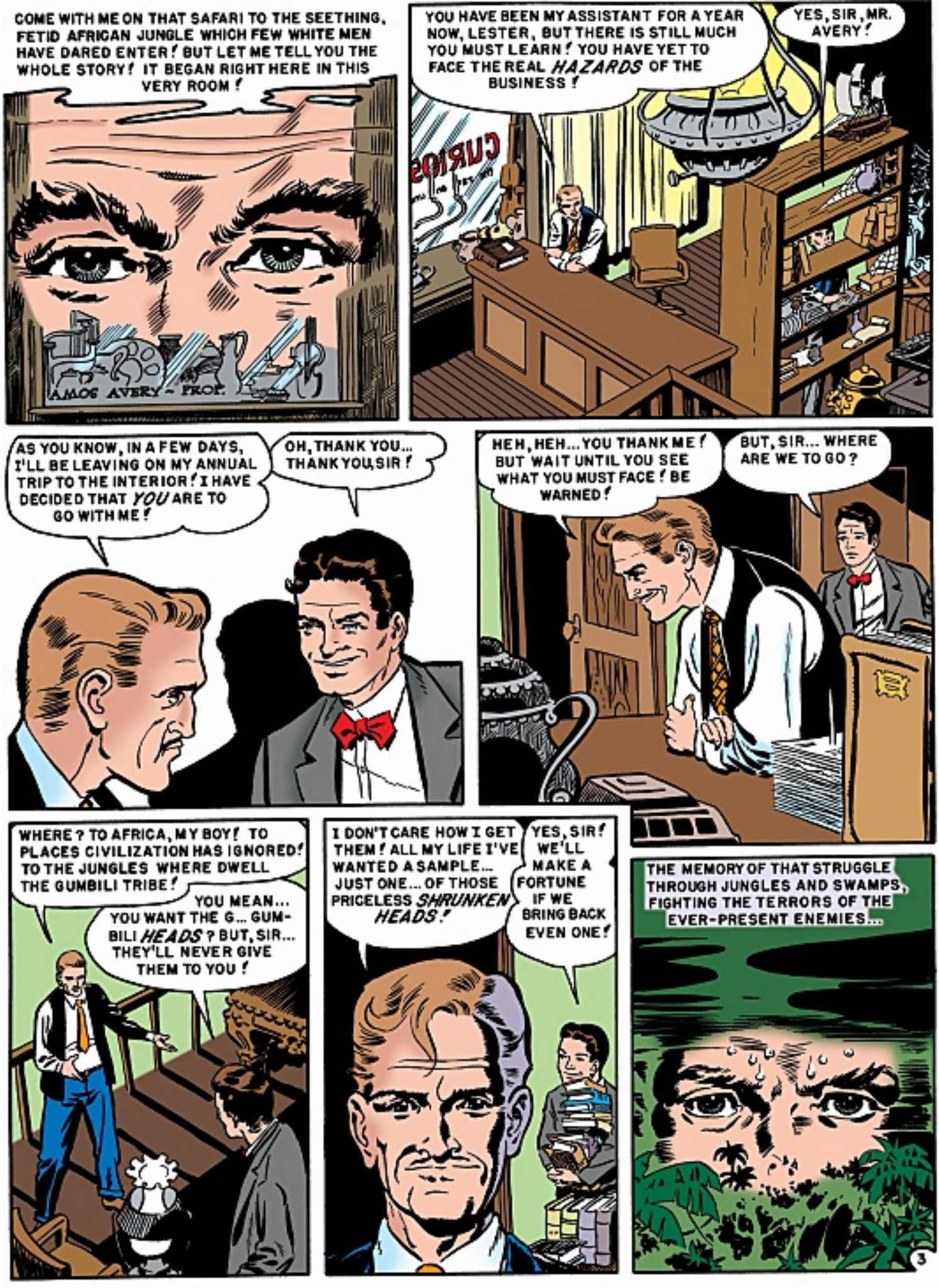
I'VE GOT YOU, YOU FIEND! I'VE GOT YOU!
DIE! DIE! DIE!
SOME TIME LATER...
DR. REED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NELDA...IT'S DONE! YOU...YOU'RE SAFE NOW... EVERYONE'S SAFE! I DID IT, NELDA...I...I KILLED THE VAMPIRE! I KILLED YOUR FATHER...
I'M EXHAUSTED! WHAT A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE!
COME... LIE ON THE COUCH! YOU MUST REST!
NELDA, I...I HAD TO KILL HIM! HE ATTACKED ME! FIRST AS A VAMPIRE BAT...THEN IN HIS MORTAL GUISE! YOU... BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU?
YES, I BELIEVE YOU! BUT... MY FATHER WAS NOT A VAMPIRE!
HE ATTACKED YOU TONIGHT BECAUSE YOUR CROSS PREVENTED THE VAMPIRE BAT FROM KILLING YOU...HE WANTED TO PROTECT ME!
WHA...WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I WASN'T WEAK BECAUSE I HAD LOST BLOOD! I WAS WEAK BECAUSE I HADN'T HAD ANY IN A LONG TIME! TONIGHT I AM STRONG, NOT BECAUSE MY FATHER CAUGHT SOMEONE ELSE LAST NIGHT...BUT BECAUSE I DID!
YOU MEAN...
YES, DR. REED! I AM THE VAMPIRE! THE COFFIN IN THE CELLAR IS MINE! I FEASTED LAST NIGHT...AND TONIGHT I SHALL FEAST AGAIN...ON YOU!
YA AA-AAAAAA!
-THE END-

IN THE JUNGLES OF THAT STILL DARK CONTINENT, AFRICA, THERE DWELL MORE TERRORS THAN CREEPING ANIMALS AND STEALTHY SNAKES! BUT THESE MEN OF VIOLENCE AND GREED WOULD NOT HEED THE SIGNALS OF...

HORROR-A HEAD!

A STUDY IN TERROR!
GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! IS THERE SOMETHING I MAY SHOW YOU?
YES, I AM VERY INTERESTED IN THE...ER...UNUSUAL!
CURIOS
MADE AVERY, PROP.


WON'T YOU GIVE ME SOME IDEA OF WHAT YOU WANT ?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I NOTICED IN YOUR WINDOW...
AH, YES, I HAVE MANY UNIQUE ITEMS, IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR !
WELL, I AM INTERESTED IN THAT HEAD...THE SHRUNKEN HEAD ! I HAVEN'T SEEN MANY LIKE THAT !
the rare and unusual
AMOS AVERY - PROP.
MATTER OF TRUTH, SIR, I'M ABOUT THE ONLY CURIO DEALER IN THE COUNTRY WHO HAS ONE ! THEY'RE VERY RARE, SO OF COURSE, THE PRICE ...
NOW LET'S NOT HAGGLE, MY GOOD MAN ! I AM QUITE WILLING TO PAY WHATEVER YOU ASK !
HOWEVER, IF IT'S NOT TOO UNREASONABLE, THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER COLLECTORS I KNOW WHO MAY WELL BE INTERESTED IN YOUR COLLECTION !
I WOULD BE VERY HAPPY TO OBLIGE YOU, SIR !
IT'S A GENUINE SAMPLE OF THE NATIVE ART !
I SAY, HOW ON EARTH DID YOU EVER COME BY SUCH AN AMAZING ITEM ?
THE SEARCH FOR THIS LED ME TO THE DEPTHS OF AFRICA !
IF I COULD HEAR THE STORY, IT WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE... FASCINATING !
IT IS A BIT OF A STORY ! TO TELL YOU, HOWEVER, I MUST TAKE YOU TO THAT WORLD FRAUGHT WITH DANGERS MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE SANE WOULD WANT TO BELIEVE !
AFRICA
2


COME WITH ME ON THAT SAFARI TO THE SEETHING, FETID AFRICAN JUNGLE WHICH FEW WHITE MEN HAVE DARED ENTER! BUT LET ME TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY! IT BEGAN RIGHT HERE IN THIS VERY ROOM!
AMOS AVERY - PROF.
YOU HAVE BEEN MY ASSISTANT FOR A YEAR NOW, LESTER, BUT THERE IS STILL MUCH YOU MUST LEARN! YOU HAVE YET TO FACE THE REAL HAZARDS OF THE BUSINESS!
YES, SIR, MR. AVERY!
AS YOU KNOW, IN A FEW DAYS, I'LL BE LEAVING ON MY ANNUAL TRIP TO THE INTERIOR! I HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU ARE TO GO WITH ME!
OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU, SIR!
HEH, HEH... YOU THANK ME! BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT YOU MUST FACE! BE WARNED!
BUT, SIR... WHERE ARE WE TO GO?
WHERE? TO AFRICA, MY BOY! TO PLACES CIVILIZATION HAS IGNORED! TO THE JUNGLES WHERE DWELL THE GUMBILI TRIBE!
YOU MEAN... YOU WANT THE G... GUMBILI HEADS? BUT, SIR... THEY'LL NEVER GIVE THEM TO YOU!
I DON'T CARE HOW I GET THEM! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED A SAMPLE... JUST ONE... OF THOSE PRICELESS SHRUNKEN HEADS!
YES, SIR! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE IF WE BRING BACK EVEN ONE!
THE MEMORY OF THAT STRUGGLE THROUGH JUNGLES AND SWAMPS, FIGHTING THE TERRORS OF THE EVER-PRESENT ENEMIES...
3

BUT CAN'T WE REST FOR JUST AWHILE, SIR? THE SUN, AND THOSE INFERNAL DRUMS... WE'LL GO MAD BEFORE WE GET THERE!
THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR US, YET! COME, STUPID OAFS..FASTER!
HE'S WILD WITH GREED! HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BARGAIN WITH THOSE GUMBILIS...WE'LL LOSE OUR OWN HEADS FIRST!
HERE WE ARE! A NIGHT'S REST AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH GUMBILI TERRITORY BY TOMORROW NIGHT!
I'M SO..TIRED! SIGH...
I UNDERSTAND NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO BARGAIN WITH GUMBILIS, SIR! HOW DO YOU PLAN TO...
AHA! I AM BETTER PREPARED THAN THE STUPID FOOLS WHO HAVE TRIED BEFORE!
YOU WILL SEE HOW WE SHALL BE RECEIVED, FOR OUR CHIEF BEARER IS A FRIENDLY MEMBER OF THE GUMBILIS! HE WILL ESCORT AND INTRODUCE US!
YOU ARE CLEVER, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!
I THINK OF EVERYTHING! BUT NOW WE MUST REST, FOR TOMORROW OUR WITS MUST BE SHARP, AND OUR BRAINS AGILE!
YES, SIR! GOOD-NIGHT, SIR!
"..THE NEXT DAY WE BEGAN THE TREK THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE...JUST THE TWO OF US AND OUR GUMBILI FRIEND! CHILLS POSSESSED ME FOR I KNEW THAT THERE WERE MORE THAN ANIMAL EYES PEERING AT US FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES..."
4

HE SAYS THEY ARE PREPARED TO WELCOME US! THIS IS GOING TO BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!
I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
"WE WERE PRESENTED TO A COUNCIL OF LEADERS, THEN SHOWN TO OUR QUARTERS..."
I HAVE AN UNEASY FEELING THAT THEY'RE VERY SUSPICIOUS! DO YOU THINK THEY KNOW WHAT WE'RE AFTER?
NO! WE'RE TO SEE THE CHIEFTAIN IN A WHILE! THAT'S THE MAN WE'LL DO BUSINESS WITH!
"WE ENTERED THE COUNCIL HALL AND FACED THE CHIEFTIAN! BARGAINING WOULD BE DIFFICULT, BUT WE WERE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED..."
HE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND... BUT HE DOESN'T WANT THESE THINGS!
LOOK! OUR FRIEND IS TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM!
NOW HE KNOWS WHAT WE WANT!
HE'S ANGRY! WHAT CAN WE DO?
5

IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THOSE HEADS NOW, MR. AVERY!
NO, NOT IMPOSSIBLE...JUST DIFFICULT! BUT WE'LL GET THEM IF WE HAVE TO...STEAL!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
HERE! TAKE THESE AND I'LL GET SOME MORE!
YES, YES, AS MANY AS YOU CAN...BUT HURRY!
EEEK!
A!EEE!
BANG
GASP! THAT WAS THE CHIEF I KILLED! GOT TO GET AWAY! GASP!
THOSE SCREAMS...IT'S LESTER! THEY'LL KILL HIM! THEY'LL SHRINK HIS...NO! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE... GASP!
AGHH
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...
GLAD I GOT THOSE TWO HEADS AT LEAST...POOR LESTER! UGGH, WHAT WAS THAT? THOUGHT I HEARD...SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING ME! GOT TO GET OUT!
KEEP THINKING ABOUT GHOSTS, LESTER.. HIS SCREAMS! NO! MUSTN'T THINK! BETTER GET BACK TO THE SHOP!
6

...BUT IF I HADN'T LEFT LESTER, THEY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN ME! THEY WOULD HAVE...YEEOOWWW!
AMOS AVERY CURNOS
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY HAVE YOU FOLLOWED ME? THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME!
NO...NOT THEY! I'VE COME FOR YOU! YOU DIRTY...
LESTER! YOU'RE DEAD! THEY KILLED YOU! THEY WANTED YOUR HEA...
HA! I WAS BETTER AT BARGAINING THAN YOU WERE! IT'S YOUR HEAD THEY WANT...AND I'VE BEEN SENT TO GET IT!
YOU CAN'T! NOT MY HEAD! I DIDN'T MEAN TO LEAVE YOU... DIDN'T MEAN TO...
YAAAAAA
AND SO IT WAS NOT IN THE MYSTERIOUS JUNGLES OF AFRICA THAT I FOUND THIS PRIZE TROPHY...THIS FACINATING EXAMPLE OF NATIVE CULTURE! IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THIS SHOP!
HA HA HA

DEATH SHROUD!

Click! Click! Click!

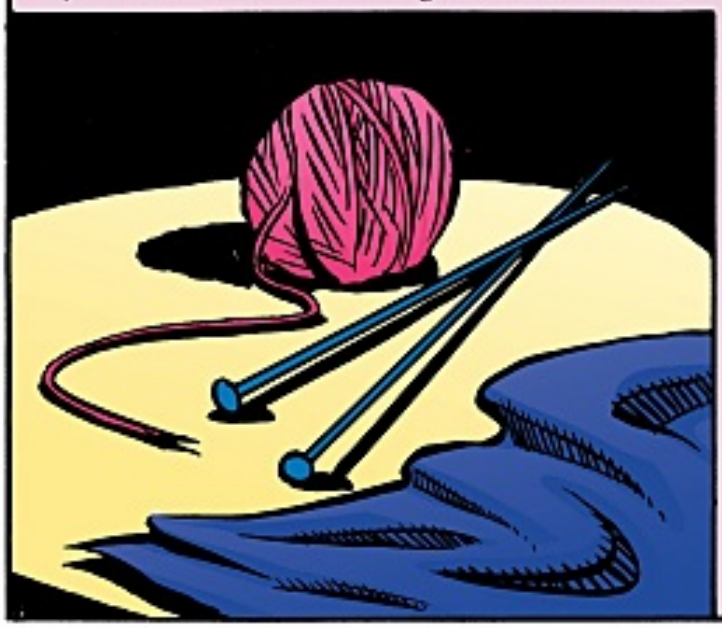
The knitting needles flew faster. I turned and scowled at my wife Nelly's calm face where she sat slumped over in her chair, knitting. I had married Nelly while I was still in college. She had been a waitress, then. Now all she thought about was her knitting and her eternal cups of tea! It was enough to drive a man to kill!

"For Pete's sake!" I called out. "Stop knocking those needles. Stop that perpetual click-click-clicking! It's getting so I hear 'em in my sleep!"

But Nelly went on knitting, rocking slowly, annoyingly, and the clicking of the needles grew louder and louder—

I'm not sure just when the thought of killing her did occur to me. It was probably one of the times when I watched those needles moving and clicking. I soon found myself devising ways and means. Her tea! Of course! A little poison in what remained of the tea leaves in her tea-box before she bought a new box—a business trip to Boston for my alibi—and I was in the clear!

I felt secure. I had some poison left over from my college days, and I dumped it in with the remaining tea leaves. Then I packed and left for Boston. Three days after I hit Boston, a telegram came. She was dead, alone in the house. The poison had been found in the cup. It looked like suicide, all right. After all, I had been in Boston—and there was no known reason for me to kill my wife!



Oh, the police shadowed me for a few months. I did nothing to arouse their suspicions. Why should I? I had not killed Nelly because I loved another woman, or even for her money. I had killed her—because of her knitting needles.

And then, five weeks after Nelly was laid to rest . . .

I sat up in bed. Cold sweat stood out on my forehead, and the palms of my hands. There in the room's darkness, there was . . . sound!

Click! Click! Click!

My heart almost stopped. It was the knitting needles! Clicking, scurrying from row to row, jarring against each other. I leaped from the bed and searched the room. I found nothing. Yet the clicking of the needles went on and on . . . hurrying . . . then slowing down.

Those needles stayed with me, day after day and night after night. I heard them in my office, in the train I took at night, in the restaurants where I ate.

What were they knitting?

One night, I learned the answer. As I slept, I dreamed that Nelly sat knitting. At last she finished and stood up, lifting a long white woolen sheet—a shroud! "Your shroud, husband!" she whispered. She put it over my body, pulling it up until it covered my face!

I could not breathe! My lungs strained and labored, on fire! I sobbed, trying to fight that suffocating white woolen shroud—and could not!

• • •

"He smothered to death," frowned the puzzled coroner, speaking to the police inspector. "But I don't see how! He was just lying there on his back. It was as if . . . someone . . . pressed something on his face . . . but that's silly!"

CAN A DEAD MAN KILL? CAN A CORPSE RISE FROM THE CUSHIONED QUIET OF HIS COFFIN TO STALK THE NIGHT, HANDS STRETCHING OUT TO SEEK A VICTIM? CAN DEAD EYES BLAZE WITH HATE?...THE DEAD EYES OF...
THE KILLER IN THE COFFIN!
AN ADVENTURE IN HORROR
NAN PARKER LOVED HER HUSBAND...TOO MUCH! SHE WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVE, FEARFUL LEST HE HURT HIMSELF...
WEAR YOUR RUBBERS...THE RADIO SAID RAIN! YOU'D BETTER WALK! THEY'VE HAD SOME CASES OF DIPTHERIA, THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! IF YOU RIDE IN A TROLLEY, YOU MIGHT CATCH IT! THEN THIS NOON, EAT AT...
FOR PETE'S SAKE...SHUT UP!

YOU TREAT ME AS IF I WERE A CHILD! YOU NEVER LET ME MAKE A DECISION ON MY OWN! I'M SICK OF IT! SICK OF IT!
YOU *ARE* A CHILD. *ALL* MEN ARE CHILDREN! THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THEM! NOW SIT DOWN AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST BEFORE IT GETS COLD!

FROM YEARS OF HABIT, ERNEST PARKER SAT DOWN AND FINISHED HIS MEAL. BUT INSIDE HIM, THE VOLCANO OF ANGER AND RESENTMENT FLARED.
DO THIS! DO THAT! EAT BECAUSE YOU NEED YOUR STRENGTH! DON'T RIDE IN A TROLLEY BECAUSE YOU MIGHT GET SICK! ALWAYS CRABBING... ALWAYS *HARPING!*

WHEN HE REACHED HIS LITTLE INSURANCE OFFICE, ERNEST PARKER WAS IN A REBELLIOUS FRAME OF MIND. HIS PRETTY SECRETARY, FAYE BOOTH, NOTICED IT AT ONCE...
YOU LOOK ANGRY, MR. PARKER. IT SORT OF *SCARES* ME! PLEASE DON'T FROWN. SMILE... *THAT'S* IT!
HUH, IF I SCARE YOU, YOU'RE THE *FIRST* PERSON I'VE *EVER* SCARED!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE SO *NICE*. NICE MEN NEVER GO 'ROUND SCARING POOR LITTLE GIRLS LIKE *ME!*
NICE, EH? YOU'RE KIND OF CUTE YOURSELF, FAYE! FUNNY I... I NEVER GAVE YOU MUCH THOUGHT, BEFORE! SAY, HOW ABOUT HAVING LUNCH WITH ME?

ERNEST PARKER AND FAYE BOOTH ATE IN A LITTLE FRENCH RESTAURANT OFF THE SQUARE...
MY WIFE'D HAVE A *FIT* IF SHE SAW ME EATING THIS FANCY FOOD. SHE COOKS "SENSIBLE FOOD" AS SHE CALLS IT!
LIFE'S NOT WORTH LIVING IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE SENSIBLE *ALL* THE TIME...

LATE THAT AFTERNOON...
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID, FAYE... ABOUT BEING SENSIBLE ALL THE TIME, I MEAN!
OH? WHAT ABOUT IT? WANT TO BE SILLY? TO DO CRAZY THINGS? LIKE *WHAT*, FOR INSTANCE?

LIKE...*THIS!*

THAT NIGHT, ERNEST PARKER KEPT STARING AT HIS WIFE... AND THINKING ABOUT FAYE BOOTH'S SOFT RED LIPS...
I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT YOUR WARM CLOTHING! WINTER IS ALMOST HERE!
THAT'S ALL SHE THINKS ABOUT! I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE MARRIED A HEALTH CHART! *SHE* WOULD NOT KISS ME LIKE *FAYE* DID! *SHE* THINKS IT BREEDS *GERMS* TO KISS!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, ERNEST PARKER FOUND HIMSELF KISSING PRETTY FAYE BOOTH MANY TIMES. HE MADE EXCUSES AT HOME, AND WENT DANCING WITH HER. SOON SHE WAS LIKE A FEVER IN HIS BLOOD...
I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU, DARLING! I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, NOT JUST...NOW AND THEN!
BUT WHAT ABOUT NAN? AFTER ALL, SHE IS YOUR WIFE!
SHE'D NEVER GIVE ME A DIVORCE. I KNOW IT! BUT... THERE MUST BE A WAY... SOME WAY!
YOU MEAN... IF SHE WERE...TO DIE? OH... WE MUSTN'T EVEN THINK THINGS LIKE THIS, ERNIE. JUST KISS ME, HONEY ...KISS ME!
BUT THE THOUGHT HAD BEEN PLANTED! AND THEN ONE MORNING, IN AN ENVELOPE POSTMARKED TEXAS, A LETTER LAY ON ERNEST PARKER'S DESK...
AN UNCLE... FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM! HE DIED... LEFT ME HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE! A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! FAYE... DON'T YOU SEE?
I... I'M NOT SURE!
IT MEANS WE CAN GO AWAY TOGETHER, DARLING! WITH THAT MONEY WE CAN GO ANYWHERE WE CHOOSE!
YOU'RE FORGETTING NAN, DEAREST! WHAT ABOUT HER?
LEAVE HER TO ME! I'LL THINK OF... SOMETHING!
PLAGUE SPREADS THROUGH CITY!
BUT THAT NIGHT, OVER THE DINNER TABLE, ERNEST PARKER COMPLAINED OF A SICK HEADACHE AND DIZZY SPELLS...
SICK ARE YOU? IT'S NO MORE THAN I EXPECTED, WITH ALL YOUR HOURS! BUSINESS! SNIFF! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT! PROBABLY OUT DRINKING OR WORSE!
I... I'M GOING TO CRAWL INTO BED... 'NIGHT!
NEXT MORNING, A TEARFUL NAN PARKER PHONED THE FAMILY DOCTOR...
YOU CAN'T COME? IT SOUNDS AS IF... THE PLAGUE... GOT HIM! BUT... BUT WHAT WILL I DO! SOB! HE LIES THERE... SO QUIETLY... SOB! IF HE DIES, I WON'T KNOW WHERE HIS MONEY IS, OR ANYTHING!
3

YES, I SAID I WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR FINANCIAL MATTERS! WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY? IF YOU DIE, I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT PENNILESS!
CALL... MISS BOOTH! TELL HER...BRING HER NOTEBOOK AND MY... PERSONAL FILE... WITH HER...
IT WAS LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER THAT FAYE BOOTH STEPPED INTO THE SICK ROOM...
I TOOK A TAXI AS...AS YOUR WIFE SAID, ERN...I MEAN, SIR!
GOOD GIRL! NOW... SIT DOWN! GOING TO MAKE A LIST... OF THINGS FOR MY WIFE TO HAVE HER LAWYER DO...TO GET ALL... THAT'S COMING TO HER!
FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, ERNEST PARKER DICTATED TO HIS SECRETARY, WHOSE HEART WAS THUMPING IN TERROR WITH THE FEAR OF CATCHING THE PLAGUE...YET HER BRAIN WAS BEWILDERED, FOR EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, ERNEST PARKER WINKED AT HER!
HE'S DYING... DYING! YET HE SEEMS SO CHEERFUL! ALMOST AS IF...AS IF HE WERE PLAYING A JOKE! AND... US? HE AND I? I CAN NEVER MARRY A DEAD MAN!
AS SHE ROSE TO LEAVE, FAYE BOOTH SAW ERNEST SLIP AN ENVELOPE INTO HER NOTEBOOK...
I'LL SHOW YOU OUT, MISS BOOTH!
READ IT! DON'T FAIL ME! READ IT! DO EXACTLY AS IT SAYS! EVEN IF I DIE, DO AS I WRITE!
YES! I...I WILL!
THAT NIGHT, ERNEST PARKER WENT COLD AND STIFF. TOWARD MIDNIGHT, THE UNDERTAKER STOPPED BY...
SORRY, MRS. PARKER! CAN'T DO ANY EMBALMIN' OR ANYTHING. THE PLAGUE, YOU KNOW! MATTER OF FACT, WE GOT TO BURY 'EM IN A LONG TRENCH! THINGS ARE PLENTY BAD, ALL OVER!
WELL, DO YOUR BEST!
EVEN AS HER FOOTSTEPS DIED AWAY IN THE NIGHT, A CHANGE CAME OVER THE THING IN THE OPEN CASKET A HAND STIRRED, LIFTED! THE LIPS TWITCHED! THE DEAD EYES OPENED TO STARE...
IT WAS A CRUDE THING! ERNEST PARKER WAS DRESSED IN HIS BEST SUIT AND STRETCHED OUT IN THE COFFIN! THAT NIGHT, HE LAY ALONE, CANDLES BURNING, THE SCENT OF ROSES IN THE AIR...
WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SLEEP. NO SENSE SITTING HERE WITH HIM THE WAY HE IS NOW!
4

SLOWLY, THE FIGURE IN THE COFFIN STIRRED AND SAT UP, MOVING ALMOST AS ONE IN A DREAM. PALE CANDLE-LIGHT PLAYED ON WHITE FACE AND PALLID HANDS...
ON AIMLESS FEET, THE BODY STAGGERED FOWARD, EYES OPEN AND SIGHTLESS...
UPSTAIRS, NAN PARKER PAUSED AS SHE PREPARED FOR BED...
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING MOVING DOWN BELOW... BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT MYSELF! NERVES, I GUESS...
WHO...WHO'S THAT?
IT'S YOUR HUSBAND, NAN! YOUR HUSBAND, ERNEST! I'VE COME UP FROM MY COFFIN FOR YOU, NAN, COME TO... KILL YOU!
NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW I DID THIS, NAN! I'M DEAD, AND A DEAD MAN CAN'T KILL, CAN HE? NOW! I SHALL BE SAFE... WITH FAYE'S HELP! THEY'LL BURY ME, NAN...AS A DEAD MAN... BUT I'M NOT DEAD!
I'M ALIVE! I USED DRUGS TO SIMULATE DEATH. THE DOCTOR THOUGHT I WAS DEAD OF THE PLAGUE ... HARDLY EXAMINED ME! OH, I THOUGHT IT ALL OUT... SO CAREFULLY! I'LL GO BACK TO MY COFFIN... AND BE IN THE SHALLOW TRENCH! BUT FAYE WILL FREE ME ...
5

AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES ACROSS TOWN...
I'M GOING TO GO TO THE BURIAL GROUND TOMORROW AT DAWN. OPEN ERNEST'S COFFIN! HE WILL BE ALIVE! THEN WE CAN GO AWAY TOGETHER!
I'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP. I... I FEEL SO TIRED. DIZZY! HOT! BUT A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP WILL FIX ME UP! I DON'T DARE FAIL ERNIE. I GET THE SHUDDERS, THINKING OF HIM IN THAT CASKET!
ALL THAT NIGHT, ERNEST PARKER LAY IN HIS COFFIN. AT DAWN, THE COFFIN WAS CLOSED, EVEN WHILE POLICE AND DETECTIVES MOVED ABOUT, SEARCHING FOR CLUES AS TO THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE...
PROBABLY A BURGLAR BROKE IN! THE WIFE SAW HIM... AND WAS CHOKED TO DEATH!
MUST BE! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT?
AND SO ERNEST PARKER WAS LAID TO REST... STILL ALIVE...IN THE SHALLOW BURIAL TRENCH NECESSITATED BY THE PLAGUE. AS HE LAY IN HIS COFFIN, THE DRUG BEGAN TO WEAR OFF...
HOPE FAYE HURRIES...CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS FOUL AIR... DRUG WORE OFF TOO SOON. BUT SHE'LL BE ALONG...ANY MINUTE. I'VE GOT TO BE CALM...CALM...
ACROSS TOWN, FAYE BOOTH STRUGGLES AGAINST PATIENT HANDS THAT HOLD HER AS A DOCTOR PREPARES AN INJECTION...
PLEASE...LET ME GO! GOT TO FIND ERNEST...OPEN HIS COFFIN! PLEASE...LET ME GO!
SHE'S HYSTERICAL, DOCTOR. OUT OF HER MIND, DUE TO THE PLAGUE! BETTER QUIET HER WITH A NEEDLE!
I WILL, NURSE. SHE'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY...FOR TWENTY HOURS OR MORE!
AND IN THE GRAVEYARD, SHOVELS DIG AND LIFT. THE SOFT PATTER OF EARTH SLOWLY COVERS THE COFFINS OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE PLAGUE... AND THE COFFIN OF ONE WHO HAS NOT DIED...NOT YET!
WHY...THAT'S DIRT...BEING DUMPED ON MY COFFIN! THEY'RE BURYING ME! BURYING ME! I'M ALIVE! NO...NO... NO! LET ME OUT...I'LL SUFFOCATE IN HERE...IN A LITTLE WHILE... AAAAAGGGH! AAAAAAGHHH! AAAAAAGGGHHHH!
6

MURDER BY A DEAD MAN!

The car hummed smoothly through the night. My hands were steady on the wheel, even though I was going to kill the man seated beside me. I had always prided myself on my steady nerves. I could even laugh and joke as if nothing were going to happen . . . just as if I liked Jim Trenton, instead of hating him with a cold, blind hatred.

"Jim, I'm surprised at you," I laughed. "What if you do love my wife? I'm no barbarian. I'm not even jealous. I hope I'm a civilized person. I realize that these things happen!

There was relief in Jim's voice as he answered. "Ed, I'll be frank. I figured you'd go off your nut when you learned Emma wanted a divorce, and was going to marry me. I was a little dreading this hunting trip of ours!"

I chuckled, nudging him with an elbow. "Just between the two of us, I've had my eye on a cute little redhead for some time. Don't tell Emma, now . . ."

Joking and laughing, we took the long, steep climb up to my hunting lodge. The car nosed its way up the mountain easily. Jim and I had made this trip often; now, though, Jim Trenton was making it for the last time. Oh, I was in no danger. I knew what I would do. The law would never pin this murder on me!

When I braked the car before the dark, deserted lodge, Jim got out and went around to the trunk to open it. I drew a deep breath, reached inside my coat and drew out my revolver. Carefully, I fitted the silencer to the barrel. Then I went around behind the car, as Jim stood with his head inside the trunk, dragging at a valise.

I shot him three times, pumping the trigger savagely. I caught him before he could fall and lifted the dead body to my shoulder in a fireman's hitch. I felt his limp left hand bang against my wrist, slide away, then slide back. I laughed. "They'll never get me for this, Jim. Where you're going, nobody will ever find you. And without a body to prove that you're really dead, the State can whistle for a conviction and never get it!"

It was a quick walk, even burdened down as I was. Half a mile from my cabin, there was a quicksand bog. The natives said it had no bottom. I wouldn't swear to that, but it was deep. So deep nobody could drag it for a body!

I stood on the firm ground at the very edge of the bog and lifted Jim's dead body. I held it high, then threw it . . . threw it out into those dark, hungry sands . . .

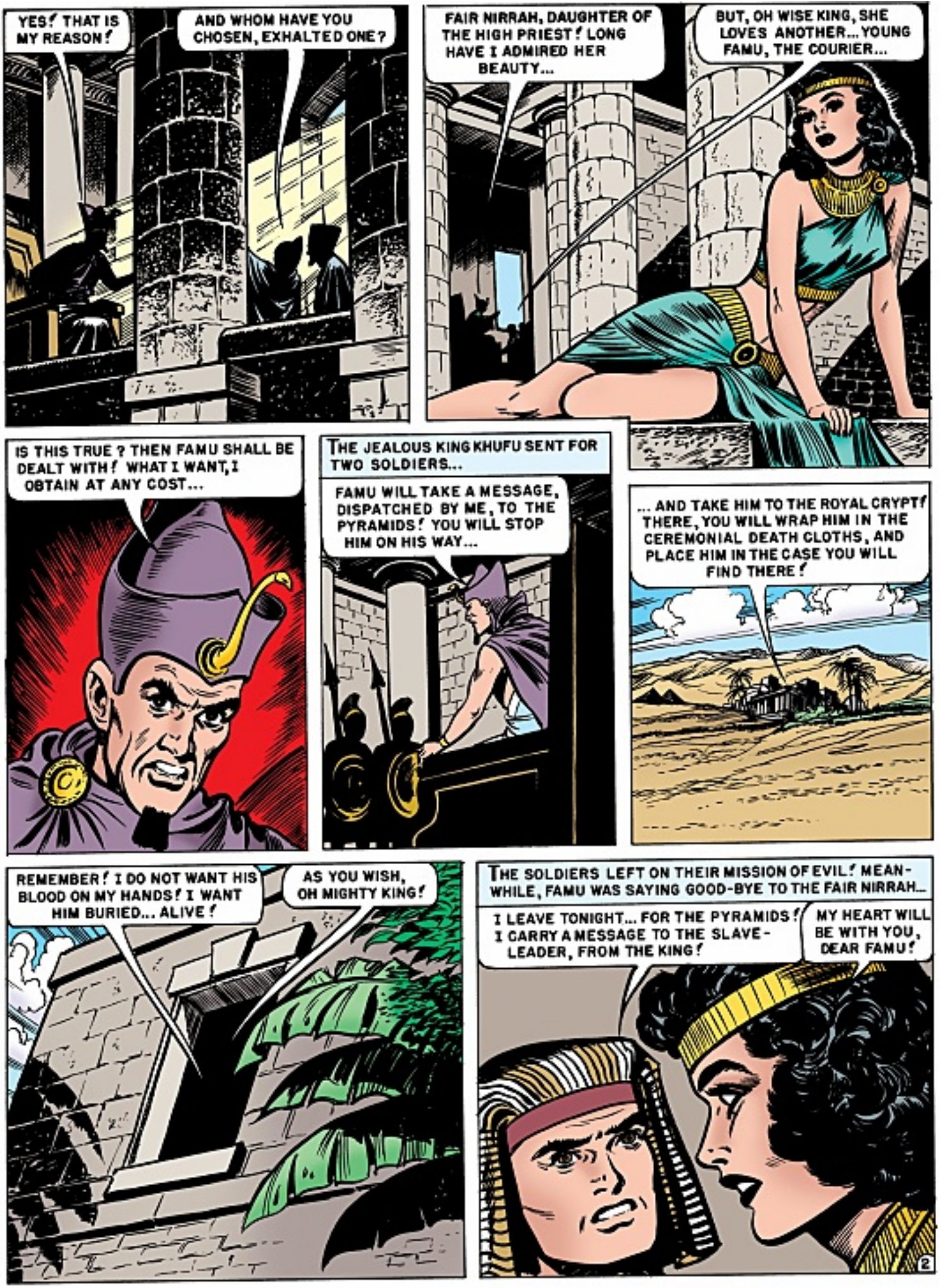
I lost my balance. I fell forward! Like a stunning blow, I realized that I had thrown Jim's dead body—and followed it myself! Jim was under me, clinging to me with a hand—a hand tight-wrapped around my wrist! Now the quicksand was pulling at me, trying to drag me under! *Keep your head.* I told myself. *You can squirm free! Just don't panic!*

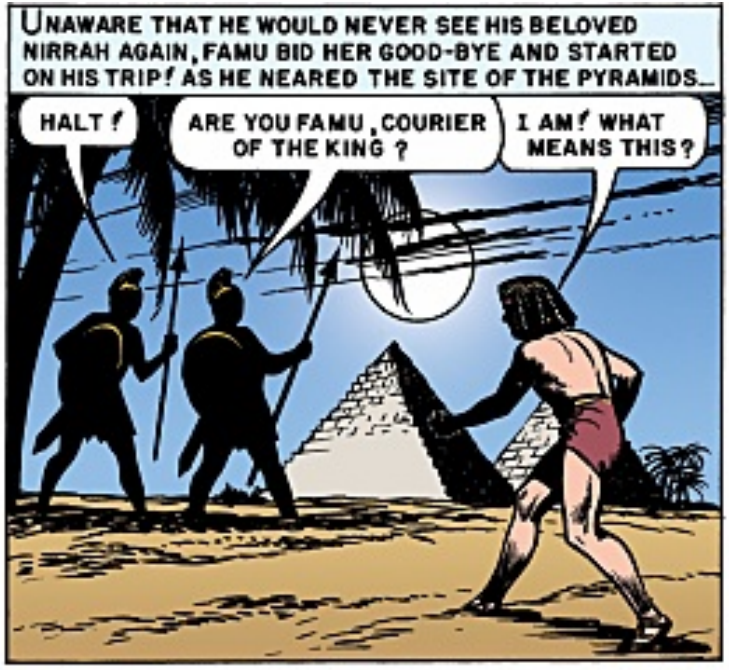
And then—I screamed! Jim's hand, where it was closed on my wrist, had tightened in *rigor mortis!* His fingers were clamped like a steel vise on my flesh! I tried to free myself, to break those fingers, fought to open that hand, and could not!

I was anchored to a dead man! His dead weight was dragging me down faster, faster! He would not let me go! He was dragging me down with him, into the grave I had prepared for him. I was screaming as the sand crept into my mouth, clogging it . . .

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELCOME, DEAR READER! I AM THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I LOOK AFTER ALL THE OTHER OCCUPANTS OF MY HORRIBLE ABODE, AND EACH ISSUE, TELL YOU TALES ABOUT THEM... THE WEREWOLVES... THE VAMPIRES...
THIS TIME, MY STORY CONCERNS A MUMMY...A MUMMY OVER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD! THIS TALE, I CALL:
THE MUMMY'S RETURN!
MY STORY BEGINS IN ANCIENT EGYPT, IN THE YEAR 2902 B.C. AT THE COURT OF THE PHARAOH, KING KHUFU...
THE TIME HAS COME, OH LEARNED ADVISORS, FOR ME TO TAKE A BRIDE!
YOUR MAJESTY! THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO HAPPY! LONG HAVE THEY WAITED FOR A PRINCE AND HEIR TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT!


YES! THAT IS MY REASON!
AND WHOM HAVE YOU CHOSEN, EXHALTED ONE?
FAIR NIRRAH, DAUGHTER OF THE HIGH PRIEST! LONG HAVE I ADMIRED HER BEAUTY...
BUT, OH WISE KING, SHE LOVES ANOTHER... YOUNG FAMU, THE COURIER...
IS THIS TRUE? THEN FAMU SHALL BE DEALT WITH! WHAT I WANT, I OBTAIN AT ANY COST...
THE JEALOUS KING KHUFU SENT FOR TWO SOLDIERS...
FAMU WILL TAKE A MESSAGE, DISPATCHED BY ME, TO THE PYRAMIDS! YOU WILL STOP HIM ON HIS WAY...
... AND TAKE HIM TO THE ROYAL CRYPT! THERE, YOU WILL WRAP HIM IN THE CEREMONIAL DEATH CLOTHS, AND PLACE HIM IN THE CASE YOU WILL FIND THERE!
REMEMBER! I DO NOT WANT HIS BLOOD ON MY HANDS! I WANT HIM BURIED... ALIVE!
AS YOU WISH, OH MIGHTY KING!
THE SOLDIERS LEFT ON THEIR MISSION OF EVIL! MEANWHILE, FAMU WAS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE FAIR NIRRAH...
I LEAVE TONIGHT... FOR THE PYRAMIDS! I CARRY A MESSAGE TO THE SLAVE-LEADER, FROM THE KING!
MY HEART WILL BE WITH YOU, DEAR FAMU!
2


UNAWARE THAT HE WOULD NEVER SEE HIS BELOVED NIRRAH AGAIN, FAMU BID HER GOOD-BYE AND STARTED ON HIS TRIP! AS HE NEARED THE SITE OF THE PYRAMIDS...
HALT!
ARE YOU FAMU, COURIER OF THE KING?
I AM! WHAT MEANS THIS?

THE TWO SOLDIERS FORCED FAMU INTO THE ROYAL TOMB OF KING KHUFU... AND, OVERPOWERING HIM, BEGAN TO WRAP HIM IN THE WINDINGS OF A MUMMY...
STOP! THIS IS MADNESS!
SILENCE, DOOMED ONE!

THE STRUGGLING OF THE YOUNG COURIER SOON CEASED AS THE WRAPPINGS RENDERED HIM IMMOBILE...
HELP ME PLACE HIM IN THE SARCOPHAGUS, LIKUH...
YES, MIFAK...

AND SO... THEIR FOUL MISSION COMPLETED... THE TWO MEN LEFT THE UNFORTUNATE FAMU TO SUFFOCATE IN THE MUMMY CASE...
M-M-M-M-PH! O-O-O-R-GH!
COME, MIFAK! IT IS DONE!
LET US LEAVE THIS HORRID PLACE, LIKUH!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KING KHUFU CONVINCED NIRRAH THAT FAMU HAD LEFT HER...
PERHAPS HE HAS FOUND A NEW LOVE... A GIRL OF A WANDERING TRIBE...
NO! NO! I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!

AND IN A FEW MONTHS, THE HEART-BROKEN NIRRAH WAS FORCED TO MARRY THE KING...
YOU MUST, NIRRAH, FOR MINE... YOUR FATHERS SAKE!
AS YOU WISH, HIGH PRIEST AND HONORED FATHER!

IN THE SPACE OF A YEAR, EGYPT HAD AN HEIR TO THE THRONE, AND NIRRAH'S USE TO KING KHUFU WAS AT AN END...
FOOL! YOU HAVE BORN ME A SON... NOW BEGONE FROM MY SIGHT!
SOB... SOB...
3

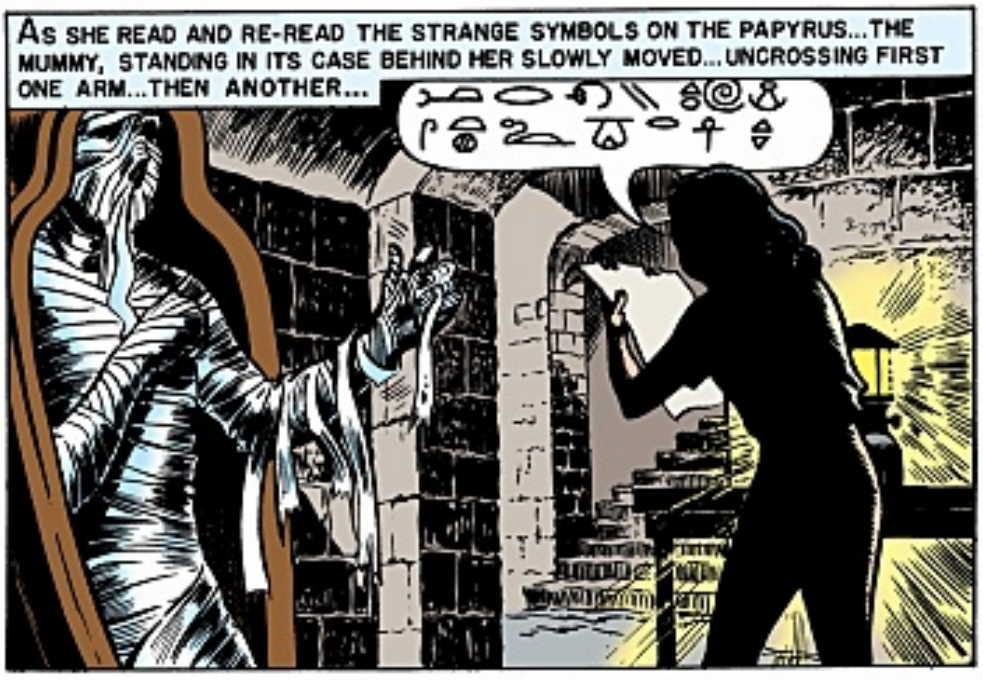
THE LONELY QUEEN LONGED NOW FOR FAMU AND THE LOVE SHE HAD LOST...
COURIER! TRAVEL THE COUNTRYSIDE... ASK THE WANDERING TRIBES! BE FOUND... AND NOT A WORD TO THE KING...OR YOUR LIFE!
AS YOU WISH, OH QUEEN!
AND THEN, ONE OF THE SOLDIERS THAT HELPED MURDER FAMU, CONFESSED...
OH, QUEEN...I KNEW NOT WHO HE WAS! THE KING HAD ORDERED AND I ...I OBEYED! HE IS BURIED IN THE ROYAL CRYPT...
GO... SOB... GO!
THE HEARTBROKEN NIRRAH RAN TO HER FATHER, THE HIGH PRIEST AND TOLD HIM OF THE KING'S TREACHERY...
PLEASE FATHER! YOU ARE WISE! YOU ARE ALL-POWERFUL! HELP ME! BRING FAMU BACK TO ME!
I CANNOT, DAUGHTER! I... CANNOT!
BUT NIRRAH PLEADED! SHE HAD HEARD OF THE PRAYER FOR THE RAISING OF THE DEAD...SHE WANTED IT!
YOUR GRIEF IS MY GRIEF, NIRRAH MY CHILD! HERE! TAKE THIS SCROLL! IT IS THE PRAYER YOU WANT...A SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO THE HIGH PRIESTS OF EGYPT FOR CENTURIES... A PRAYER TO BRING BACK THE DEAD!
OH, THANK YOU, FATHER! THANK YOU!
NIRRAH RUSHED TO THE TOMB... AND... KNEELING BEFORE THE SARCOPHAGUS, BEGAN TO RECITE THE PRAYER...
BUT BEFORE SHE COULD FINISH...
SHE KNOWS! SHE MUST DIE!
AND SO, KING KHUFU SENT HIS DAGGER INTO NIRRAH'S BACK...AND SEALED OFF THE TOMB...FOREVER! INSIDE, FAMU STOOD IN HIS MUMMY CASE AND NIRRAH LAY AT HIS FEET... THE PRAYER CLUTCHED IN HER HAND...
4

THE TOMB REMAINED SEALED FOR OVER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, UNTIL IT WAS DISCOVERED BY AN EXPEDITION FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM!
SO THIS IS THE TOMB OF KING KHUFU...
THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A THRILL, NINA! AFTER ALL... YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF KING KHUFU!
I AM THRILLED, TOM! BEING HIRED AS A TRANSLATOR FOR THE EXPEDITION WAS A STROKE OF LUCK FOR ME!
AND FOR ME, NINA! OR ELSE I WOULD HAVE NEVER MET YOU...
... AND ASKED YOU TO BE MY WIFE!
YES, TOM! IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE... JUST WONDERFUL!
BUT TO CARL BRONSON, ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION, ALL WAS NOT A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE! CARL, TOO, WAS IN LOVE WITH NINA...
HE'LL NEVER HAVE HER! SHE'S... MINE... NOT HIS!
THE PARTY BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE TOMB... AND WHEN THE ROOM WHERE FAMU AND NIRRAH WERE BURIED WAS DISCOVERED...
THAT'S STRANGE! LOOK! A SKELETON!
AT THE FOOT OF THE MUMMY CASE...
WHAT'S THAT PARCHMENT CLUTCHED IN ITS BONY HAND?
IT'S... IT'S A PAPYRUS... WITH HIEROGLYPHICS ON IT...
WHAT DOES IT SAY NINA?
IT'S A PRAYER! FOR THE RAISING OF THE DEAD...
POPPYCOCK!
8

LOOK...A MUMMY!
HARDLY DETERIORATED, TOO!

I'M GOING TO TRANSLATE THIS SCROLL TONIGHT, TOM!
GOOD! IT MAY HELP US FIGURE THIS OUT!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS STILL IN THE CAMP, NINA MADE HER WAY TO THE SECRET ROOM AND BEGAN TO TRANSLATE THE MYSTERIOUS PRAYER...


AS SHE READ AND RE-READ THE STRANGE SYMBOLS ON THE PAPYRUS...THE MUMMY, STANDING IN ITS CASE BEHIND HER SLOWLY MOVED...UNCROSSING FIRST ONE ARM...THEN ANOTHER...

AS NINA BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE PRAYER, THE MUMMY'S ARMS EXTENDED TOWARD HER...
...AND WHEN THIS SCROLL IS READ BY A HIGH-PRIEST OR ANYONE IN HIS BLOOD LINE...

SLOWLY IT MOVED...ITS FOOT...TAKING A STEP FOWARD...
THE DEAD, BEFORE WHOM HE STANDS, SHALL RETURN TO LIFE AND...

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE TOMB...
IF I CAN'T HAVE HER...NO ONE WILL! I'LL KILL HER FIRST!
6

WHO'S THERE?
IT'S CARL... I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!
NINA! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU! TOM ISN'T FOR YOU! I SHOULD BE THE ONE YOU MARRY! TELL ME... TELL ME YOU LOVE ME!
CARL... LET GO OF ME...
I NEVER GAVE YOU ANY INDICATION THAT I CARED FOR YOU! IT'S TOM I LOVE...
ALL RIGHT... IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL...
IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, TOM WON'T EITHER! I'LL... I'LL KILL YOU FIRST BEFORE I LET HIM PUT HIS FILTHY PAWS UPON YOU...
NO! OOOOOOH!
NINA FAINTED... AND LUCKILY! FOR SHE NEVER SAW WHAT WAS BEHIND HER...
NO! NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!
THE MUMMY... ARMS EXTENDED... MOVED TOWARD CARL... CLOSER... CLOSER... AND THEN...
A-A-A-A-HH!!
WHEN TOM ARRIVED UPON THE SCENE, NINA WAS COMING TO...
HE... HE'S DEAD, NINA! AND... WHAT'S THAT ALL OVER HIM? IT LOOKS LIKE DUST... AND... MUMMY WRAPPINGS!
LOOK, TOM! THE MUMMY CASE! IT'S EMPTY!
AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! DID YOU LIKE IT? WRITE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY MAGAZINE! MY ADDRESS IS: THE OLD WITCH, THE HAUNT OF FEAR, DEPT. 16, 225 LAFAYETTE ST. N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
7

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

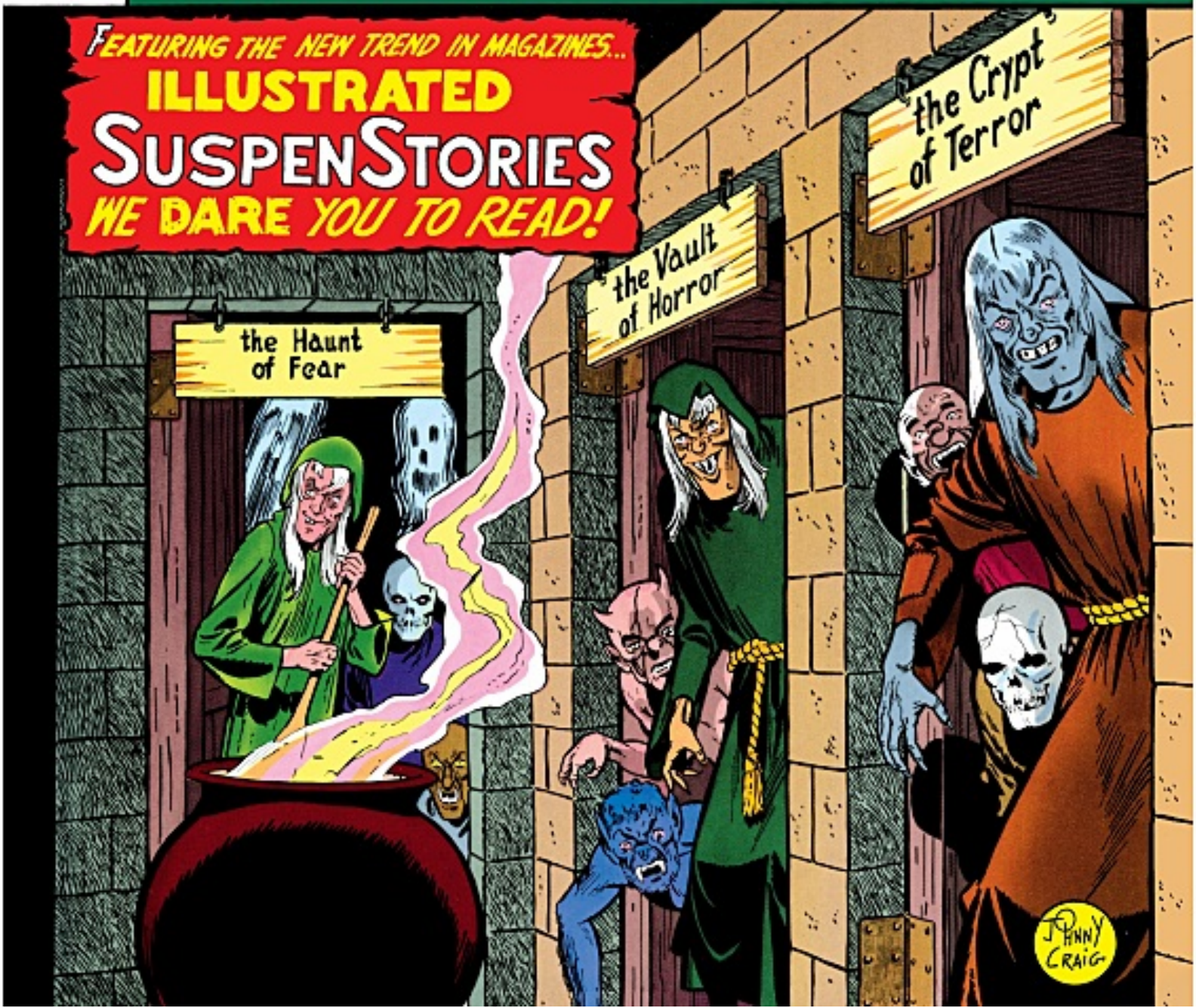
NO. 17
SEPT-OCT.

LN 10

CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE

10¢

FEATURING THE NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!



DAISY AIR RIFLE $2.59

Accurate, hard-hitting low in price. Every-one who has owned a Daisy knows what a terrific thrill this hard hitting full-powered Daisy gun can give for target and outdoor shooting. Blued steel finish, natural hardwood stock, 31 inches long. Large, single stroke compression chamber. Individual colorful target box. POSTPAID..... $2.59
Daisy Coppercoated BB's, 5 pkgs. 25 cents. 12 for $1.00; Paper Targets, 25 for 15c

Real Power in Every Shot

Daisy 1000 Shot Red Ryder

$5.50

THROWING KNIFE $1.98

POWERFUL TELESCOPE $1.59

100 Power Lens Kit

Eyes Flash In Dark! Skull Ring $1.98

YOU Can Build This 2-Passenger MOTOR DRIVEN MIDGET RACER at Home!

Complete Scale Plans Tells How To Build Snappy Road Car at Home in Spare Time!

You & Your Buddy Can Go Up to 70 Miles Per Hour
Gets Up to 40 Miles Per Gallon!! Real Fun!

$1.98

Hollywood Hot Rod Manual
Racing Car Performance from Stock Cars, Jalopies, Fords, etc.
$1.98

Speed & Mileage Handbook $2.00

Custom Styling $2.00

Motorscooter Plans $1.00

ADD SALES TAXES. SORRY NO C. O. D'S. AT THESE CASH PRICES

20-Reed Accordion $3.95

HITE BUILDERS $2.00

2 in 1 AIR PISTOL $3.49

Order BB's for Your Air Guns

Shoots BBs Darts Pellets

Pocket Size Radio
Take It With You Wherever You Go
$3.99

"ELECTRIC" SHOCKER 50c

Real Ukulele $1.00

Under Water Goggles $1.50

Watch It Change Color! LIVE CHAMELEON
REAL LIVE PET; EASY TO KEEP
50c

Fencing Set $2.50 SET OF 2
$2.50

IDENTIFICATION BRACELET
$1.50

LIFE-LIKE REALISTIC RUBBER MASKS
Talk, Smoke, Smile, Drink With Mask On!
$2.95

Midget Vest Pocket DRY SHAVER $1.49

Super Power Midget Radio with Crystal Diode $1.95

Hollywood Wolf Ring $3.95

REPEATING BB SLINGSHOT 98c

SPEED SWIM GLOVES GO FAST! $1.98

99c Midget Camera
"Secret" Pictures—Vest Pocket Camera
99c

BROADCAST THRU YOUR RADIO
Radio 'Mike' $1.00

Radio Noise Eliminator & Aerial $3.00

Self Generating Flashlight $2.98

Bike-O-Motor 50c 10c

Surprise Package $1.00
A Bargain & Thrill
$1.00

Super Miniature Motor $1.98

LUMINOUS PAINT
White Luminous Paint $1.00

VACUTEX $2.00

500 Shot Repeater AIR PISTOL $1.98

BB & Pea Shooting Gun 49c

4 Ft. Leather WHIP $1.98

500 p. Catalog, 7,000 Novelties 10c

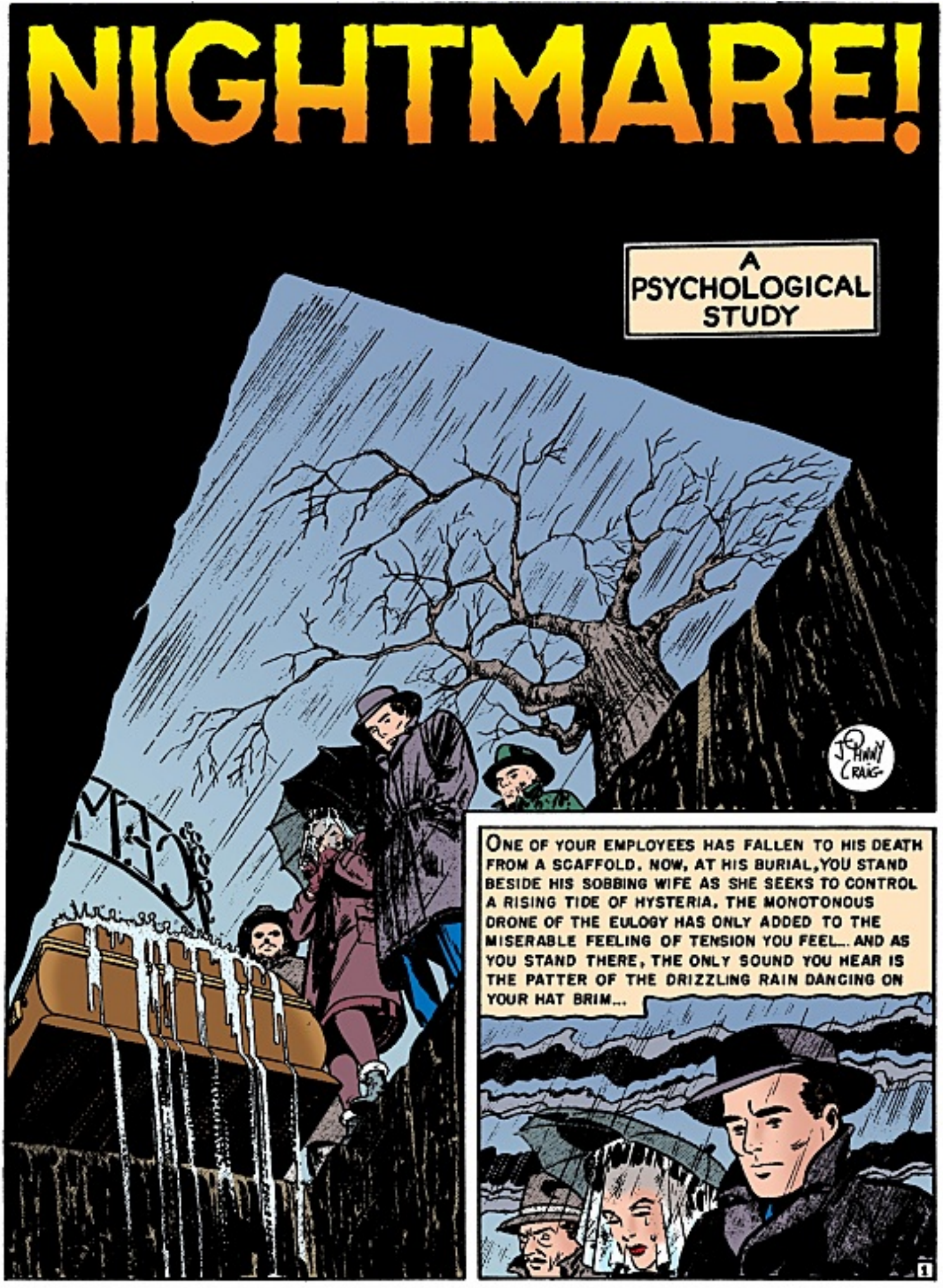
Rote Picture Section, 3,500 Illustrations, Beautiful 4-Color Cover

10c

Collier's, Life, Coronet, New Yorker Write About This Amazing "World's Greatest" Catalog

SEND ORDERS FOR ARTICLES ON THIS PAGE TO **Johnson Smith Co., Dept. 115, Detroit 7, Michigan**

Haunt of Fear, Sept.-Oct., 1950—Vol. 1, No. 17. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Associate Editor. Application as second class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

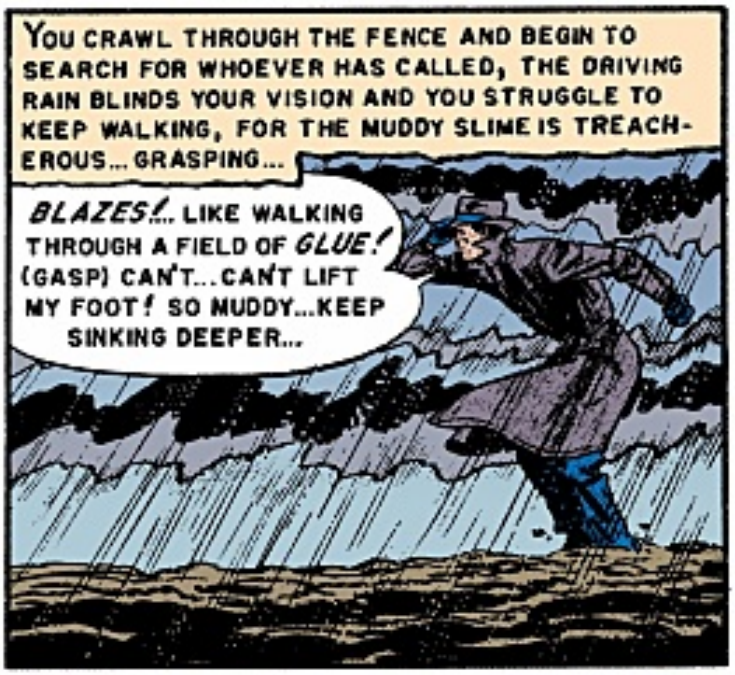

NIGHTMARE!
A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY
JOHNNY CRAIG
ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES HAS FALLEN TO HIS DEATH FROM A SCAFFOLD. NOW, AT HIS BURIAL, YOU STAND BESIDE HIS SOBBING WIFE AS SHE SEEKS TO CONTROL A RISING TIDE OF HYSTERIA. THE MONOTONOUS DRONE OF THE EULOGY HAS ONLY ADDED TO THE MISERABLE FEELING OF TENSION YOU FEEL... AND AS YOU STAND THERE, THE ONLY SOUND YOU HEAR IS THE PATTER OF THE DRIZZLING RAIN DANCING ON YOUR HAT BRIM...
1

UNTIL NOW THE WIDOW HAS BEEN SILENT AND MOTIONLESS... BUT AS THE PALL-BEARERS STEP FORWARD...
NO! STOP! DON'T LOWER THE CASKET! IT'S EMPTY! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!
GRAB HER! SHE'S HYSTERICAL!
YOU TRY TO QUIET THE WOMAN, BUT HAVE NO SUCCESS. FINALLY, TO APPEASE HER, THE CASKET IS OPENED...
GOOD HEAVENS! SHE WAS RIGHT! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!
EMPTY? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW CAN WE HAVE A FUNERAL WITHOUT A CORPSE?
A FUNERAL HAS TO HAVE A BODY!
YES! WE MUST FIND ONE!
OF COURSE! WE MUST GET A BODY! BUT WHERE?
I DON'T CARE WHERE! I INSIST WE HAVE A BODY FOR MY POOR HUSBAND'S BURIAL!
WAIT.. WE HAVE A BODY! RIGHT HERE!
MY HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER! YES! EXCELLENT!
HE'LL MAKE A FINE BODY!
WHAT? SAY, WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU ALL INSANE?
NO! STOP! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET ME GO! STOP! PLEASE! YOU CAN'T BURY ME! I'M ALIVE!
HURRY! HURRY! PUSH HIM IN! PUSH HIM IN!
QUICK, NOW! CLOSE THE TOP DOWN! WE'LL HAVE TO NAIL HIM IN!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
LET ME OUT! HELP!
2

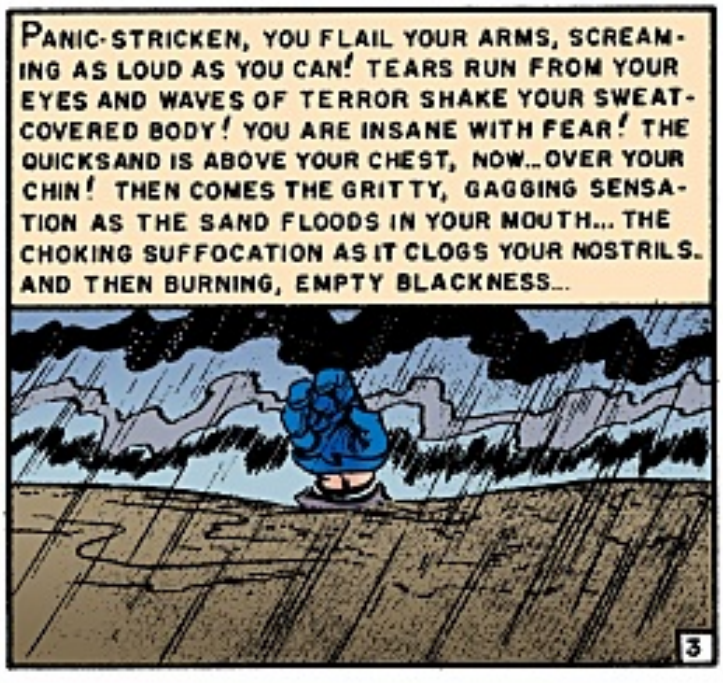
YOU ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO SLEEP, SO YOU SIT IN A CHAIR AND READ...
CONFOUND IT...I'M SO EXHAUSTED! CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'D BETTER GET...YAWN-N-N..DRESSED AND TAKE A WALK!

LEAVING YOUR HOUSE, YOU ROAM THROUGH DESERTED STREETS TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...
MISERABLE WEATHER! I WISH MORNING WERE HERE!...GETTING TO BE A NERVOUS...
WHAT'S THAT?

ABOVE THE HOWLING RAIN YOU THINK YOU HEAR A CRY FOR HELP! YOU AREN'T CERTAIN... SO YOU WAIT, STRAINING YOUR EARS TO LISTEN.. AND IT COMES AGAIN!


YOU CRAWL THROUGH THE FENCE AND BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR WHOEVER HAS CALLED, THE DRIVING RAIN BLINDS YOUR VISION AND YOU STRUGGLE TO KEEP WALKING, FOR THE MUDDY SLIME IS TREACHEROUS... GRASPING...
BLAZES!... LIKE WALKING THROUGH A FIELD OF GLUE! (GASP) CAN'T...CAN'T LIFT MY FOOT! SO MUDDY...KEEP SINKING DEEPER...

DESPERATELY, YOU SUMMON ALL YOUR STRENGTH! YOU TRY TO FREE YOURSELF... AND THEN SUDDENLY... AS YOU SINK DEEPER, YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE STUMBLED INTO...NOT A MUD HOLE...BUT A HUNGRY, SUCKING BOG OF QUICKSAND!
OH, LORD...HELP ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! IT'S JUST LIKE ALL MY NIGHTMARES! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!


PANIC-STRICKEN, YOU FLAIL YOUR ARMS, SCREAMING AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! TEARS RUN FROM YOUR EYES AND WAVES OF TERROR SHAKE YOUR SWEAT-COVERED BODY! YOU ARE INSANE WITH FEAR! THE QUICKSAND IS ABOVE YOUR CHEST, NOW...OVER YOUR CHIN! THEN COMES THE GRITTY, GAGGING SENSATION AS THE SAND FLOODS IN YOUR MOUTH... THE CHOKING SUFFOCATION AS IT CLOGS YOUR NOSTRILS. AND THEN BURNING, EMPTY BLACKNESS...
3

WHA..? WHY... I'M ALIVE! I'M BACK IN MY ROOM! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP HERE IN THE CHAIR WHILE I WAS READING! IT WAS ONLY ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!
I...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! IT'S DAYLIGHT NOW... I'LL GO VISIT A...A DOCTOR TODAY! I...I MUST HAVE HELP!
AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, YOU ARE USHERED INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF A FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST...
YOUR NAME, AGE AND OCCUPATION, PLEASE...
MY NAME IS JOHN SEVERIN! I'M 28 YEARS OLD, AND I'M A CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER!
ALL RIGHT, MR. SEVERIN! NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
DR. FROYD... FOR MONTHS NOW I'VE BEEN HAVING HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES! I...I CAN'T GET RID OF THEM! THEY'RE SO REAL, THAT LATELY I'M NOT SURE WHEN I'M AWAKE OR WHEN I'M ASLEEP!
THEY ALL END THE SAME WAY! I'M ALWAYS BEING BURIED ALIVE IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! HONESTLY, DR. FROYD, I'M GOING TO PIECES! I'M AFRAID TO SLEEP AT NIGHT!
I SEE... SUPPOSE YOU LIE DOWN ON THIS COUCH AND TELL ME ABOUT ONE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES!
JUST RELAX, MR. SEVERIN! JUST RELAX!
OH-H-H...THIS COUCH FEELS GOOD! I'VE BEEN GETTING SO LITTLE SLEEP... (YAWN) I'M SO EXHAUSTED! WELL, DOCTOR, I REMEMBER ONE DREAM I HAD ABOUT FOUR NIGHTS AGO...
"IN THIS DREAM I WAS WALKING A DIRT ROAD THAT WOUND ENDLESSLY BESIDE A CEMETARY. I THINK IT WAS RAINING... YES, IT WAS!... AND THE TOMBSTONES COVERED THE GROUND AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE! SUDDENLY, I HEARD A VOICE CALLING MY NAME...
MR. SEVERIN
MR. SEVERIN
MR. SEVERIN
4

"I HURRIED THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD SEEKING THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE I HAD HEARD. ALL AT ONCE, I CAME UPON A MAUSOLEUM...ITS DOOR STOOD AJAR...

"SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT THE VOICE HAD COME FROM WITHIN. I ENTERED...I SAW A CASKET, ITS LID CLOSED... AND FROM INSIDE IT I HEARD THE VOICE CALLING MY NAME!

"I RUSHED TO THE CASKET...FLUNG OPEN THE TOP! AND THEN...

"A...A *THING* REACHED UP OUT OF THE COFFIN AND GRABBED ME! A SCREAM STRANGLED AND DIED IN MY THROAT AND BEFORE I KNEW IT...THIS *THING* HAD...HAD PULLED ME *INTO THE COFFIN!*

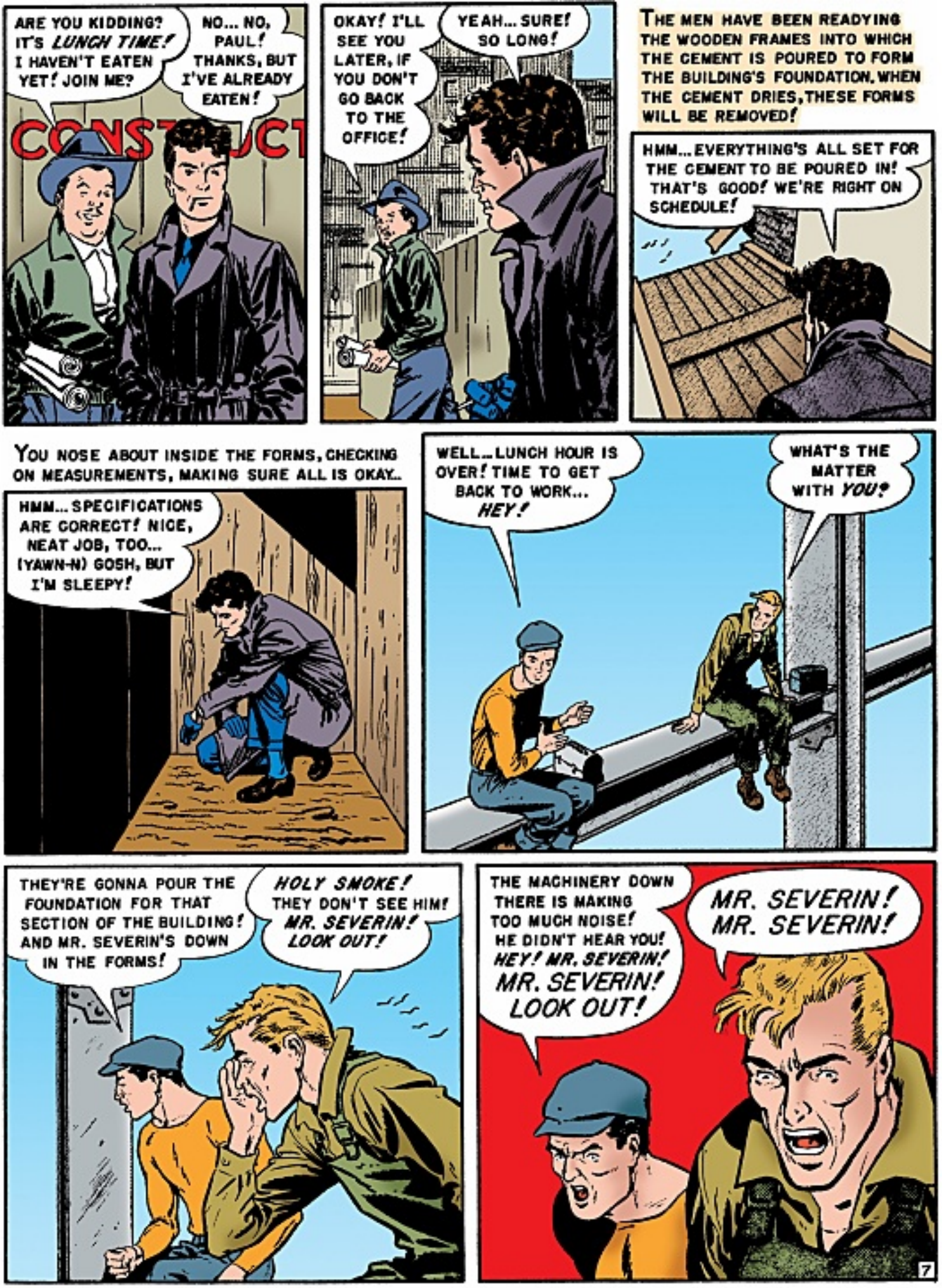
"THE LID SLAMMED SHUT! I FOUGHT FRANTICALLY TO OPEN IT, BUT...THE THING WRAPPED ITS ARMS ABOUT ME IN AN IRON GRASP AND HELD ME DOWN! *I BEGAN SCREAMING!*

"THE THING ONLY HELD ME TIGHTER! AS I FOUGHT AND STRUGGLED TO FREE MYSELF, I SENSED THAT THIS INHUMAN CREATURE WAS LAUGHING AT ME... FOR IT SEEMED THAT ITS MOUTH WAS TWISTED IN A WICKED GRIN! AFTER A WHILE I CEASED FIGHTING! MY BODY WENT LIMP...AND MY FACE RESTED ON THE FACE OF THE THING. I SOBBED QUIETLY IN DESPAIR...

"SOON EVERY BREATH RACKED MY LUNGS WITH SEARING PAIN! I GASPED AND PANTED FOR AIR... *AIR!* BUT THE THING ONLY GRINNED INTO MY FACE AND HELD ME *TIGHTER!* AS I LAY THERE DYING, I COULD HEAR THE CRASHING OF THUNDER... AND MINGLED WITH IT I HEARD THE THING CHUCKLING QUIETLY TO ITSELF..."

5

AND THAT'S HOW IT ENDED, DR. FROYD! JUST LIKE ALL MY NIGHTMARES! I WAS BURIED ALIVE!
I SEE! WELL, MR. SEVERIN, I THINK I CAN READILY EXPLAIN THE CAUSE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES! IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!
YOU'RE OVERWORKED, MR. SEVERIN! AND YOUR DREAMS ARE NOTHING BUT SUBCONCIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF THIS FACT! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU FEEL YOU ARE SIMPLY "BURIED UNDER TOO MUCH WORK!"
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, DOCTOR?
OF COURSE! IT'S NOTHING AT ALL TO WORRY ABOUT! GO AWAY... TAKE A VACATION!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR! I'LL ASK MY BOSS THIS AFTERNOON FOR A VACATION! I CERTAINLY COULD USE ONE!
GOOD! GOOD! A LITTLE REST, AND YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT... I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
OKAY, DR. FROYD! YOU KNOW, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
AH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO VISIT DR. FROYD! I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO HIM A LONG TIME AGO!
I'LL SEE MR. HARRISON... ASK HIM TO LET ME HAVE MY SUMMER VACATION NOW! DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD! RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I BETTER GET TO WORK... SEE HOW THAT BUILDING CONSTRUCTION IS COMING ALONG...
YOUR FIRM IS BUILDING A NUMBER OF OFFICE BUILDINGS, AND AS CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER, IT IS YOUR JOB TO SUPERVISE THE WORK...
HI, SEVERIN! WHERE YOU BEEN ALL MORNING?
HELLO, PAUL! I...AH ...I OVERSLEPT! SAY, WHY ISN'T ANYONE WORKING?
6


ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S LUNCH TIME! I HAVEN'T EATEN YET! JOIN ME?
NO... NO, PAUL! THANKS, BUT I'VE ALREADY EATEN!
OKAY! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, IF YOU DON'T GO BACK TO THE OFFICE!
YEAH... SURE! SO LONG!
THE MEN HAVE BEEN READYING THE WOODEN FRAMES INTO WHICH THE CEMENT IS POURED TO FORM THE BUILDING'S FOUNDATION. WHEN THE CEMENT DRIES, THESE FORMS WILL BE REMOVED!
HMM... EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR THE CEMENT TO BE POURED IN! THAT'S GOOD! WE'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
YOU NOSE ABOUT INSIDE THE FORMS, CHECKING ON MEASUREMENTS, MAKING SURE ALL IS OKAY..
HMM... SPECIFICATIONS ARE CORRECT! NICE, NEAT JOB, TOO... (YAWN-N) GOSH, BUT I'M SLEEPY!
WELL... LUNCH HOUR IS OVER! TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK... HEY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
THEY'RE GONNA POUR THE FOUNDATION FOR THAT SECTION OF THE BUILDING! AND MR. SEVERIN'S DOWN IN THE FORMS!
HOLY SMOKE! THEY DON'T SEE HIM! MR. SEVERIN! LOOK OUT!
THE MACHINERY DOWN THERE IS MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE! HE DIDN'T HEAR YOU! HEY! MR. SEVERIN! MR. SEVERIN! LOOK OUT!
MR. SEVERIN! MR. SEVERIN!
7

THAT'S STRANGE! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMEONE CALLING ME! AND WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE GOING TO POUR THE FOUNDATION! THEY DON'T KNOW I'M HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!..??? WAIT A MINUTE...
WHAT AM I WORRIED ABOUT? THIS IS JUST LIKE ANOTHER NIGHT-MARE! I HEAR MY NAME CALLED AND THEN I'M BURIED ALIVE... HA!
I WON'T BE FOOLED THIS TIME! HA! HA! HA! I'M PROBABLY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH IN DR FROYD'S OFFICE! HA! HA! WAIT'LL I WAKE UP...WILL I TELL HIM A STORY! C'MON! BRING ON THE CEMENT! THIS IS JUST ANOTHER DREAM!
HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA! HA HA
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING! HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT IN TIME! BUT HE JUST STOOD THERE...LAUGHING! LIKE IT WAS A BIG JOKE! CAN'T THEY GET HIM OUT?
SURE! BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! HE'S DEAD BY NOW! CHEE, I'M SURE GLAD IT WASN'T ME THAT WAS BURIED ALIVE!
-THE END-

AH..THE THIN LINE THAT SEPARATES THE PHYSICAL FROM THE SPIRITUAL... THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD! THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THE LIVING *AND* THE DEAD! WHO WOULD SUSPECT THIS GRUESOME STORY COULD START ON A COMMONPLACE TELEVISION SET... ON MILLIONS OF TELEVISION SETS... IN MILLIONS OF HOMES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! BUT ENOUGH! LET US BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE TALE OF...

TELEVISION TERROR!

A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL
WE FIND OURSELVES IN AN AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME! THE BABBIT FAMILY HAS JUST FINISHED SUPPER...
MMMM... THAT WAS A FINE MEAL, MARTHA!
HEY... 8 O'CLOCK! IT'S TIME FOR THE AL HUNT SHOW!
WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO *TONIGHT!*
CLIK!

I WOULDN'T MISS HIS PROGRAM FOR ANY-THING!
DIDN'T HE ANNOUNCE LAST WEEK THAT HE WAS GOING TO SPEND THIS NIGHT IN A HAUNT-ED HOUSE?
HERE IT COMES!
THERE HE IS... RIGHT ON TIME!
SH! LET'S LISTEN!
...AND SO, ONCE AGAIN...IT'S "HUNT-ING WITH HUNT" TIME! TIME FOR YOU TO COME ALONG WITH ME, AL HUNT...AND WITH THE AID OF YOUR TELEVISION SET, YOU WILL BE WITH ME WHEREVER I GO, AND SEE WHAT-EVER I SEE! NOW...YOU'D BETTER TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW AND HOLD ON TO YOUR SEATS...
...YOU SEE...TONIGHT I'M GOING TO VISIT A REAL HAUNTED HOUSE! NO KIDDING! HA-HA-HA! AND TO PROVE IT, I'VE BROUGHT ALONG PRO-FESSOR JOHN POLTERGEIST OF THE LONDON SOCIETY OF PSYCHIC RESEACH! HA-HA! PROF, MEET THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE! HA-HA-HA!
THANK YOU!
WOG
WE'VE GOT THE T.V. TRUCK OUT HERE ON LOCA-TION...AND THE HOUSE IS UP THERE ON THE HILL! SEE IT, FOLKS? HA-HA! BUT SUPPOSE I LET THE PROF TELL YOU ABOUT IT! HEY, PROF?
WELL...
WOG
...MR. HUNT! THE STORY GOES THAT IN 1897, A MR. CREEDMORE MOVED INTO THIS HOUSE WITH HIS YOUNG BRIDE. BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR AGES, THE CREEDMORES DIDN'T GET ON WELL TOGETHER! THEN...ONE BLACK NIGHT...MR. CREEDMORE'S BODY WAS DISCOVERED HANGING BY THE NECK IN AN UPSTAIRS ROOM!
WOG
BUT THAT WASN'T THE END OF THE STORY! IT WAS RUMORED THAT MR. CREEDMORE HADN'T HUNG HIMSELF AT ALL, BUT WAS FOULLY MURDERED BY HIS WIFE AND HER LOVER! IN ANY EVENT, SOON AFTER, SHE AND A NEWLY ACQUIRED HUSBAND SETTLED DOWN TO LIVE IN THE CREEDMORE MANSION! THEY'D HARDLY BEEN MARRIED ONE MONTH WHEN THEY TOO WERE FOUND HANGING DEAD FROM THE VERY BEAM THAT MR. CREEDMORE HAD DANGLED FROM!
2

SINCE THEN, SIXTY YEARS AGO, NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THE CREEDMORE MANSION! IT IS A WELL KNOWN *FACT* AMONGST THE NEIGHBORS THAT CREEDMORE MANSION IS *HAUNTED!*
WELL...HA HA! ON WITH THE SHOW! LET'S BE OFF TO SEE THE SPOOKS, GHOSTS AND BANSHEES! HA-HA-HA!
NOW...LET ME EXPLAIN, FOLKS! THIS TRIP WILL BE NO FAKE... *NO, SIR!* I SAID I WAS GOING INTO A REAL HAUNTED HOUSE, AND BY GOLLY... *I AM!* I HAVE HERE A SPECIAL PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA WITH A POWERFUL SPOT LIGHT! SEE...I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE TELEVISION CREW, THE POWER TRUCK...*EVERYTHING*...BEHIND! THEN AS I WALK UP AND INTO THE HOUSE, I'LL REEL OUT A CABLE SO'S I CAN HAVE MY CAMERA CONNECTED TO THE POWER TRUCK AT ALL TIMES! THEN THERE'LL BE JUST THE PROFESSOR, MYSELF, AND *YOU*, THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE!
THE PROFESSOR WILL ROOT OUT THE SPOOKS AND I'LL TAKE THEIR PICTURE, HEY, PROF? HA-HA!
I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!
WELL...THERE THEY GO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AL HUNT WITH HIS SPECIAL CAMERA REELING OUT THE CABLE, AND PROF. POLTERGEIST WITH HIS LITTLE SUITCASE OF GHOST HUNTING EQUIPMENT!
3

... NOW FOLKS, WE'RE READY TO GO INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE! HA-HA-HA! AT THIS POINT, THE ENGINEERS WILL SWITCH YOU OVER TO THE CAMERA THAT I'M CARRYING.
HERE WE GO, FOLKS! YOU FIRST, PROFESSOR! HA! HA!
NOW I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! IF THERE ARE EVIL SPIRITS HERE, YOU MAY BE ENGULFED BY A TERRIBLE DEPRESSION! IN ANY EVENT, KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU!
... NOW THAT WE'RE INSIDE I'LL JUST SET THE CAMERA DOWN HERE ON THE FLOOR SO THAT WE CAN WALK AROUND IN FRONT OF IT! ...THERE!
CLUNK!
BRRR! ISN'T THIS THE SPOOKIEST HOUSE YOU'VE EVER SEEN, FOLKS! HA-HA! WELL PROF, FIND ANY SPOOKS YET? HEH! GEE IT'S AWFULLY COLD IN HERE!
YOU MAY LAUGH, MR. HUNT, BUT I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF SOMETHING VERY STRONGLY!
HA! CUT IT OUT, PROF! YOU'LL SCARE OUR AUDIENCE TO DEATH!
NEVERTHELESS, I DO SENSE A PRESENCE VERY DEFINITELY... AND SENSATIONS SEEM TO COME FROM UPSTAIRS!
I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO INVESTIGATE, MR HUNT! YOU MAY FOLLOW ME IF YOU SO DESIRE!
UPSTAIRS? SURE... WE'LL GO UPSTAIRS IN A WHILE! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE AROUND THIS ROOM! HA-HA!
4

WELL, FOLKS...THE PROFESSOR IS PUTTERING AROUND UPSTAIRS! HA-HA! I CAN HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS MOVING ABOVE ME! T-THIS PLACE IS... HAH...*REALLY CREEPY!* WEE-ELL! LET'S SEE NOW! I'LL SWING THIS CAMERA AROUND!
CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP
SAY! LOOK HERE! A PAINTING! MUST BE OLD MAN CREEDMORE! SURE LOOKS...LOOKS...DOWNRIGHT MEAN! HEH! GEE...THE CHILL GETS YOU RIGHT TO THE B-BONE!
...AND THIS MUST'VE BEEN THE MISSUS! SOME DISH, HUH FOLKS? STRANGE! IT'S SO ICY COLD IN THIS CORNER OF THE R-ROOM!
HA-HA! FUNNY! THIS PLACE MUST BE REALLY GETTING ME! NOW I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR THINGS! ALL GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU IMAGINE THINGS WHEN YOU'RE...WELL... SCARED!
...MUST BE THE WIND! SOUNDS... SOUNDS LIKE SWISHING OF CLOTH OVER THE FLOOR... ALL AROUND...
PROFESSOR IS STILL MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS! GUESS I'LL GO UP AND JOIN HIM! PHEW... WON'T WE ALL BE GLAD WHEN *THIS* PROGRAM'S OVER! NOW...LET ME LIFT THIS CAMERA...
5

WHAT'S THAT?
GRASH!
DROPPED THE CAMERA! SOMETHING... SOMETHING ICY COLD WENT BY ME... TOUCHED MY CHEEK... ICY COLD... I... I...
...MUSTN'T LOSE MY WITS! THE PROFESSOR! I CAN'T HEAR HIM! MUST GO UPSTAIRS AND... AND FIND HIM! LET ME TAKE THE CAMERA.. PROFESSOR!
UP THESE STEPS! I HEAR HIM! HE'S MOVING BEHIND THAT DOOR! PROFESSOR!
PROFESSOR! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME? I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! I'LL JUST OPEN THE DOOR AND... UH!
SLAM!
6

THE PROFESSOR! THOSE PEOPLE! MY BRAIN IS WHIRLING... I-I...
HEE...HEE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! HEE-HEE-HEE! YOU'RE MR. CREEDMORE... AND MRS. CREEDMORE... AND YOUR LOVER... HEE-HEE! YOU WANT ME TO CLIMB UP THERE? SURE! HEE-HEE-HEE! I DON'T CARE!
HEE-HEE! PUT THIS AROUND MY NECK? HEE-HEE-HEE! WHY NOT! HEE-HEE! YA-HA! HA... UK!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, WE... SOMETHING... AH... UNFORESEEN... INTERRUPT... WE... NOW SWITCH YOU... TO OUR STUDIOS FOR AN INTERLUDE OF MUSIC!

STRANGE? WELL...THAT WAS THE PROGRAM JUST AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY TELEVISED! CAN *YOU* EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED? *WE CAN'T!*

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Carstairs awoke with a start; his forehead was damp with ice-cold perspiration and the twisted bedclothes attested to the fact that his slumber had been torturous. He passed a shaky hand over his throbbing eyes and tried hard to swallow the lump of fear that was caught in his throat like bitter gall. It was by all odds the most terrible dream he had ever experienced . . . its crystalline clearness and urgency made it a horrible nightmare. A shudder trembled visibly down his slender body.

Carstairs kicked the blankets away and his feet slid to the carpet. He rose almost convulsively and stumbled across to the bathroom. By main effort he was able to turn on the faucet and slosh cold water over his face and neck. He staggered back to his bedroom and slumped into the easy-chair next to the window His dream had been as clear as anything he ever remembered happening to him Even now he felt a tremor of fear when he thought of the short rap on the door and his padding over to it to throw it open. In his dream he had seen a tall man standing there in the hallway . . . a man he had never seen before, with a vicious white scar running from temple to throat . . . a man who was so lifelike that Carstairs' mind's-eye still had a perfect picture of him.

"They're close behind me!" the man had said breathlessly, forcing his way into the room and brushing Carstairs aside as he did so.

Carstairs had gasped as the man suddenly whirled and faced him. He had watched in silent terror as a weird glint came to the stranger's eye and the man slowly removed his enormous hands from his pockets, approaching closer and closer. And then in an instant Carstairs felt those grotesque hands digging into his neck . . . felt a sob stifled in his throat . . . felt the blackness close in on him as his consciousness was choked out of him!

Cartairs had awakened in a cold-sweat. Even now he could almost feel the strangling sensation in his throat . . . even now, with all the lights on! Carstairs felt himself slowly relaxing and he inhaled deeply on the cigarette he had lit a moment before with shaking fingers. With each puff, blessed normalcy seemed to flow over him.

"Must have been that infernal midnight snack," he mused to himself as he settled deeper into the easy-chair. "Or those screaming headlines and blaring radio bulletins about the insane killer escaping this afternoon from the Asylum over in Trenton!"

There was a short rap on the door and Carstairs looked up in terror. But his tenseness faded as he crossed the room . . . having company when he was so jittery might be just what he needed.

Carstairs' hand turned on the knob and the door swung open. In the hallway stood a tall man Carstairs couldn't seem to place. The overhead light traced a scar running jaggedly from the stranger's temple down to his throat.

Carstairs felt the faintness creeping up on him again. "They're close behind me," the stranger was saying breathlessly . . .

SOMEWHERE...SOMEWHERE ON THIS EARTH, THERE'S A HIDEOUS...THING... PEERING INTO DIMMED WINDOWS, STALKING LONELY STREETS, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS... THE FANTASTIC CREATION OF FRUSTRATED GENIUS, THE FRIGHTFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE...

MONSTER MAKER!
A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSTORY
ONE GLOOMY AFTERNOON... IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON OF LONDON HOSPITAL... A DEPRESSING, UNPLEASANT DUTY WAS BEING PERFORMED...
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR RAVENSCAR, BUT YOU CAN REALIZE MY POSITION... I'M BEING FORCED INTO THIS DECISION...
B- BUT DOCTOR! AFTER ALL THE YEARS... THE WORK... SACRIFICE... THE SUCCESS! NOW *THIS!*
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JOHN...
VERY WELL! *VERY WELL!* BUT UPON MY RETURN, YOU SHALL HAVE SOMETHING TO BEHOLD! INDEED, *TO BEHOLD!*

THOUGHTFULLY, THE DEJECTED DOCTOR RAVENSCAR PASSED THROUGH THE FOG AND GLOOM...
LONG REST! BAH! THEY DON'T FOOL ME ONE BIT! OVERLOOK MY FABULOUS SUCCESS, BUT SEIZE UPON TRIVIAL FAILURES!
FRUSTRATION HIS SOUL-MATE, THE CELEBRATED BRAIN SURGEON ENTERED HIS LUXURIOUS HOME. HIS LABORATORY ASSISTANT, WHITSLY, LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE DISAPPOINTING TURN OF EVENTS...
THEY'VE TURNED YOU OUT? B-BUT WHY? BECAUSE THE OPERATIONS FAILED? PROVED FATAL?
BECAUSE OF THREE FAILURES IN SUCCESSION...THREE DEATHS IN A ROW! IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE! BUT NO! NO! THEY CALLED THEM SIMPLE OPERATIONS!
WAIT...JUST WAIT? QUICK WHITSLY! WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE! PACK OUR EQUIPMENT... OUR INSTRUMENTS!
... AND GET THE CAR!
Y-YES, DOCTOR!
THE MAD JOURNEY FINISHED, THE EXHAUSTED WHITSLY BROUGHT THE CAR TO A FINAL HALT! THERE, ON THE CLIFF'S EDGE, STOOD THE CASTLE OF RAVENSCAR, OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SEA AND DESOLATE MOOR...
AHH! THERE IT IS! THERE IT IS, JUST AS IT WAS BUILT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO BY MY ANCESTORS!
A BURNING MEMORY OF RAVENSCAR'S WRATH ENABLED WHITSLY'S CLAMMY HANDS TO GUIDE THE BIG CAR SKILLFULLY, HASTILY NORTHWARD...TOWARD THE SEA!
FASTER, YOU IDIOT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

HIS COMMANDS HAVING TURNED WHITSLY TO MANY TASKS, THE DOCTOR SPENT THE ENTIRE NIGHT REVIEWING HIS LONG YEARS OF SECRET RESEARCH...
AH, YES! YES, I'M READY! THE WORLD SHALL EMBRACE ME!
NEXT MORNING, THOUGH THE SUN HAD SCARCELY DISSOLVED THE CHILL OF THAT REGION, RAVENSCAR HAD ALREADY BEGUN THE PROCUREMENT OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF METAL, GLASS, CHEMICALS, LABORATORY EQUIPMENT...
THEY DON'T HAVE IT? TELL THEM TO GET IT! SPARE NO COST!
MONTHS PASSED...BUT ENLISTING THE MANY CRAFTSMEN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, RAVENSCAR SUCCESSFULLY DIRECTED THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CASTLE'S GIGANTIC KITCHEN INTO A FANTASTIC LABORATORY!
BUT WHAT'S IT FOR?
NEVER MIND! YOU'VE BEEN PAID! GET OUT!
THAT EVENING, A VIOLENT STORM CHURNED THE SEA, AND SEETHED ABOUT THE TOWERS OF THE OLD CASTLE...BUT RAVENSCAR WAS PREOCCUPIED BY HIS MOST INSPIRING EXPERIMENT...
...THE BRAIN... ALIVE...FED...
DOCTOR! DOCTOR! A SHIPWRECK! A MAN...WASHING UP ONTO THE SHORE! HE'LL BE DROWNED...
HE...HE'S DEAD!
QUICKLY! HURRY! UP TO THE LAB WITH HIM! I HAVE AN IDEA...INDEED...WHAT AN IDEA!
...DROWNED?
DOWN...DOWN THEY RACED...DOWN THROUGH THE MUSTY PASSAGES TO THE BATTERED OLD SMUGGLER'S COVE HUNDREDS OF FEET BENEATH THE CASTLE...
...T-THERE! ON THE ROCK!
3

THE EXHAUSTING CLIMB TO THE LAB DID NOT ALTER RAVENSCAR'S WILD ENTHUSIASM...
ON THIS SLAB... THAT'S IT! NOW QUICK WHITSLY! THE BRAIN! GET THE BRAIN!!
Y-YOU MEAN...?
YES! YES! THE APE'S BRAIN! WE'VE NOURISHED IT! KEPT IT ALIVE! WHY TRANSFER IT TO A DOG? WE HAVE A MAN! WHY NOT A MAN? WHY NOT? HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HURRY YOU FOOL!
THE IMPACT OF RAVENSCAR'S FANTASTIC DECISION COMPLETELY UNNERVED THE EMOTIONAL WHITSLY! HIS LEGS WEAVING, HANDS TREMBLING, HE...
T-THE BRAIN! Y-YOU'VE DROPPED IT! YOU...YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! NOW WE HAVE NO BRAIN!
WAIT...WE DO HAVE A BRAIN...A MAN'S BRAIN... YOUR BRAIN!
OH-HHH...N-NO!...NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! AGHHHHHHHH!
HOURS OF ANXIOUS EXHAUSTING WORK PASSED...
AH-H-H, COMPLETE! WHITSLY'S BRAIN IN THIS CORPSE'S SKULL! NOW, THE PULSATOR... MUST HURRY!
REACHING TO THE DEPTHS OF HIS KNOWLEDGE, EXPERIENCE AND CUNNING, RAVENSCAR UNSEATED THE LIVING BRAIN...THE NOW SILENT WHITSLY'S BRAIN...THEN LOWERED IT INTO A WONDEROUS DEVICE TO BE NOURISHED...TO BE RETAINED... TO WAIT FOR THE YAWNING CRANIUM OF THE STILL WARM DROWNED CORPSE!
RAVENSCAR GUIDED THE GIGANTIC PULSATING NEEDLE TO THE METALLIC DISC COVERING THE HEART! IT HOVERS DIRECTLY ABOVE, AND...DOWN!
LIVE! LIVE!
4

THE...THE HAND... IT MOVED! ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!
AGHHHHHH!
THE WORLD WILL WORSHIP ME. H-HE CAN'T SEE! T-THE LIGHT... IT'S BLINDING HIM! NEEDS A... A MASK!
AGHHHHHH!
AGHHHHHH!
RAVENSCAR HASTLY REMOVED THE HUGE NEEDLE AND DARKENED THE ROOM! THEN, FASHIONING A LARGE BLACK HOOD...
IT'S STOPPED SCREAMING!
CAN YOU SPEAK? DO YOU HEAR ME?
AGHHHHHHH!
THE RETURNING LIGHT AND INQUISITIVE APPROACH OF RAVENSCAR AROUSED THE LIVING CORPSE! IT SCREAMED AND THRASHED...
N-NO DON'T! I WON'T HARM YOU! WAIT! WAIT! STAY THERE!
AGHHHHHH!
HE'S BLIND! CAN'T SEE! HE'LL GO OFF THE CLIFF... MUST CATCH HIM!
BLINDLY, THE STRANGE CREATURE CRASHED THROUGH THE THICK SHRUBBERY AND RACED OUT ONTO THE MOOR...
AGHHHHHHH!
HE'S WEAVING! I'LL CUT HIM OFF DIRECTLY!
BRINGING FORTH AN INHUMAN BURST OF EXERTION, THE DOCTOR HURLED HIMSELF UPON THE FLAILING CORPSE...
W-WHAT STRENGTH! BY JOVE! WHAT STRENGTH!
AGHHHHHHHH!
5

FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT HE CAN'T SEE.. UGHNN!
WEIRD SCREAMS FROM THE TOWER REVIVED RAVENSCAR'S SENSES...
N-NO...NO! DON'T GO UP THERE!
AGHHHHHHHHH!
THERE HE IS!... CAN'T SEE ME! HE MUSTN'T GET TO THE WINDOW!
RAVENSCAR LUNGED WILDLY TOWARDS THE CORPSE TO PREVENT ITS FALLING THROUGH THE TOWER WINDOW...BUT, AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE CORPSE DEFTLY SIDE STEPPED...
A! AEEEEEE!
DOWN...DOWN...DOWN THE HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW PLUNGED RAVENSCAR...WHILE THE "THING" STARED BLANKLY AFTER HIM..
THEN, IT TURNED...
DID IT.. THIS THING... LURE THE FRUSTRATED GENIUS RAVENSCAR TO HIS DEATH?.. WHITSLY IS DEAD! THE DOCTOR IS DEAD! BUT WHERE IS THE THING? WHERE?? WHERE IS IT RIGHT NOW?
6

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Well, well . . . looks like it's time for me to stop stirring the evil brew in my cauldron, and serve up a few tasty morsels concocted by you—the readers of this, my very own BLOOD-CHILLING magazine! Your eager acceptance of the HAUNT OF FEAR warms my shriveled heart, and I shall earnestly strive to continue brewing the very best in FEARFUL FICTION! Oh, incidentally, if this is the first time you've read my magazine, it is probably because my regular HORROR-HAPPY readers GOBBLED up the previous issues as fast as they were put on the stands! So ask your newsdealer to order a few more next time if you can't get your own HAIR-RAISING copy! And now for the MAD-MAIL!

Dear Old Witch,

I only wish I had found THE HAUNT OF FEAR sooner! Words cannot express my gratitude to you for publishing such a marvelous magazine! It is the best in horror, suspense, and terror! You asked me which story I liked the best! EVERY LAST ONE WAS THE BEST!

Miss Barbara Williams
Chicago 19, Ill.

Thank you, Barbara, for your slightly complimentary letter! Of course, you under-rate my magazine . . . it's much better than the WEAK words you have used to describe it! Oh . . . and please don't use the words HORROR and TERROR . . . these sissy words belong to those two tellers of FAIRY TALES, THE CRYPT-KEEPER and THE VAULT-KEEPER!

* * * * *

Dear Old Witch,

I derive much enjoyment and pleasure from reading your book! Being a Navy NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC TECHNICIAN, I would like to point out that your stories not only test the intelligence, but leave room for ascertaining the PROGNOSTIC ASPECTS as well as DIAGNOSTIC VALUES. It is my contention that material of this kind aids the layman greatly in the field of mental-disease and psychological disorders, and would prevent further misconstruances and misconceptions of mental difficulties!

Wallace E. Gatesp
N.P.T.-U.S.N.

Wha—!!? ME? Doing all that? Anchors aweigh! Always did like the NAVY! ME . . . helping all those handsome sailors! Well, scrape off my BARNACLES and call me BILGE-WATER BESSIE, the BAG of the BATTLEWAGONS!

* * * * *

My dearest Old Hag,

You MUST settle this question once and for all! That purveyor of nursery-fiction, the Keeper of the CRYPT OF TERROR, claims that you are his GHOUL-FRIEND! As you and I both know, this is *preposterous!* Once at the offices of our mutual publisher, you called me "NAUSEATING OLD BUZZARD"... and it was *then* that I realized you loved ME! So publicly proclaim ME to be the CRAB-APPLE of your BLOODSHOT EYES, dearest! (The CRYPT-KEEPER said that your stories are milder than baby-soap, and that they put old women to sleep at night!)

THE VAULT-KEEPER
VAULT OF HORROR, U.S.A.

Dearest Old Crone,

The Keeper of the VAULT OF HORROR, that foppish teller of milk-toast tales, has announced that you are his BITTER-HEART! *WE* know that is POPPYCOCK, don't we! Once you said to me, "GAD, YOU REVOLT ME!" I knew at once that it was LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT! So tell the world . . . spew it forth from your crooked toothless mouth . . . that it is *I* who be the CREEPY MONSTER of your NIGHTMARES! (The VAULT-KEEPER said that your magazine wouldn't make a bowl of gelatin quivver during an earthquake . . . that it makes duller reading than a telephone directory!)

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
CRYPT OF TERROR, U.S.A.

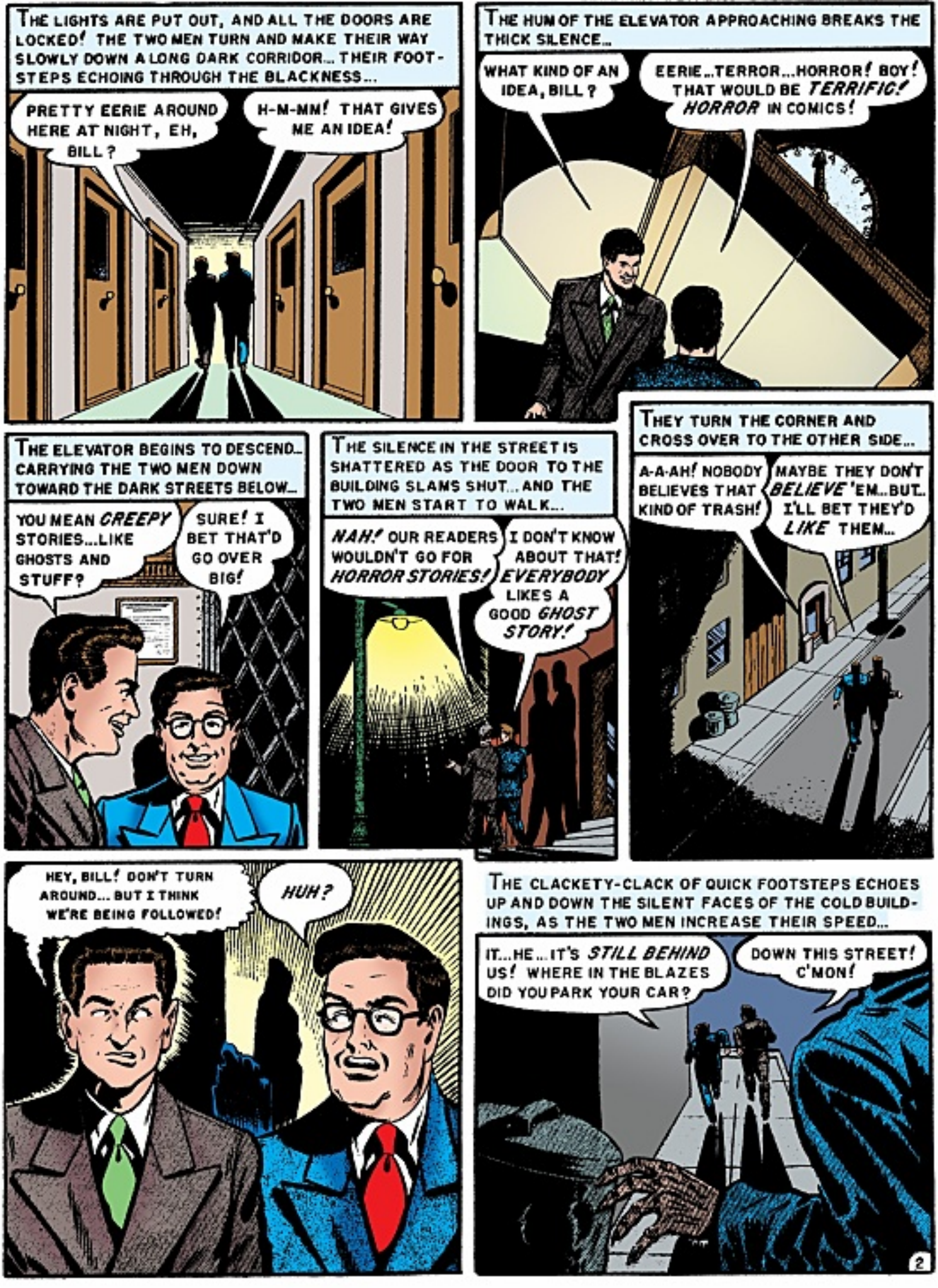
Are you two decayed old derelicts KIDDING? Why I wouldn't be caught ALIVE with either of you! With all the vampires and werewolves living in the HAUNT OF FEAR, how can you CREEPS expect to RATE? See . . . one little COMPLIMENT and you OLD COOTS become CASANOVAS . . . great lovers! Why don't you go bury each other . . . alive?

So, dear reader, when you feel steady enough to hold a pen, why don't you write me? Tell me what kind of stories you like the best! Address your letters to: The Old Witch, Rm. 706, Dept. 17, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEH-HEH! WELL...WE MEET AGAIN! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH...MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, MY VERY OWN MAGAZINE, I LIGHT THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON...AND AS THE EMBERS GLOW, I BREW FOR YOU ANOTHER TALE ABOUT THE INHABITANTS OF MY HORRIBLE ABODE...THE VAMPIRES...THE WEREWOLVES...THE SHAPELESS GHOSTS...
THIS TIME, DUE TO THE MANY REQUESTS I HAVE RECEIVED, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STRANGE TALE ABOUT TWO MEN... TWO MEN WHO ARE THE EDITORS OF THE E.C. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY...AND HOW THEY ENCOUNTERED...
HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!
ELOSTEIN

MY STORY BEGINS ON A DANK, DISMAL NIGHT! THE CITY IS ASLEEP! THE BUILDINGS STAND, COLD AND BARE LIKE TOMBSTONES IN A CROWDED CEMETARY! ALL IS SILENT...ALL IS DARKNESS...EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE LIGHTED WINDOW, HIGH UP IN ONE BUILDING... THE OFFICES OF THE E.C. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY! INSIDE...TWO MEN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF...


THE LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT, AND ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! THE TWO MEN TURN AND MAKE THEIR WAY SLOWLY DOWN A LONG DARK CORRIDOR... THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS...
PRETTY EERIE AROUND HERE AT NIGHT, EH, BILL?
H-M-MM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THE HUM OF THE ELEVATOR APPROACHING BREAKS THE THICK SILENCE...
WHAT KIND OF AN IDEA, BILL?
EERIE...TERROR...HORROR! BOY! THAT WOULD BE TERRIFIC! HORROR IN COMICS!
THE ELEVATOR BEGINS TO DESCEND... CARRYING THE TWO MEN DOWN TOWARD THE DARK STREETS BELOW...
YOU MEAN CREEPY STORIES...LIKE GHOSTS AND STUFF?
SURE! I BET THAT'D GO OVER BIG!
THE SILENCE IN THE STREET IS SHATTERED AS THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING SLAMS SHUT... AND THE TWO MEN START TO WALK...
NAH! OUR READERS WOULDN'T GO FOR HORROR STORIES!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! EVERYBODY LIKES A GOOD GHOST STORY!
THEY TURN THE CORNER AND CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE...
A-A-AH! NOBODY BELIEVES THAT KIND OF TRASH!
MAYBE THEY DON'T BELIEVE 'EM...BUT I'LL BET THEY'D LIKE THEM...
HEY, BILL! DON'T TURN AROUND... BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!
HUH?
THE CLACKETY-CLACK OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS ECHOES UP AND DOWN THE SILENT FACES OF THE COLD BUILDINGS, AS THE TWO MEN INCREASE THEIR SPEED...
IT...HE...IT'S STILL BEHIND US! WHERE IN THE BLAZES DID YOU PARK YOUR CAR?
DOWN THIS STREET! C'MON!
2

BILL! HE'S STILL FOLLOWING US! HURRY! HURRY!
C'MON! I THINK IT'S AROUND THIS CORNER...
GOOD LORD!
TRAPPED! IT'S A DEAD END!
MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S ONLY A COINCIDENCE, BILL! MAYBE HE ISN'T REALLY FOLLOWING US!
WE'LL... SEE! IF HE TURNS THAT CORNER...
GULP!
IT ISN'T ANY COINCIDENCE! C'MON!
WHERE YUH GOING? YOU CAN'T CLIMB BRICK WALLS!
LOOK! AN OPEN MANHOLE!
THE TWO TERRORIZED MEN SCAMPER DOWN THE YAWNING BLACK HOLE... AS THE CLACK-CLACK OF THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THEM GROW LOUDER...LOUDER...
HURRY...HURRY!
I'M NO ATHLETE! TAKE IT EASY! I'M RUSHIN' ALL I CAN!
SWIFTLY THEY PULL THE LADDER DOWN WITH THEM... THEREBY FOILING ANY ATTEMPT AT BEING FOLLOWED! THEN...
BILL! HE'S CLOSING THE LID!
LISTEN! LISTEN TO HIS HORRIBLE LAUGH!
3

A-A-H-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
WE'RE TRAPPED, BILL! TRAPPED!
MAYBE... MAYBE HE'LL GO AWAY!
SUDDENLY... THE HYSTERICAL RANTING OF THE PERSON ABOVE THEM STOPS... AND QUICK FOOTSTEPS SCURRY AWAY IN THE STREET...
HE... HE'S GONE!
PUT UP THE LADDER! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
IT... UGH... IT'S STUCK! I... OOOF... I CAN'T BUDGE THIS LID!
WHAT'LL WE DO, AL? WHAT'LL WE DO?
MAYBE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER EXIT... GET OUT THAT WAY?
LET'S GIVE IT A TRY!
SLOWLY... CAUTIOUSLY... THE TWO MEN MOVE FORWARD IN THE GLOOM OF THE MUSTY SEWER...
I'M SCARED, BILL!
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN... GREEPY... HORROR STUFF!
I... I... DON'T! ONLY... WELL ...THIS PLACE IS DIFFERENT! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A SEWER BEFORE!
OH... AND HAUNTED HOUSES... OLD CASTLES.. GRAVEYARDS... TOMBS... YOU'VE BEEN IN THOSE?
OH, SHUT UP! I...I... A-A-A-G-H-H!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, AL?
4

L... L... LIGHT A M... M... MATCH, BILL! I...I'M STEPPING ON S... S... SOMETHING! S... S... SOMETHING SOFT!
IT'S N...NOTHING... AL! P...PROBABLY JUST A PILE OF G... GARBAGE... S--SEE?

BLINDLY THE TWO MEN RUSH FROM THE HARROWING SIGHT OF THE DECAYED CORPSE... SLUSHING THROUGH THE STENCH... FALLING... CRAWLING! FEAR... *FEAR* IN THEIR HEARTS... *FEAR* IN THEIR MINDS... *FEAR*... AND *HORROR* PURSUING THEM...

EXHAUSTED... THEY STOP...LEANING ON THE DRIPPING WALLS FOR SUPPORT...

GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
SUDDENLY, AS AL ... TERRIFIED... TURNS A CORNER IN THE TUNNELS...
GULP...OH!
COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER ONE, BILL, FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM... FACING HIS CAPTOR...
WHO... WHO ARE YOU ?
I ? I AM THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR!
THE CRYPT OF WHAT ?
TERROR! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT TERROR IS ?
YOU... YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' I DO... AND .. YOU .. YOU AREN'T H...H.. HELPING ME FORGET IT!
GOOD! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU! I HAVE A PROPOSITION
WHILE AL... UP AHEAD IN THE STENCH-FILLED SEWER...
WHAT...DO YOU...WANT WITH ME ?
COME IN AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER! I... AM THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!
6

ALL IS STILL NOW IN THE MUSTY TUNNELS BENEATH THE STREETS! ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL SHRIEKING OF A RAT! THEN... A SPLASH...AND ANOTHER! SOMEONE IS COMING!
AL? WHERE ARE YOU?
DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER SPLASH IS HEARD!
BILL? IS THAT YOU?
BOY, I WAS NEVER HAPPIER TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! LISTEN TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANY-THING!
... AND SO THIS CREEP WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR STICKS A CONTRACT UNDER MY NOSE! WHAT COULD I DO? I SIGNED IT!
GULP! YOU TOO? LOOK! I SIGNED ONE WITH SOME FIEND CALLED THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!
WELL, AL! THEY GOT US! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO PUBLISH THEIR STUFF!
COME ON, BILL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! WELL...ALMOST! PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHO IT WAS THAT FOLLOWED THE TWO EDITORS AND FORCED THEM TO ENTER THAT HORRID SEWER! WELL... THAT WAS ME... THE OLD WITCH! AND WHEN I LET THEM OUT AGAIN, THEY HAD TO PAY MY FEE... AND THAT'S HOW THE HAUNT OF FEAR WAS BORN! THAT'S HOW I GOT MY CONTRACT! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! 'BYE, NOW!
THE TERRIFIED EDITORS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE YOU LIKED BEST! VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE!
1. NIGHTMARE! A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY!
2. MONSTER MAKER! A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSTORY!
3. TELEVISION TERROR! A JOURNEY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL!
4. THE WITCH'S CAULDRON: HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS! AN ADVENTURE IN TERROR!
ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:
THE OLD WITCH, THE HAUNT OF FEAR
ROOM 706, DEP'T. 17
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NOV.-DEC.
1950
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
FELDSTEIN

Take Pictures Day or Night
Indoors or Outdoors

For production reasons this well known manufacturer has changed designs . . . that is why this amazing nationally advertised camera with flash attachment for inside and night picture taking is yours for but a fraction of the intended price! It's a once in a lifetime offer . . . and we invite you to take two inside pictures and fourteen outside pictures at our risk. Picture size 1⅝ x 1½". Mail coupon today!

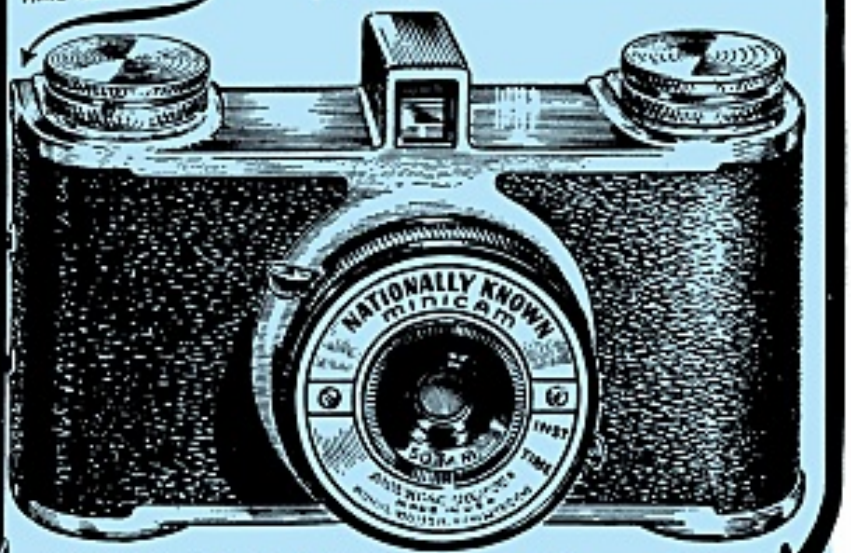
Complete with 2 Super Flash Bulbs and Roll High Speed Film $5.95 TAX PAID

This amazing Minicam camera uses standard No. 127 film you get at any drug store, but the first roll of high speed panchromatic film is our gift . . . for your testing convenience. The camera is built of indestructible stainless aluminum. Has 50 mm. universal focus with precision ground and polished fluorida coated lens; no guessing. Just aim through the optical type eye level view finder and press the button. Take indoor or outdoor, day or night pictures. Yes, you'll get pictures impossible to take with ordinary outdoor cameras. Camera takes color pictures just as easy. But let home trial offer convince you. Mail coupon today.

TAKE 16 PICTURES AT OUR EXPENSE

Mail coupon and we'll send camera together with two nationally advertised flash bulbs, plus a regular 16 picture roll No. 127 film. Deposit $5.95 plus C.O.D. postage through postman on arrival. Keep camera 10 days. Take two flash pictures indoors or at night and take the remaining pictures outdoors. Have your film developed and if you then don't agree you've made the camera buy of a lifetime, return camera and we will refund not only your $5.95 price of the camera but the developing cost as well! The pictures are yours.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! Each and every camera is unconditionally guaranteed perfect mechanically by the manufacturer. There's nothing to wear out, nothing to get out of order. A lifetime of picture taking, indoors and outdoors day or night, dark days or bright days, even pictures in color, is yours for the asking on an offer that defies comparison. Mail coupon today.



SEND NO MONEY: Mail Coupon Today

EVEREADY CARRYING CASE *with Your Name in Gold letters*

SPECIAL at only $1.50

Heavy simulated leather with shoulder strap. Print plainly on coupon name you want in gold letters. Sold only with camera purchase.

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C-588-H
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

HOME TRIAL OFFER

Send Minicam Camera, Flash Attachment, 2 flash bulbs and 16 picture roll film. I'll deposit $5.95 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return camera in 10 days and you will refund purchase price plus film developing costs. I can keep pictures for my trouble. (Send $5.95 with order and we pay postage.)

☐ For $1.50 extra send imitation leather shoulder strap carrying case imprinted with this name in gold letters.
(No refunds on case)

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C-588-H
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone..State...

NAME.....

Haunt of Fear, Nov.-Dec., 1950—Vol. 1, No. 4. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Associate Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YES! IT'S ME AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH...MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I SEE IT'S TIME TO BREW ANOTHER TERROR-TALE FOR YOU HERE IN MY CAULDRON! COME CLOSER... CLOSER! NOW GAZE INTO ITS BUBBLING CONTENTS...GAZE DEEP... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE BEGINNING OF A BLOOD-CURDLING YARN I CALL...
THE HUNCHBACK!
IT WAS A DREARY DAY, AS ROGER COMPTON STROLLED UP THE MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE TOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME...
WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A COMMOTION UP AHEAD.... PEOPLE RUNNING!
WHILE ROGER COMPTON WATCHED, THE TOWNSFOLK SCURRIED ABOUT... SEEKING REFUGE...
HE'S COMING! GET INDOORS!
RUN... RUN! HE'S COMING!
THEY SEEM TO BE FRIGHTENED OF SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING!
1

SOON, ROGER FOUND HIMSELF ON A DESERTED STREET! THE PEOPLE HAD ALL DISAPPEARED... HIDDEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND DRAWN BLINDS...
IT MUST BE SOMETHING HORRIBLE THEY FEAR! I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO TAKE COVER, TOO? OH, OH! TOO LATE! HERE HE COMES!
A STOOPED FIGURE SHUFFLED AROUND A CORNER AND UP THE EMPTY STREET! AS HE DREW NEAR, ROGER NOTICED THAT HE WAS A HUNCHBACK..
GOLGO! MY OLD FRIEND, PETER GOLGO!
HUH?
PETER! YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME? I'M ROGER... YOUR OLD COLLEGE CHUM! BUT HOW BAD YOU LOOK, PETER!
GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHA... WHY PETER! IT IS I, ROGER! DON'T YOU... REMEMBER?
PETER GOLGO SHUFFLED ON UP THE STREET AND DISAPPEARED INTO A DARK ALLEY! ROGER COMPTON STOOD WATCHING! AMAZED!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE DID NOT KNOW ME! WHY, WE WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS! BUT NOW.. HOW STRANGE HE LOOKS AND ACTS.
CAUTIOUSLY, THE TOWNSFOLK THAT HAD BARRICADED THEMSELVES EMERGED FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...
YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU?
WHY, YES! I...
YOU TALKED TO HIM...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! HE'S BAD... A FIEND!
PETER? A FIEND? NONSENSE! WE WERE FRIENDS AT COLLEGE!
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO!
BEFORE HE BECAME WHAT HE IS TODAY... A GHOUL!
2

BUT...A GHOUL FEEDS UPON DEAD FLESH!
YES! AND I SAW HIM...
"IT WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! I WAS RETURNING FROM A GRANGE MEETING! I WAS TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY WHEN..."
A LANTERN! SOMEONE DIGGING...
"I EDGED CLOSER! AND THEN I SAW WHO IT WAS..."
PETER GOLGO! THE HUNCHBACK! ROBBING A GRAVE...
"FROM MY HIDING PLACE, I COULD NOT SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING TO THE CORPSE HE HAD DUG DOWN TO... BUT WHEN PETER HAD LEFT, I APPROACHED THE DESECRATED GRAVE..."
GOOD LORD! THE CORPSE... IS PARTIALLY DEVOURED! HE... HE'S A GHOUL!
ROGER COMPTON LISTENED, HORRIFIED, TO THE OLD MAN'S TALE! WHEN HE HAD FINISHED...
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! PETER WAS NORMAL AT SCHOOL... EVEN BRILLIANT!
BUT YOU'VE SEEN HIM! DOES HE BEHAVE NORMALLY NOW? DOES HE?
I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM AGAIN! TALK TO HIM! GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! WHERE DOES HE LIVE?
IN THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL! BUT WE WARN YOU... KEEP AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S EVIL!
ROGER TURNED TO GO... BUT ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM...
MY LITTLE GIRL DIED OF PNEUMONIA LAST WEEK! TWO NIGHTS AGO HER GRAVE WAS BROKEN OPEN AND HER LITTLE BODY STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH!
THE TWELFTH GRAVE IN TWO YEARS! TWELVE GRAVES... DESECRATED! THEIR CORPSES DEVOURED! THE MAN IS INHUMAN!
3

ROGER BROKE AWAY FROM THE WIDE-EYED TOWNSPEOPLE...AND THEIR HORRIBLE TALES...AND MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL TO THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE THAT WAS PETER GOLGO'S HOME...
HOW RUN-DOWN AND WEATHERBEATEN IT IS!
HE STEPPED UP TO THE BATTERED DOORWAY AND KNOCKED! THE BLOWS UPON THE DOOR BOOMED THROUGH THE DRAFTY HALLS OF THE OLD PLACE! THEN THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT IS I, PETER! ROGER COMPTON!
PETER GOLGO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HIS THIN, STOOPED BODY HUNCHED AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE... HIS HANDS CLENCHED AT HIS SIDES! HIS FACE WAS A WAXEN MASK OF DEATH FROM WHICH TWO EYES GLARED WITH GHOULISH LIGHT...
GO AWAY!
BUT I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU, PETER!
A SMILE SPREAD ACROSS PETER'S TWISTED LEERING FACE...A SMILE OF SLY, LURKING EVIL! HIS THICK LIPS CURLED BACK IN A FANGED GRIMACE OF IDIOTIC MIRTH...
HELP ME? HAH! I AM BEYOND HELP!
BUT, PETER! I...
THE DOOR SLAMMED IN ROGER COMPTON'S ASTOUNDED FACE, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE...
POOR PETER! HE IS SICK! PERHAPS A NERVOUS DISORDER! PERHAPS HIS HUMP HAS DEVELOPED INTO A CANCEROUS TUMOR...IT DOES APPEAR LARGER! I MUST GET HIM A DOCTOR!
ROGER MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL AND ACROSS THE STREET TO A SIGN MARKED "HENRY GORDON, M.D." HE KNOCKED UPON THE CLEAN, WHITE, NEWLY-PAINTED DOOR...
YES?
I AM ROGER COMPTON! I AM A FRIEND OF PETER GOLGO, THE HUNCHBACK! YOU MUST COME AND SEE HIM! HE IS SICK... VERY SICK...
HENRY GORDON M.D.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT PETER GOLGO! I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE WORLD!
THEN YOU'LL COME! YOU'LL HELP...

NO! I WILL NOT COME! I CANNOT HELP HIM!
YOU...YOU CALL YOURSELF A *DOCTOR?* WHY... YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM... NARROW-MINDED... BIGOTED...SUPERSTITIOUS!
WHAT *THEY* BELIEVE, MR. COMPTON, IS *TRUE!*
YOU MEAN, PETER GOLGO *IS A GHOUL!*
NOT *HE*... EXACTLY! BUT... IT IS A LONG STORY! SIT DOWN AND I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!
I AM QUITE COMFORTABLE STANDING, SIR! PROCEED!
FOR THE MOST PART, I FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO PETER GOLGO! IT IS NOT HIS FAULT! BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF...
"WHEN HE WAS A CHILD, THE OTHER CHILDREN MADE FUN OF HIM... THREW STONES AT HIM BECAUSE OF HIS HUNCHED BACK..."
NYAAAH! G'WAN HOME, GIMPY!
YOUR MOTHER'S CALLIN' YUH, HUMPY!
HUMP BACK! HUMP BACK! NYAAAH!
BUT PETER GOLGO HAD NO *ORDINARY* HUMP ON HIS BACK, MR. COMPTON! AND TODAY, WHAT HE CARRIES ABOUT ON HIS SHOULDERS IS THE CAUSE OF ALL HIS HORRIBLE ACTIONS... THE GRAVE-DIGGING...EVERYTHING!
WHAT... WHAT *IS IT*... THIS HUMP?
IT IS A *MONSTER!* A HORRIBLE LITTLE MONSTER THAT *TORMENTS* PETER GOLGO... *CREATES UNBEARABLE PAIN... TORTURES* PETER INTO DOING *ITS* BIDDING! PETER IS NOT THE GHOUL! *THE MONSTER IS THE FLESH-EATER!*
BUT, HOW DID IT *GET* THERE!
5

PETER WAS BORN WITH IT! IT WAS AN UNDEVELOPED SIAMESE TWIN THAT WAS ATTATCHED TO HIS BACK! ONLY IT NEVER DEVELOPED! YES, IT WAS ALIVE... BUT DORMANT! AND THEN... THREE YEARS AGO... THE CHANGE CAME!
IT BEGAN TO GROW, DOCTOR?
YES! HE CAME TO ME! IT LAY FACE DOWNWARD ON HIS BACK... ITS HANDS CLASPED ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS! IT HAD ITS OWN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, ITS OWN LUNGS... BUT ITS LEGS RAN OFF INTO THE LUMPY FLESH OF HIS BODY!
I NEVER KNEW! IN ALL THOSE YEARS AT COLLEGE...
WHEN HE CAME TO ME, ITS EYES WERE OPEN! IT HAD DEVELOPED A TINY SET OF TEETH! IT WAS UGLY... UGLY!
I COULD NOT REMOVE IT! I COULD NOT KILL IT! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT PETER'S LIFE AS WELL! AND SO I TOLD HIM IT WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN THERE... FOR ALL OF HIS DAYS!
BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE A THING OF EVIL! IT DEMANDED FLESH... DEAD FLESH... FOR FOOD! IT WAS A GHOUL! AND PETER WAS FORCED TO OBEY! IT WAS CAPABLE OF INFLICTING EXCRUCIATING PAIN UPON HIM...
BUT YOU MUST DO SOMETHING NOW, DOCTOR! YOU MUST SAVE HIM!
I CAN DO NOTHING... NOTHING!
COMPTON WALKED OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE... TEARS IN HIS EYES! THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING... SOME WAY OF HELPING POOR PETER... OF FREEING HIM FROM THE MONSTER THAT CONTROLLED HIM...
I'LL GO BACK! I'LL TELL HIM THAT I KNOW... EVERYTHING, NOW!
6

COMPTON MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL AGAIN... TO THE OLD HOUSE! AS HE APPROACHED, HE HEARD VOICES... ARGUING...
ONE OF THEM IS PETER! I RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! THE OTHER...IS HIGHER... MORE FRENZIED...
IT MUST BE THE MONSTER! THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT SOMETHING...
ROGER COMPTON CROUCHED DOWN BELOW THE SHADED WINDOW... LISTENING...
NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER DO IT! NEVER... AAAAAAAAAAGH!
IT WAS PETER SCREAMING IN PAIN! THE MONSTER WAS TORTURING HIM... FORCING HIM TO DO SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO...
NO! I WON'T! ROBBING GRAVES WAS BAD ENOUGH! WATCHING YOU EAT THE ROTTED FLESH... BUT NOW! KILL FOR YOU? FOR FRESH FLESH? NEVER... NEVER!
IT WAS HORRIBLE TO LISTEN TO THEM! PETER CONTINUED TO REFUSE...AND THEN...
E-E-Y-A-A-A-H!
AFTER THE SCREAM... SILENCE! ROGER COMPTON RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM SICK! THE THING WAS THERE... EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR HAD DESCRIBED IT...
YES! HEE,HEE! IT WAS THERE! THE LITTLE MONSTER, IN A FIT OF OF RAGE, HAD CLIMBED A TRIFLE HIGHER ON PETER GOLGO'S BACK AND BITTEN HIM TO DEATH! SILLY LITTLE GHOUL... IT DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD KILL ITSELF, TOO! YOU SEE, THESE TWINS HAD ONLY ONE HEART...THE ONE IN PETER'S BODY! WELL, READ ON FRIENDS! THERE ARE MORE CHILLS WAITING... IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!
7

He released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom . . . and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it . . . his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson . . . and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft . . . and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one . . . and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!

The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife's face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too . . . he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire . . . and *he* would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife's life . . . and on the plane which he was about to destroy . . . would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister . . . then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path . . . smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes . . . and he would be rich! And *safe!*

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke . . . and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth . . . into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane *he* was doomed to death by fire . . . in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELCOME, DEAR READER... WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! HERE'S A FASCINATING TALE... GUARANTEED TO WIPE THE SMIRK FROM YOUR FACE AND REPLACE IT WITH A GRAVE LOOK! MY STORY TAKES PLACE FAR UNDERGROUND... IN AS DANK AND DRAFTY A CAVE AS YOU COULD IMAGINE... SO BE CAREFUL TO TURN BACK AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A CHILL, FOR I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO START SNEEZIN' AND COFFIN, OVER THE SPINE-TINGLER I CALL...
THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

MY STORY STARTS IN A TOWN SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF THE BORDER...
YOU JUST STAY HERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM AND RELAX, PAUL... I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!
YEAH... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SIS!
PACKING UP AND BRINGING PAUL DOWN HERE... AWAY FROM THOSE CRAZY FRIENDS OF HIS... MAY SAVE HIM FROM A RECURRENCE OF HIS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! IF ONLY I CAN KEEP HIM AWAY FROM EXCITEMENT... AND LIQUOR...
1

GET THE PICTURE? HERE'S A SWEET YOUNG GIRL... LINDA CROSS BY NAME... WHO'S TRYING TO SAVE HER BROTHER PAUL'S HEALTH BY MOVING HIM OFF THE BEATEN TRACK! SHE'S FORCING HIM INTO A VACATION FROM THE BOTTLE AND ... BUT LET'S PEEK INTO THEIR ROOM A SHORT TIME LATER!
HE'S GONE! AND IN HIS STATE OF MIND... ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN! IT'S DANGEROUS FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND THE STREETS ALONE...
LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION!
YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT OR...
I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SEÑORITA... I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF! GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL, AND GET SOME REST!
THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD FOR LINDA CROSS...
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM... EVEN FOR A MINUTE! A STRANGER... AND IN HIS CONDITION! I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER... I'LL GO MAD!
HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT MY BROTHER?
HUH? OH, SEÑORITA... ER... CROSS! NO WORD YET... WHICH IS GOOD NEWS IN A CASE OF THIS SORT...
MAN FOUND DEAD DOWN AT THE TUNNEL, EL JEFE! STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES! YOU HAD BETTER COME!
2

...AN AMERICAN...NO ONE AT THE TUNNEL COULD IDENTIFY HIM! AND HIS BODY... PARTIALLY DEVOURED AS IF BY SOME WILD BEAST!
...UNIDENTIFIED... AMERICAN! PARTIALLY DEVOURED?
YOU HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, SEÑORITA! THIS VICTIM... BUT LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! COME... WE HAVE A CAR WAITING.
THIS TUNNEL... IT IS A NIGHT-CLUB ... A PLACE WHERE MANY AMERICAN TOURISTS GATHER! THE DEAD MAN COULD BE ANY OF THEM!
TUNNEL... W-WHAT AN ODD NAME... FOR A NIGHT-CLUB!
THE TUNNEL IS ODD IN MORE WAYS THAN ITS CHOICE OF NAME, SEÑORITA! IT APPEALS TO PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE BIZARRE AND WEIRD... BUT YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF! HERE IS THE OFFICE...
The Tunnel
EL JEFE TOLD ONLY HALF THE STORY IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE STRANGE NIGHT-CLUB. ITS NAME, FOR INSTANCE, IS OFFICIALLY THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! AND TERROR IS WHAT LINDA FEELS AS SHE STANDS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...
...AND AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT ON, WE FOUND HIM! HIS BODY... AS IF A WILD ANIMAL...
SPARE US YOUR OPINIONS, PLEASE! THE SHROUD... WILL YOU...
I-IT'S... NOT MY BROTHER! THANK HEAVENS! NOT PAUL! HE'S STILL SAFE...
SO FAR AS WE KNOW, SEÑORITA...
3

THIS PLACE... THIS TUNNEL... IT SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF SPOT THAT PAUL WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO... EVEN IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION! COULD I... FOR MY OWN PEACE OF MIND...?
VISIT IT? OF COURSE... IF YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF YOUR BROTHER BEING HERE!
THIS IS THE ENTRANCE, SEÑORITA... SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL, AS YOU WILL FIND THE REST OF THE TUNNEL OF TERROR TO BE!
THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR AND DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS, LINDA CROSS GROPES HER WAY... INTO A PLACE OF COMPLETE DARKNESS! THE AIR IS DANK AND CLAMMY... THE WORD TUNNEL SEEMS APT! UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE HAS DESCENDED INTO ONE OF THE CATACOMBS SURROUNDING THE TOWN...
I CAN'T SEE A THING! IT SEEMS LIKE AN UNEXPLORED CAVE! IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? I'LL SOON... OOOHH!
WELCOME TO THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!
W-WHAT... WHO..?
A TABLE FOR THE SEÑORITA? RIGHT THIS WAY... STEP CAREFULLY, PLEASE!
WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? NO LIGHTS... AND THIS EERIENESS...
ALLOW ME, SEÑORITA, TO EXPLAIN! OUR CLUB IS ACTUALLY LOCATED IN ONE OF THE CAVES USED FOR BURIAL LONG CENTURIES AGO. FOR NOVELTY WE STRIVE TO KEEP THE ILLUSION OF DEATH!
BUT ASIDE FROM OUR SUPERFICIAL APPEARANCE, I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND US CONGENIAL! OUR WHISKY IS THE FINEST...
IN THAT CASE... PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME! HAS A TALL BLOND MAN BEEN HERE... SOMEONE WHO LOOKS SICK? AS IF... ER... HE MIGHT HAVE A FEVER?
4

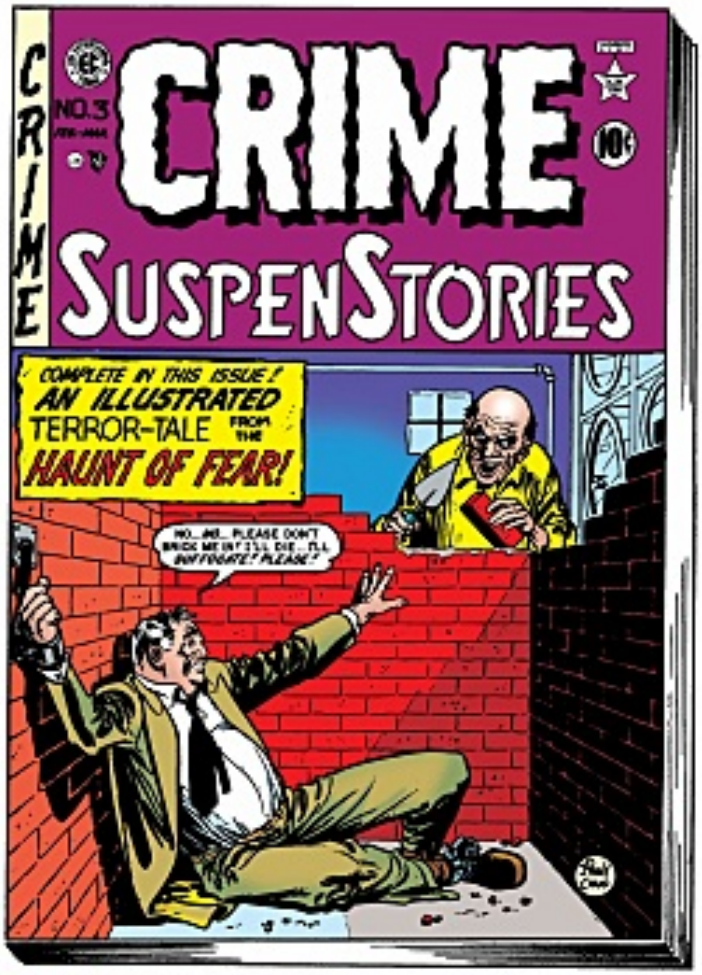
PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE YOU SEARCH FOR?
YIIII!
JUST A BIT OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WE PROVIDE, SEÑORITA! NOTHING TO FEAR, I ASSURE...
WHAT'S THAT?
PLEASE DON'T BECOME ALARMED ...THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT HERE...
THIS PLACE... LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A NIGHTMARE! ANOTHER BODY.. I-I HAVE TO SEE ... PERHAPS IT'S PAUL...
A TOURIST...
AMERICAN...
LET ME SEE... PLEASE, LET ME SEE! IT MAY BE MY BROTHER...GET OUT OF MY WAY!
NOT PAUL! BUT...IT'S HORRIBLE! AS THOUGH...IT HAD BEEN EATEN...
AT THAT MOMENT SOMETHING COMPELS LINDA CROSS TO LOOK UP, AND ACROSS THE ROOM SHE SEES SOMETHING WHICH MAKES HER BLOOD GROW COLD...
PAUL! PAUL...IT'S ME!
H-HEY, SEÑORITA! WATCH OUT...
GIVE ME THAT TORCH... IT'S MY BROTHER! HE'S SICK...HE NEEDS ME! QUICK...I MUST FIND HIM!
5

HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS CRAZY PLACE... IT'S FRIGHTENED HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL... GET HIM OUT OF HERE...
A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES... IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST... IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I-I MUST FIND PAUL... MUST...
THE SECONDS DRAG BY LIKE AGONIZED HOURS AS LINDA CROSS TRIES DESPERATELY TO TRACE HER BROTHER THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND CAVE. AND THEN SHE SEES THE FLICKER OF A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL... SOMETHING MOVING! PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...
HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME! IN HIS MENTAL STATE HE MUST BE TERRIFIED... CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! IT'S UP TO ME TO... OOOOOFFF!
ANOTHER CORPSE! HORRIBLY MUTILATED! THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!
THAT SOUND... WHA...? PAUL! YOU'RE SAFE... SAFE!
IT'S ME... YOUR SISTER LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY ANY LONGER... WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE!
SAFE... WON'T HAVE TO RUN...
6

...I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE, PAUL! DON'T BE AFRAID!
...AFRAID...
THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE! THE EXCITEMENT HERE HAS CAUSED ANOTHER MENTAL COLLAPSE! HE DOESN'T KNOW ME...
NO...NO! PAUL...I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM! I WANT TO SAVE YOU...HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM WHATEVER IT IS THAT KILLED THOSE OTHERS!
LET GO OF ME, PAUL...
YOU...YOUR TEETH...THEY CUT MY HAND! YOU LEFT A MARK...LIKE A WILD...
I-IT CAN'T BE YOU...MY OWN BROTHER...YOU'RE THE MANIAC WHO HAS MURDERED THE OTHERS! YOU'RE THE MONSTER WHO CRAVES HUMAN FLESH!
N-NO...PLEASE...YOUR OWN SISTER! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING ...IT'S A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE... PAUL!
A TALE OF BROTHERLY AFFECTION, WASN'T IT? SORT OF A FAMILY PLOT, HEH, HEH, HEH! JUST ONE THING TO REMEMBER! TO THIS DAY, NO ONE HAS APPREHENDED THE MONSTER WHO STALKS THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! SO IF YOU'RE PLANNING A VACATION... HEH, HEH! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR!
THE END...

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST.. *READ:*



AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

CUNNING

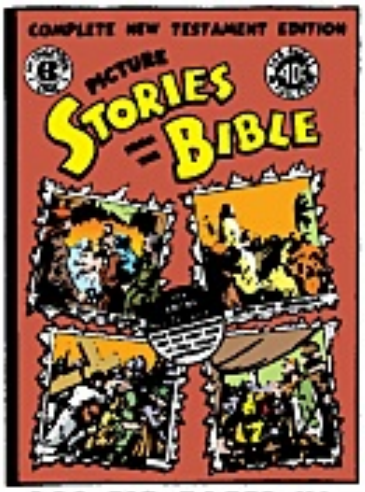
The Camp lay in almost total ruin around him . . . it was hard to believe that this mass of smashed rock and splintered wood had once been considered a model Concentration Camp by the Nazis who built it. Most of the wooden buildings where the prisoners had been held in "protective custody" were now reduced to charred heaps . . . it would have made Herr Kanzler sad to see what this most recent Allied bombing had done to the Camp he once ruled with such ferocity and absolute control. But Herr Kanzler could *not* see the effect of the bombing . . . he would never see again! It was only by a quirk of fate that he was alive, in fact . . . alive and left completely alone in the Camp as the Allied armies swept toward Berlin. Days before the Gestapo Detachment had disintegrated and disappeared, and the prisoners had broken free as soon as they learned the Camp was unguarded. Now the place was a scene of weird desolation and ruin, totally uninhabited except for Herr Kanzler, the Camp Commandant. Why did he remain? There were two reasons: it was the place where he had enjoyed complete and unlimited power, and his Prussian mind refused to abandon it. And having been blinded in the last bombing . . . and a man

who was utterly friendless . . . he COULDN'T leave!

Frantically he groped his way over the rubble. The explosions nearby and the quivering of the earth under him made it evident that the bombings had started again. He had to get to safety now . . . or else! The steel Bunker was probably undamaged, and it was his goal and his salvation. Once inside those thick metal walls, he would be safe from the bombs . . . and after the Allies had swept over the area he could surrender and throw himself on their mercy! He would escape yet . . . *cunning* would do it!

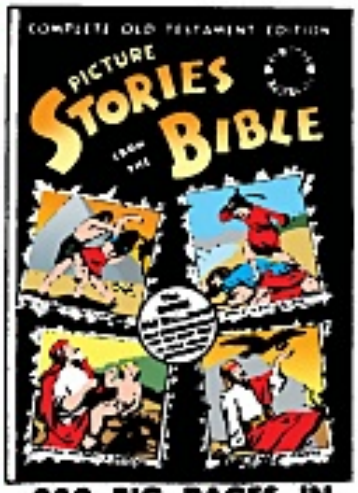
His fingers gripped the steel door and inwardly he exulted. He had found the Bunker . . . even in his blindness he had shown a will-to-live which surpassed that of the prisoners he had destroyed!

A bomb dropped nearby and in desperation he swung the heavy door closed. It clicked loudly and he could barely hear the explosions any longer. But another sound had claimed his attention . . . an almost inaudible sound which filled him with dread. It was a low hiss . . . and its meaning was well-known to Herr Kanzler. GAS was filling the room . . . the click of the door had automatically turned it on! For this was *not* the Bunker . . . he was locked tightly in the *LETHAL CHAMBER!* At once the truth flooded his brain . . . he was doomed! Doomed to the same death which he had administered to so many thousands of others!



144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers.*

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1—From the Creation to Joseph 15c

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2—More Old Testament Heroes 15c

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1—The Early Life of Jesus 15c

EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.
225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies.

COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT ..... 75c ☐

COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT ..... 50c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2 . . . 15c ☐

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Postal Zone_____ State_____

Please print plainly. No C.O.D. Do not send postage stamps.

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee . . . well BUBBLE my CAULDRON! It's time for another HEATED discussion about THIS . . . my very own magazine, *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* As I'm sure you've noticed by now, those two old COOTS, the CRYPT-KEEPER and the VAULT-KEEPER each have a story in this issue! And therein lies a tale! As you may recall, I cleverly tricked both of those REVOLTING old GHOULS into signing contracts whereby I would appear in each of their magazines. This gave me a decided advantage! I was serene in my glory . . . when one dark night, as I was brewing an evil concoction in my CAULDRON, these two nauseating buzzards sneaked up behind me and shoved me . . . *screaming* . . . into the seething mess! For a few moments, it was a HOTLY contested battle . . . but finally I gave in! Although I was BOILING mad, I SIMMERED down and reluctantly signed TWENTY-year contracts with both of them to appear in *my* MAD-MAG! Now all three of us appear in each of the three magazines . . . *THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR,* and *TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR)*! Everything is even . . . they THINK! But here's a little secret! I still have the jump on them! The last time I was out painting the town red (with BLOOD, of course!) with our HORROR-HAPPY publisher, I was able . . . by resorting to my feminine charms . . . to inveigle him into featuring me in another of his magazines . . . *CRIME SUSPENSTORIES.* Hee, hee . . . that'll fix their COFFIN-CARTS!

Oh . . . the publisher requested that I make an announcement! You may have noted that this issue of THE HAUNT OF FEAR is NUMBER 4! The last issue was number 17! This came about because we started numbering my mag with number 15 . . . it was a change in title from a previous magazine which ran 14 issues! After publishing issues 15, 16, and 17, the United States Post Office requested that the *fourth* issue actually be numbered No. 4, rather than No. 18! Well . . . "ya can't fight City Hall!"

Now . . . the review of the voting on last issue's stories! *NIGHTMARE,* by Craig, received the most votes to win first place. Feldstein's *HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS* . . . which featured my two terror-fied editors . . . came in second. *TELEVISION TERROR* . . . masterpieced by Kurtzman . . . took third place honors. Ghastly Graham Ingels' *MONSTER MAKER* made fourth spot . . . and the text, *REPEAT PERFORMANCE,* limped into last place! Our popular text REPEATED its usual PERFORMANCE!

I have received many letters requesting information on how to subscribe to my magazine! Lazy, huh? Don't like running down to the corner newsstand and finding all the copies sold out, eh? Hee, hee, Well . . . O.K.! Here's the *dope* straight from the *opium den!* Send 75¢ and your name and address to me.

THE OLD WITCH
Room 706, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this puny amount, you'll get a *full year's supply* . . . six repulsive issues . . . of *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!*

And now for the BIG SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT! Inspired and flattered by your thousands of letters requesting my picture, I flew downtown to the DUNGEON STUDIOS . . . PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS where I had my lovely countenance forever immortalized by the camera! I left the photographer a raving maniac . . . his equipment demolished, his studio a shambles, but the negative intact! Want my picture? I warn you, you know how *beautiful* I am! If you think you can stand it, send 10¢ in COIN to me at the *above address* and you will receive in return an actual PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION! NOT a drawing . . . but a *full* 5 by 7 glossy picture *autographed* by me! Is that a deal! You said a BLOODY mouthful!

And don't forget to write, you fiends! No one will associate with me . . . so my only contact with the outside world is through your letters! Vote for your favorite stories! Hee, hee! I'll be seeing you along with the other two GHOULUNATICS in the next issue of THE VAULT OF HORROR! 'Bye, now!

THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE MEN WHO CREATED LIFE OUT OF DEATH...ONLY TO FIND AT THE END THAT THEIR OWN LIVES HAD TO BE GIVEN IN RETURN! I CALL IT...
THE Living Mummy
JACK DAVIS
MY TALE BEGINS ON A DISMAL STORMY NIGHT AT THE BLEAK LABORATORY-CASTLE OF PROFESSOR ARNOLD ZAMRON, WORLD-FAMOUS SCIENTIST...
I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, KRAUSE! STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL OR I'LL KILL YOU!
GLUG... LET ME GO...
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?
(GASP)...STEVENS IS CRAZY, SIR! HE... HE TRIED TO CHOKE ME...
I DID NOT! I...

QUIET, STEVENS! WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING THIS *MUMMY*...DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...BACK TO LIFE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER! KRAUSE! START THE EXPERIMENT!
AT ONCE, SIR!
THE WHINING HUM OF DYNAMOS BEGIN! STRANGE LIQUIDS BUBBLE UP IN WEIRD CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS. THE THREE MEN WORK FOR HOURS! THEN...
IT'S NO USE... THE MUMMY HASN'T MOVED! I'VE *FAILED!*
PERHAPS IF WE USED *MY* METHOD OF INCREASING VOLTAGE CAPACITY TO MAXIMUM POTENTIAL...
SHUT UP, STEVENS! DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I PAY YOU FOR *ASSISTANCE*, NOT FOR *CRITICISM!* YOU CAN CLEAN UP THIS MESS WHILE KRAUSE AND I RECORD OUR DATA! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING...
BUT STEVENS HAS OTHER IDEAS...
THAT CONCEITED WINDBAG! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TAKING HIS ORDERS... AND ALL THAT TIME *MY* METHODS, *MY* FORMULAS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR *HIS FAME!* THAT KRAUSE IS NO BETTER! WELL, I'LL SHOW BOTH OF THEM! *I'LL* BRING THE MUMMY BACK TO LIFE!
NOW IF I CAN MODIFY THAT RHEOSTAT TO PRODUCE A FORCE SUITABLE TO CHEMICAL REVIVAL...
STEVENS WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT! BRILLIANT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF CASTING SHADOWS AGAINST THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, THEY STOP! THEN... SILENCE! MINUTES PASS... THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS...
I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS *SURE* MY METHOD WAS CORRECT! BUT THE CREATURE JUST LIES THERE...DEAD! I'VE... I'VE FAILED LIKE THE REST!
WHAT WENT WRONG? GOT TO THINK! SLEEP... MUST HAVE SLEEP! SO TIRED...
2

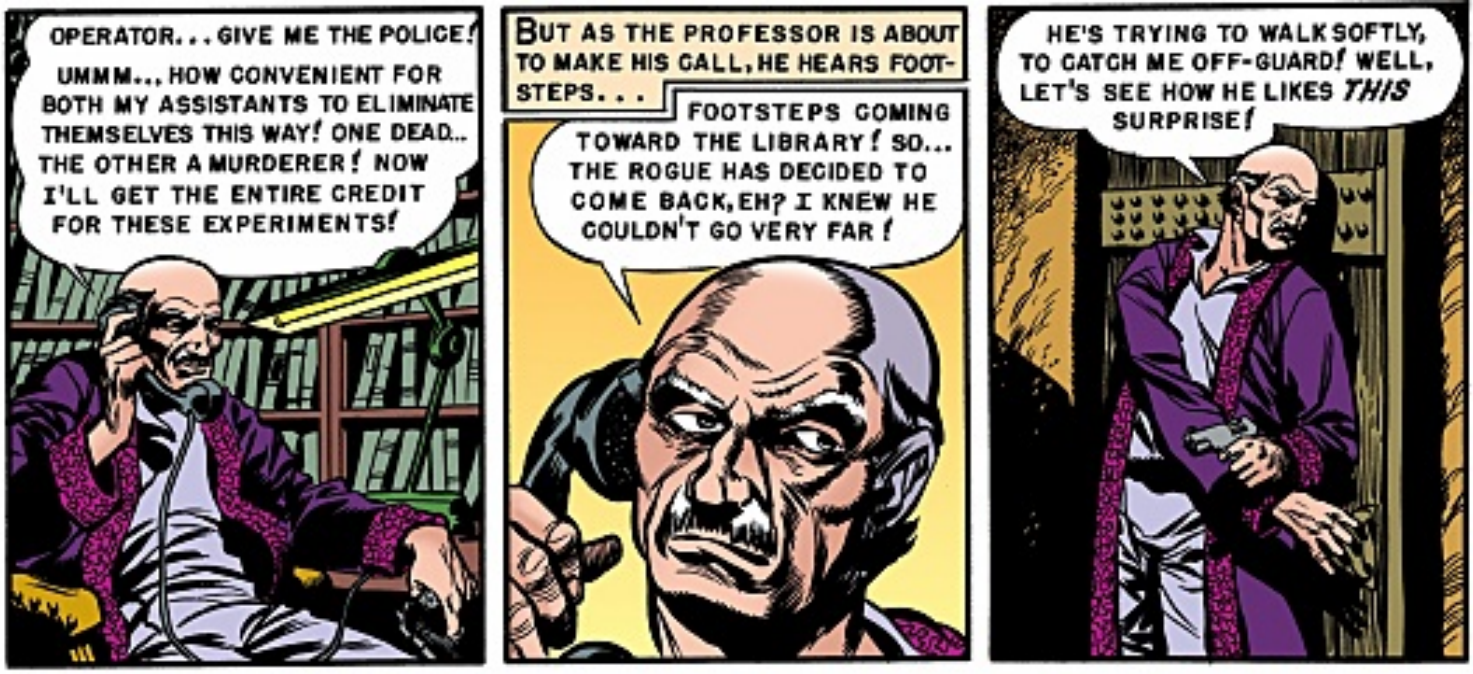
BUT BACK IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE LABORATORY, A HORRIBLY SHRIVELED HAND RISES SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...
A FEW MINUTES LATER, KRAUSE... HEARING NOISES... WALKS UNWARILY INTO THE LABORATORY...
WHAT A MESS! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, STEVENS! WHERE ARE YOU? YOU THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, EH? WAIT 'TIL THE PROFESSOR HEARS OF THIS!
ANSWER ME OR I'LL... NO... NO! STAY AWAY...
MEANWHILE, DEAR READER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON SITS AT HIS DESK ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE CASTLE. HE ALSO HAS NOT BEEN ASLEEP...
HMMM...YES! STEVENS WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL! WELL, I'LL JUST... AHEM... USE HIS METHOD NEXT TIME! HE NEED NEVER KNOW! HA, HA!
YAAAAH!
WHA-! THAT SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THE LAB! STEVENS MUST BE FIGHTING WITH KRAUSE AGAIN! BY HEAVENS, THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR!
STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR?
3

NO...NO! THIS IS HORRIBLE! KRAUSE DEAD...MY LABORATORY RUINED... AND THE MUMMY GONE!
PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GET A GUN FROM A NEARBY DRAWER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO STEVENS' ROOM...
STEVENS DID THIS! THE MAN IS A MANIAC! I SHOULD HAVE FIRED HIM LONG AGO! IF HE DOESN'T TELL ME WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THE MUMMY, I'LL...
A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE ANGRY SCIENTIST STANDS OVER THE SLEEPING STEVENS...
GET UP! GET UP! THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP!
WHA...WHAT'S GOING ON!
YOU KNOW VERY WELL! WHY DID YOU KILL KRAUSE? WHERE IS THAT MUMMY? ANSWER ME!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? KRAUSE KILLED? THE MUMMY GONE? IT CAN'T BE! UNLESS... THE MUMMY WERE ALIVE! THEN MY METHOD MUST HAVE WORKED!
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! WHEN YOU LEFT, I EXPERIMENTED...TRIED EVERYTHING..., THOUGHT I FAILED! I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM, EXHAUSTED... AND I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL THIS TIME!
YOU'RE LYING! YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT MUMMY SOMEPLACE AS AN ALIBI!
BUT STEVENS DOESN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE PROFESSOR! HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM TO THE LAB BELOW...
COME BACK HERE!
I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF... UGH! I WAS RIGHT! THE MUMMY IS ALIVE AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE!
I'D SHOOT YOU DOWN RIGHT NOW, STEVENS... BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR THE POLICE!
NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL HIM! THE MUMMY DID IT! I... WHA... WHAT WAS THAT?
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
4

BUT A DESPERATE IDEA FORMS IN STEVENS' TERRIFIED MIND...
I CAN'T LET HIM HOLD ME HERE IN THE CASTLE! IF THE MUMMY DOESN'T KILL ME, PRISON WILL! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT... OUT!

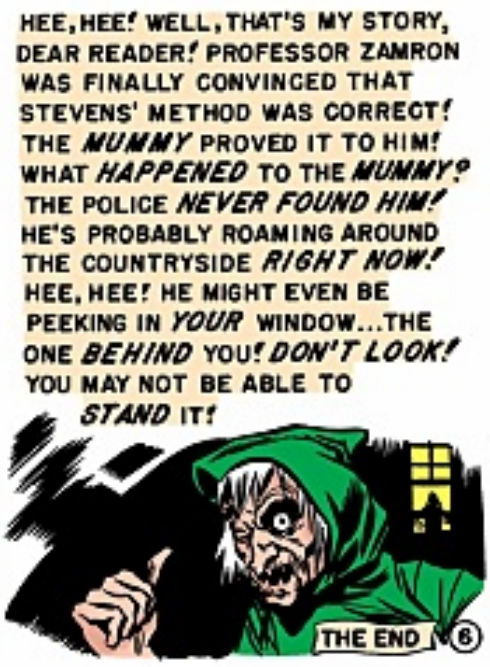
BUT *FATE* HAS DESTINED STEVENS FOR A DIFFERENT END! AS THE HYSTERICAL MAN STRUGGLES THROUGH THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR, HE FAILS TO SEE THE SHEER CLIFF YAWNING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CASTLE, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO THE LIBRARY TO PHONE THE POLICE...


OPERATOR... GIVE ME THE POLICE!
UMMM..., HOW CONVENIENT FOR BOTH MY ASSISTANTS TO ELIMINATE THEMSELVES THIS WAY! ONE DEAD... THE OTHER A MURDERER! NOW I'LL GET THE ENTIRE CREDIT FOR THESE EXPERIMENTS!
BUT AS THE PROFESSOR IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS CALL, HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS...
FOOTSTEPS COMING TOWARD THE LIBRARY! SO... THE ROGUE HAS DECIDED TO COME BACK, EH? I KNEW HE COULDN'T GO VERY FAR!
HE'S TRYING TO WALK SOFTLY, TO CATCH ME OFF-GUARD! WELL, LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES THIS SURPRISE!

PROFESSOR ZAMRON PULLS THE DOOR OPEN, AND...
THE MUMMY! STEVENS WAS TELLING THE TRUTH! HE...
SHRIEKING WITH TERROR, THE PROFESSOR BACKS AWAY... PUMPING BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE CREATURE...
HE'S NOT DYING! HE'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER...

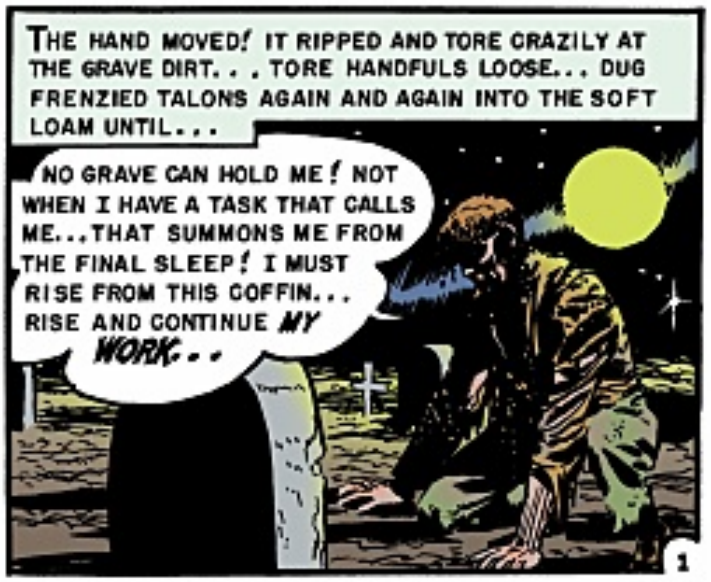
NO... NO! STAY AWAY... DON'T TOUCH ME! Y-A-A-A-A-H-H!


HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR READER! PROFESSOR ZAMRON WAS FINALLY CONVINCED THAT STEVENS' METHOD WAS CORRECT! THE MUMMY PROVED IT TO HIM! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUMMY? THE POLICE NEVER FOUND HIM! HE'S PROBABLY ROAMING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE RIGHT NOW! HEE, HEE! HE MIGHT EVEN BE PEEKING IN YOUR WINDOW... THE ONE BEHIND YOU! DON'T LOOK! YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO STAND IT!
THE END 6

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

A DEAD MAN, PAINTING MY PICTURE! HEE, HEE! YES, DEAR READER...IT IS A DEAD MAN! CAN'T YOU SMELL THE GRAVEYARD DIRT? CAN'T YOU SEE HIS ROTTING, DECOMPOSING FLESH? HEE, HEE! HIS NAME? WELL, HE WAS JON WAYLAND...BUT NOW I CALL HIM...THE MAN FROM THE GRAVE!

ON A WARM MAY EVENING LAST YEAR, THE EARTH SHOOK LOOSELY. THE EERIE MOON BEAMED DOWN ON A ROTTING HAND THAT LIFTED WITH INSANE FURY THROUGH THE GRAVEMOLD...


THE HAND MOVED! IT RIPPED AND TORE CRAZILY AT THE GRAVE DIRT... TORE HANDFULS LOOSE... DUG FRENZIED TALONS AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE SOFT LOAM UNTIL...
NO GRAVE CAN HOLD ME! NOT WHEN I HAVE A TASK THAT CALLS ME...THAT SUMMONS ME FROM THE FINAL SLEEP! I MUST RISE FROM THIS COFFIN... RISE AND CONTINUE MY WORK...
1

WITH THUMPING, SODDEN STEPS, THE DEAD MAN WALKED THE GRAVEYARD PATHS--
NOTHING MUST STOP ME! NOTHING! MY WORK...IT CALLS ME BACK FROM THE GRAVE! I MUST FINISH MY WORK... FINISH IT!
EEEYAAA!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I... I FEEL SICK!
HEE, HEE! A PRETTY SIGHT ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, EH? A DEAD MAN LUMBERING ALONG THE SIDEWALKS! SMELLING OF THE GRAVE! BUT... WHERE IS HE GOING? WHAT STRANGE WORK CALLS HIM FROM THE GRAVE? CURIOUS? HEE, HEE! LET'S TURN OVER THE MUSTY PAGES OF THE PAST... AND GO BACK SOME YEARS, TO A COLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN AN EASTERN CITY...
JON WAYLAND WAS ALIVE, THEN! YOUNG, AND HANDSOME. BUT POOR..
SOME PAINTER I AM! I CAN'T SELL A THING! I CAN'T EVEN EARN ENOUGH TO BUY MYSELF A LOAF OF BREAD AND A BOTTLE OF MILK!
THE ONLY ENCOURAGING NEWS HE EVER GOT WAS FROM A MAGAZINE EDITOR...
I KNOW YOU PAINT MYSTERIOUS AND HORRIBLE THINGS, WAYLAND! A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T GO FOR IT, BUT I LIKE MACABRE THINGS! BUT...I CAN'T USE IT! SORRY!
CUBE
LIKE
FINALLY, JON WAYLAND WAS FORCED TO PAWN HIS PAINTINGS IN ORDER TO EAT...
IT'S CHARITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THESE THINGS AREN'T WORTH ANYTHING, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL. I MIGHT SELL 'EM... SOMETIME!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU!
ONE MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER JON HAD PAWNED EVERYTHING HE OWNED, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...
SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR JON WAYLAND!
SPECIAL DELIVERY? FOR ME? BUT...BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY WHO WOULD WRITE TO ME!
RAP! RAP!
2

IT'S FROM THAT EDITOR... WHO LIKED MY STUFF! HE'S GETTING OUT A NEW HORROR MAGAZINE... WANTS ME TO DO ITS COVERS FOR HIM! I'LL GET A CONTRACT... MONEY! AT LAST!
SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A CONTRACT... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING IN YOUR SAMPLES AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM TO THE BIG BOSS!
BUT I... MY PICTURES... I HAD TO PAWN THEM...
JUST MY LUCK! THE FIRST BREAK I GET, I LOSE OUT ON! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY PICTURES BACK... OR PAINT SOME MORE... MAYBE I'D STILL GET THE CONTRACT!
GIVE YOU YOUR PICTURES? WITHOUT MONEY? HA! HA! HA! I MAY BE OLD, SON, BUT I'M NOT CRAZY! HA! HA!
PLEASE! PLEASE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME! MY BIG CHANCE! IF I DON'T SHOW THAT EDITOR SOME SAMPLES, I'LL LOSE IT!
ONLY ONE HOPE LEFT! I'VE GOT TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND, BILLY JOHNSON! HE ALWAYS HELPED ME IN THE PAST. HE'LL HELP ME ONE MORE TIME! I KNOW HE WILL!
BILL JOHNSON GREETED HIS FRIEND WITH HARSH WORDS AND COLD SNEERS...
HELP YOU... AGAIN? AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE LOANED YOU MONEY IN THE PAST? YOU'RE JUST A CHEAP BUM, WAYLAND! NOBODY'D GIVE YOU A JOB! WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO KID?
I'M NOT LYING! IT'S TRUE! TRUE!
NOW GET OUT... AND STAY OUT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU'RE A CHEAP, SPINELESS BUM! A NO-GOOD! A WORTHLESS SLUG!
I'LL NEVER GET THAT JOB NOW! I'M REALLY WASHED UP!
3

SUDDENLY THE DAMS OF JON WAYLAND'S RESTRAINT BURST! LIKE A DEMONIAC THING, HE HURLED HIMSELF ON HIS OLD FRIEND!
JON... WATCH OUT!
YOU COULD LOAN ME MONEY TO REDEEM MY PICTURES! YOU HAVE PLENTY OF IT! YOU'D NEVER MISS A MEASLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS! BUT NO...NO...NO!
I NEED THAT COVER JOB, YOU HEAR? I NEED IT TO EAT, TO LIVE!
I KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO REDEEM MY OLD PICTURES! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES... TO PAINT NEW AND BETTER ONES!
ACID
JON WAYLAND DRAGGED HIS OLD FRIEND CLOSE TO A BIG VAT OF ETCHING ACID. THEN, LIFTING HIS HEAD, HE PLUNGED IT DOWN TOWARD THE ACID... JUST AS JOHNSON RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...
JON! STOP! NO... NO... DON'T DO THIS TO ME! JON! AAAAGGGHH!
I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT...AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL, JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE ALIVE, NOW!
JON! JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU...STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT...BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM...NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...
4
JON WAYLAND MADE A MISTAKE! BILL JOHNSON WASN'T DEAD... NOT QUITE! HE WAS ALMOST DEAD... BUT THERE WAS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT... SO LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR READER... IF YOU DARE!

CURSING ME? WHAT A LAUGH! AS IF A DEAD MAN'S CURSE COULD EVER AFFECT A LIVING PERSON! USE YOUR PAINTS? YOU BET YOUR LIFE I'LL USE 'EM! BET YOUR LIFE...? A JOKE! HA! HA!
FEVERISHLY, JON WAYLAND THREW HIMSELF INTO A FRENZY OF PAINTING. ANXIOUS TO MAKE UP FOR TIME, HE THREW PAINT ON CANVAS WITH SURE, DEXTEROUS SPEED..
WAIT'LL THE EDITOR SEES THIS PICTURE!
ALL THAT DAY AND ALL THAT NIGHT, JON WAYLAND WORKED! COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION, HIS EYELIDS HEAVY WITH THE NEED OF REST, HE WORKED ON...
HE WANTS SAMPLES, DOES HE? I'LL GIVE HIM SAMPLES... TEN OF THEM! EACH ONE BETTER... MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE REST!
NEXT DAY...
THEY'RE TERRIFIC, WAYLAND! TERRIFIC! YOU'VE CAUGHT THE MOOD EXACTLY! TERROR! HORROR! THE BIG BOSS LIKES 'EM SO YOU'RE IN!
I'M GIVING YOU A LOT OF MONEY FOR EACH COVER! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE, IF OUR BOOK CLICKS! AND IT SURE OUGHT TO...WITH THESE COVERS OF YOURS!
RICH! I'LL GET RICH AT THESE PRICES!
JON WAYLAND WENT TO WORK WITH A WILL. HE NEVER RESTED. ALWAYS, AT ANY HOUR OF THE NIGHT, HIS LIGHTS WERE ON AS HE PAINTED AND PAINTED, MADLY, WILDLY...
I OUGHT TO REST, BUT...I DON'T WANT TO REST! I'M IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, AND I WILL!
HEE, HEE! JON WAYLAND WAS IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, WASN'T HE? ALL WELL AND GOOD... FOR A LITTLE TIME! BUT READ ON, MY FRIENDS... READ ON! REMEMBER THE DYING MAN'S CURSE? HEE, HEE! OF COURSE YOU DO...AND SO WILL JON WAYLAND, AFTER A WHILE! HEE, HEE!

I BROUGHT IN SOME MORE COVER JOBS, JIM. LOOK THEM OVER!
SURE THING, JON. THE MAGAZINE IS SELLING LIKE HOT-CAKES, SO I CAN USE SOME. BUT DON'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD...
BUT JON WAYLAND COULD NOT STOP PAINTING! THE GLISTENING PAINTS OF THE MURDERED ARTIST BECKONED HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MAGNET...
I CAN'T STOP! I MUST... GO ON... PAINTING! EVEN IF HE DOESN'T NEED... COVERS...
I'VE WORKED FOR THIRTY-THREE HOURS... STEADILY... NOT STOPPING EVEN FOR A DRINK... OF WATER! I CAN'T... GO ON... BUT I MUST... FOR I CAN'T STOP...
USE MY PAINTS... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... FOREVER AND EVER!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS! NO NO NO!
JON WAYLAND PAINTED, ALL RIGHT! HE KEPT ON, NIGHT AND DAY! BUT THE MARKET FOR HIS PAINTINGS WAS GONE!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, JON! I'VE BOUGHT A YEAR AHEAD ON YOUR STUFF! I CAN'T *POSSIBLY* USE ANY MORE! GO TAKE A VACATION! YOU'RE OVER-WORKING!
MONTH AFTER MONTH, DAY AND NIGHT, JON WAYLAND LABORED IN HIS LITTLE GARRET STUDIO. HE DEVELOPED A HACKING COUGH. HIS BODY GREW THIN, WRAITHLIKE. HIS FINGERS, EXHAUSTED WITH BRUSHWORK, TREMBLED AND SHOOK...
ONE DAY HE FELL TO THE FLOOR, AND DID NOT GET UP...
HE'S... *DEAD!*
6

THE POOR MAN! HE WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE DID! NO REST, NO TIME FOR LAUGHTER OR FUN... SIGH... AND NOW... THE GRAVE WILL SHELTER HIM...

HE MUST HAVE MADE A LOT OF MONEY, WITH ALL THAT WORK HE DID! LORD KNOWS, HE NEVER SPENT ANY OF IT! I WONDER... WHERE HE KEPT IT? 'TWON'T DO NO HARM IF I LOOK AROUND...

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE... FOOTSTEPS! BUT NOT NATURAL STEPS! ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE MADE BY... LEG STUMPS!
THUD
THUD
THUD

I COULD NOT STAY AWAY... FROM MY WORK! AHH... THERE ARE MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES... STILL AS GOOD AS EVER...

GOT TO... WORK AND... KEEP ON... WORKING! NEVER REST... FOREVER AND EVER... TO WORK AND PAINT... EVEN THOUGH... I SMELL OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE AND THE GRAVE...

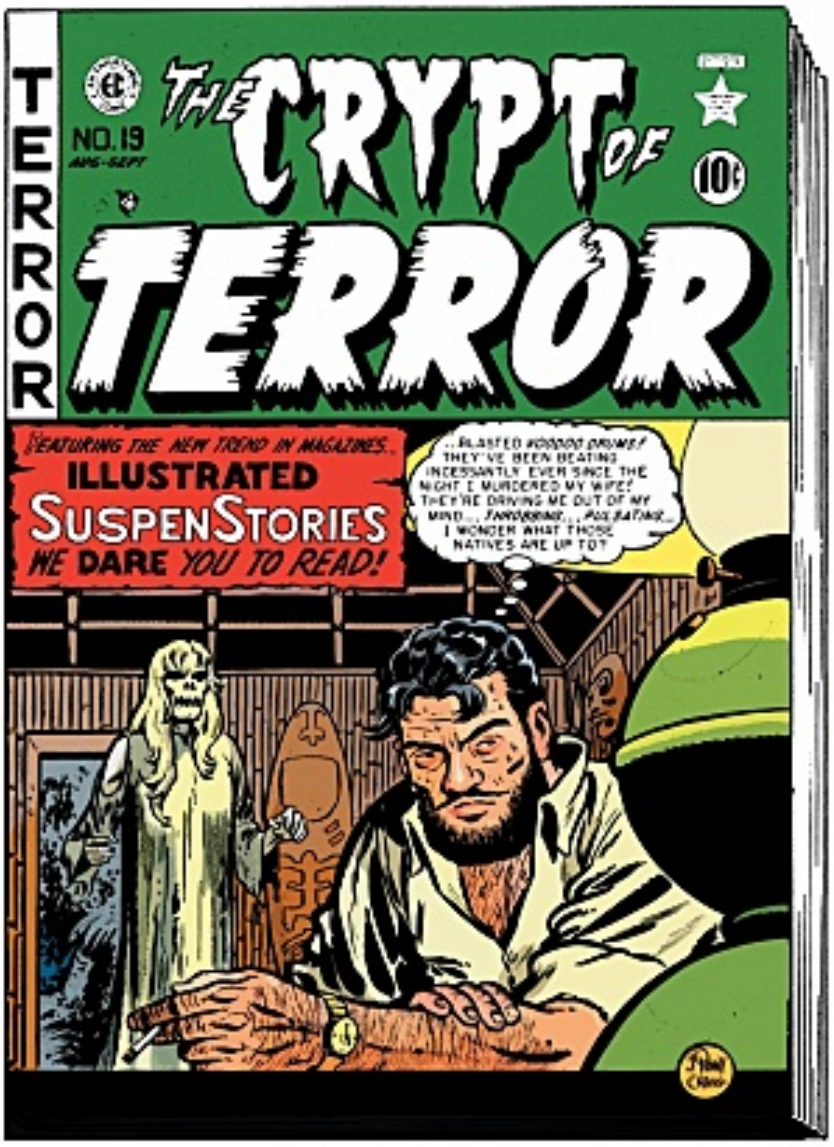
AAAGHHHH!
AIEEGHH!
EEYA

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FIENDS! I'LL BET THAT IF I TOOK A CANVASS OF YOU READERS RIGHT NOW, I'D FIND SOME OF YOU SCREAMING, TOO... JUST LIKE THAT POOR OLD LANDLADY! DID YOU NOTICE HOW PALE AND PALLETTE SHE LOOKED! OH, BY THE WAY, SHE'S RECOVERED NOW... DOING NICELY, TOO! BUT SHE'S STILL NOT OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM! SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME SHE SEES A PAINTING SHE GOES MAD OVER IT!
The End
7

FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
NO. 5
JAN.-FEB.
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
UGH! WHAT A... MESS! BUT THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR A FRESH CORPSE IN THE COFFIN OF A MAN WHO DIED IN 1867!
JOHNNY CRAIG

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*

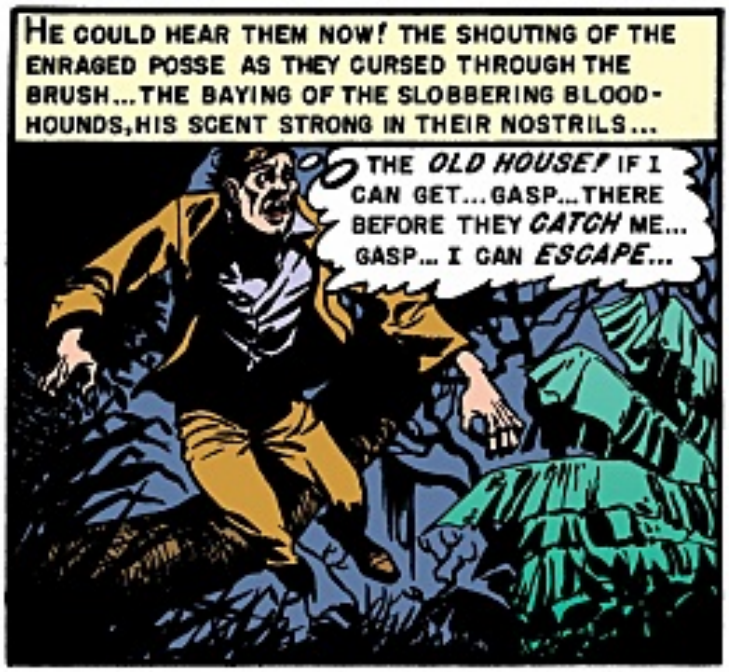

TERROR
NO. 19
THE CRYPT OF TERROR
10¢
FEATURING THE NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES.
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!
...BLASTED VOODOO DRUMS! THEY'VE BEEN BEATING INCESSANTLY EVER SINCE THE NIGHT I MURDERED MY WIFE! THEY'RE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND... PANDEMONIUM... POLITATIONS... I WONDER WHAT THOSE NATIVES ARE UP TO?

ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!
ANOTHER EC SURE-FIRE WINNER!

Haunt of Fear, Jan.-Feb., 1951—Vol. 1, No. 5. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Associate Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, IT'S ME AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH! THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON IS LIT ONCE MORE! THE EVIL BREW IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING! I'M READY TO LADLE OUT ANOTHER OF MY HORROR YARNS! THIS IS A SPINE-TINGLER I CALL...
A BITING FINISH!

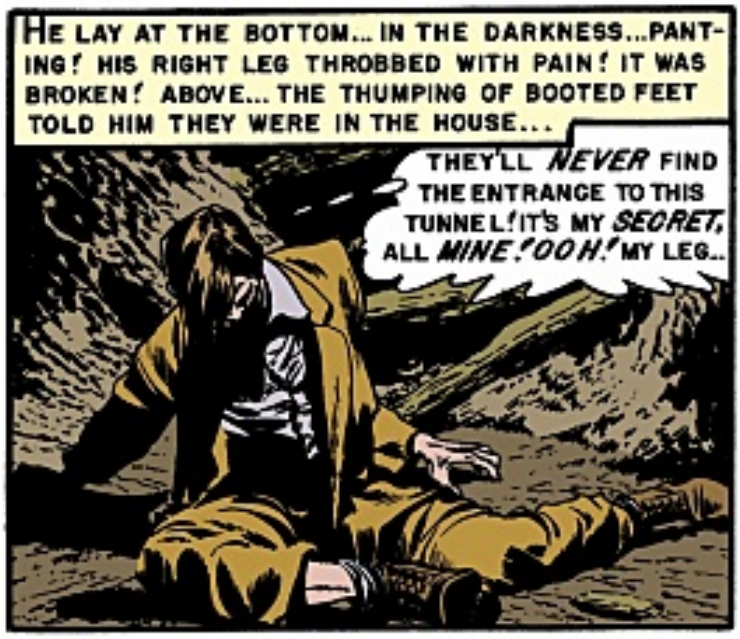

HE COULD HEAR THEM NOW! THE SHOUTING OF THE ENRAGED POSSE AS THEY CURSED THROUGH THE BRUSH...THE BAYING OF THE SLOBBERING BLOOD-HOUNDS, HIS SCENT STRONG IN THEIR NOSTRILS...
THE OLD HOUSE! IF I CAN GET...GASP...THERE BEFORE THEY CATCH ME... GASP... I CAN ESCAPE...

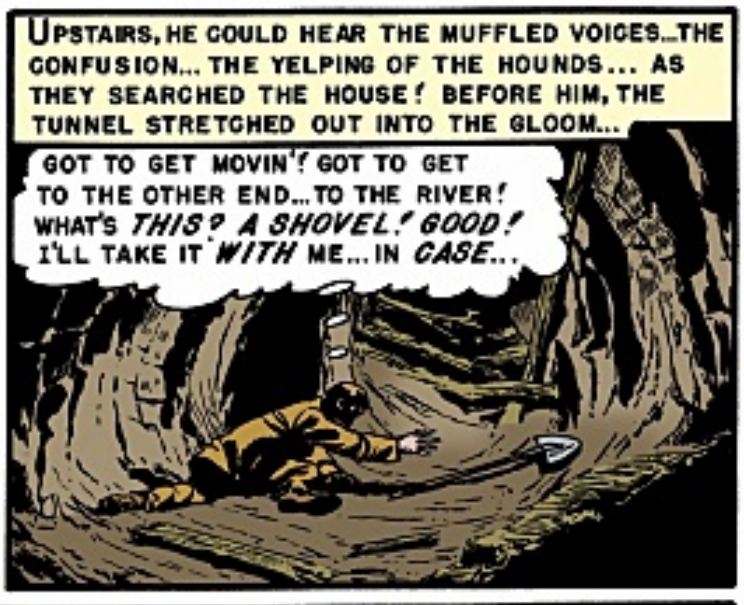
SUDDENLY THE HOUSE LOOMED UP AHEAD! ITS ROTTED SHUTTERS HUNG CRAZILY ON WINDOWS WHOSE PANES HAD LONG SINCE VANISHED! ITS SAGGING ROOF LEANED AWKWARDLY! THE CROOKED CHIMNEY WAS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE COLD MOON...
NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THE TUNNEL! NO ONE BUT ME!

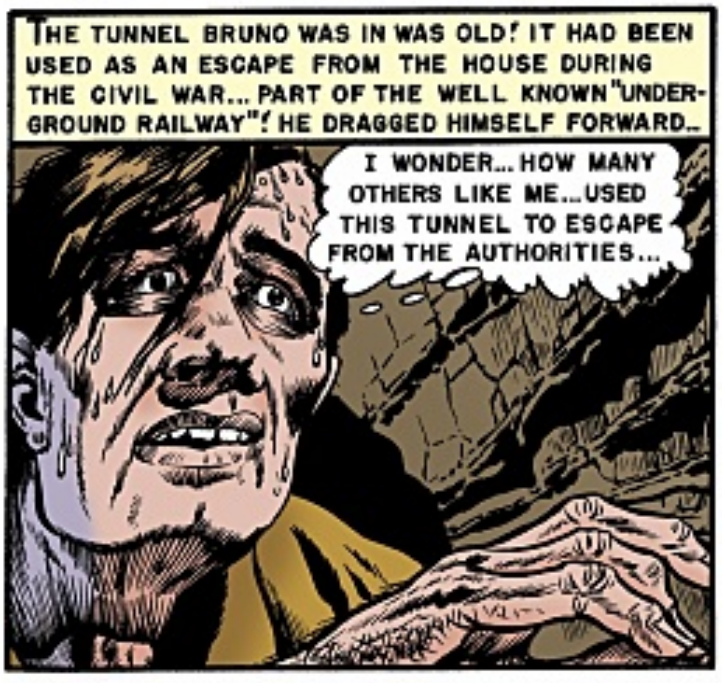
BRUNO BURST THROUGH THE DECAYED DOOR! THE CRASH OF THE WORM-EATEN WOOD ECHOED THROUGH THE EMPTY HOUSE...
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER... BUT I'VE... I'VE BEATEN THEM!

HE MADE FOR THE FIREPLACE! IT WAS A HUGE STONE AFFAIR COVERING ALMOST ONE WALL OF THE ROOM...
THE SECRET ENTRANCE... THAT I DISCOVERED... AS A BOY...

THE STEPS WERE THERE, JUST AS HE HAD REMEMBERED THEM! HE STUMBLED DOWN... THE ROTTED WOOD GIVING WAY BENEATH HIS WEIGHT! HE PLUNGED INTO THE BLACKNESS...
YAAAAAAAH!


HE LAY AT THE BOTTOM... IN THE DARKNESS... PANTING! HIS RIGHT LEG THROBBED WITH PAIN! IT WAS BROKEN! ABOVE... THE THUMPING OF BOOTED FEET TOLD HIM THEY WERE IN THE HOUSE...
THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THIS TUNNEL! IT'S MY SECRET, ALL MINE! OOH! MY LEG...


UPSTAIRS, HE COULD HEAR THE MUFFLED VOICES... THE CONFUSION... THE YELPING OF THE HOUNDS... AS THEY SEARCHED THE HOUSE! BEFORE HIM, THE TUNNEL STRETCHED OUT INTO THE GLOOM...
GOT TO GET MOVIN'! GOT TO GET TO THE OTHER END... TO THE RIVER! WHAT'S THIS? A SHOVEL! GOOD! I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME... IN CASE...


THE TUNNEL BRUNO WAS IN WAS OLD! IT HAD BEEN USED AS AN ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR... PART OF THE WELL KNOWN "UNDERGROUND RAILWAY"! HE DRAGGED HIMSELF FORWARD...
I WONDER... HOW MANY OTHERS LIKE ME... USED THIS TUNNEL TO ESCAPE FROM THE AUTHORITIES...

AS BRUNO CREPT THROUGH THE BLACK, THOUGHTS FLASHED THROUGH HIS BRAIN! THOUGHTS OF WHY HE WAS THERE! OF HOW IT HAD ALL STARTED! HE REMEMBERED IT ALL SO WELL! FIVE MONTHS AGO... THAT NIGHT AT ELLEN'S HOUSE...
BUT, ELLEN! YOU MUST DECIDE BETWEEN US! WE BOTH WANT TO MARRY YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO PICK ONE...
I'M SORRY, BOB! YOU'RE BOTH SWEET... YOU AND BRUNO! I... I CAN'T DECIDE!
2

YES! BRUNO REMEMBERED! THERE IN THE DARKNESS OF THE TUNNEL HE REMEMBERED HIS DECISION! HE HAD DECIDED TO MAKE UP ELLEN'S MIND! SETTLE IT... ONCE AND FOR ALL...
HE'S COMING... NOW! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM...
AS BOB HAD PASSED THE SPOT WHERE HE HAD HID, BRUNO HAD HURLED HIMSELF UPON HIM...
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE LEAD PIPE HAD COME DOWN...
...UNTIL BOB HAD MOVED NO MORE.
NOW TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY! SOME PLACE WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT!
BRUNO HAD LIFTED HIS DEAD RIVAL ONTO HIS SHOULDERS! A PLAN HAD FORMED IN HIS MIND! HE CARRIED THE BODY TO THE CIVIL WAR BURIAL GROUNDS...
NO ONE GETS BURIED HERE ANY MORE! THEY USE THE NEW CEMETERY NEARER TO TOWN...
HE HAD LEFT THE BODY AND SEARCHED A NEIGHBORING FARM! AFTER HAVING FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR, HE HAD RETURNED WITH THE SHOVEL! THEN HE BEGAN TO DIG...
THE GRAVE MARKER SAYS 'THADDIUS GODKIN... DIED 1867!' THERE SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF HIM...
SOON A HOLLOW THUD TOLD BRUNO HE HAD STRUCK OLD THADDIUS GODKIN'S COFFIN! HE LIFTED THE ROTTED LID...
NOTHING BUT BONES AND SHREDS OF CLOTHING! THIS WILL DO FINE...
3

BRUNO SLID HIS FRESHLY KILLED VICTIM INTO THE AGED CASKET...
YOU AND THADDIUS OUGHT TO BE NICE AND COMFY TOGETHER, BOB!
OF COURSE THEY NEVER FOUND HIM! BRUNO LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AS HE MOVED THROUGH THE TUNNEL...
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT TO LOOK IN THE GRAVE OF A MAN BURIED IN 1867?
THEN BRUNO THOUGHT OF ELLEN! OF WHAT HE TOLD HER AFTER BOB "DISAPPEARED"...
HE'S PROBABLY RUN OFF, ELLEN! MAYBE TO THE BIG CITY! THIS OUGHT TO SHOW YOU WHO LOVES YOU MOST!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUNO!
THE TUNNEL TURNED SHARPLY! BRUNO'S LEG PAINED HIM AS HE HALF-CRAWLED, HALF-SLID AROUND THE CORNER...
ALMOST TO THE END NOW! I REMEMBER...WHEN I WAS A BOY! THIS PART PASSES BENEATH THE OLD BURYIN' GROUNDS!
...AND ELLEN! HE HAD MARRIED HER SOON AFTER! HE HAD BEEN HAPPY...SO HAPPY...UNTIL...THAT MORNING...
ELLEN! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
YOU...YOU TALKED IN YOUR SLEEP!
FEAR HAD STOLEN INTO BRUNO'S HEART! IT HAD CRAWLED UP HIS SPINE LIKE A SLIVER OF ICE...HAD POUNDED IN HIS BRAIN...
WHAT DID I SAY, ELLEN?
YOU MURDERED HIM, DIDN'T YOU? YOU MURDERED BOB!
HE REMEMBER IT SO WELL! AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY! BUT...BRUNO CHUCKLED... IT WAS YESTERDAY! BRUNO'S BRAIN... HIS THOUGHTS REELED! HE REMEMBERED HOW HE HAD REACHED FOR HER! HOW WHITE HER FACE HAD BEEN... AND HER THROAT... HER THROAT...
YES, ELLEN! I KILLED HIM! BUT... YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE! NEVER...
4

YES, HER THROAT! HER SOFT WHITE THROAT! HOW EASILY HE HAD SLIPPED HIS FINGERS ABOUT IT! HOW SIMPLE IT HAD BEEN TO CLOSE THEM...TIGHTER... TIGHTER...UNTIL...
SHE... SHE'S DEAD!
AND MRS. LANE! PRYING, SPYING MRS. LANE! SHE HAD BEEN WATCHING FROM HER WINDOW! SHE SCREAMED! HE COULDN'T *STAND* SCREAMING! BRUNO RUSHED FROM HIS HOUSE...SNATCHING THE BREAD KNIFE FROM THE TABLE...
YOU MUSTN'T *TELL EITHER*, MRS. LANE! *YOU'LL* HAVE TO *DIE, TOO!*
YES! IT *HAD* BEEN YESTERDAY! HE WAS *SURE* OF IT *NOW!* MR. LANE HAD SEEN HIM... STANDING OVER MRS. LANE... AND THE KNIFE...WET...STICKY...RED...
HE *KILLED HER!* GOOD LORD, YOU'VE GOT TO *STOP* HIM! HE'S MAD! *MAD!*
THEN...THE POSSE! THEY CHASED HIM! HE HAD HIDDEN IN THE WOODS...BUT THE BLOODHOUNDS FOUND HIS SCENT! AND THEN HE HAD THOUGHT OF IT! THE HOUSE...THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE WITH THE TUNNEL HE HAD FOUND...AS A BOY...
IF... I CAN GET THERE BEFORE THEY *CATCH* ME...I CAN *ESCAPE*...THROUGH THE *TUNNEL*...
AND NOW HE WAS THERE! SOON HE WOULD BE AT THE END...OUT AT THE RIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BURIAL GROUNDS...
THE *BLOODHOUNDS!* THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO *FOLLOW* MY *SCENT* THROUGH THE *WATER!* I'LL WADE DOWNSTREAM! I'LL GET *AWAY!*
SUDDENLY, BRUNO CAME TO A STOP! THE TUNNEL! THE TUNNEL ENDED...
MUST HAVE *CAVED IN!* THE HEAVY RAINS...THE RIVER *OVERFLOWED* TWO YEARS AGO...
5

GOT TO DIG MYSELF THROUGH THE REST OF THE WAY! LUCKY I BROUGHT THE SHOVEL...
BRUNO BENT TO THE TASK OF CLEARING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CAVED-IN PART OF THE TUNNEL! HE LAUGHED TO HIMSELF...
I'LL BET THE POSSE'S LOOKIN' FOR ME BACK AT THE HOUSE...
THE SPADE SANK INTO THE SOFT EARTH AHEAD! THERE WASN'T MUCH ROOM TO MOVE AROUND...
I'LL HAVE TO SWITCH THE DIRT FROM UP AHEAD...TO BEHIND ME...
THEN THE SHOVEL STRUCK IT! IT SPLINTERED UNDER THE BLOW! BRUNO LIT A MATCH AND PEERED AT WHAT HE HAD FOUND...
WOOD... BRASS HANDLES...STUDS! IT...IT'S A COFFIN!
AT FIRST HE WAS SHOCKED...BUT THEN HE REMEMBERED! THIS PART OF THE TUNNEL DID PASS UNDER THE BURYING GROUNDS...
GOT TO GET IT OUT OF THE WAY...GOT TO GET BY IT...
THE ROTTED AND DECAYED WOOD GAVE WAY AS BRUNO PUSHED! HIS ARM SHOT FORWARD INTO THE HOLE...
WHAT THE...?
FEELS LIKE...LIKE... A HEAD!
THE STENCH REACHED HIS NOSTRILS! FUNNY! SUCH AN OLD COFFIN WITH A BODY NOT YET FULLY DECOMPOSED? HIS HAND TRAVELED OVER THE FEATURES! THEY WERE PULPY AND SOFT! THEN THE TEETH CLOSED DOWN...
IT...IT'S GOT MY HAND! IT'S BITING ME!
6

BRUNO TRIED TO WRENCH HIS HAND FREE...TO DRAW IT FORTH FROM THE COFFIN! BUT THE TEETH HELD FAST...
IT... IT WON'T LET GO...
THE BLOOD WAS FLOWING NOW! HE COULD FEEL THE WARM LIQUID RUNNING OUT OVER HIS WRIST...
...SINKING DEEPER... DEEPER!
HE WAS SCREAMING! NO ONE WOULD HEAR HIM! HE KNEW THAT! BUT HE SCREAMED ANYWAY! THE PAIN... WAS UNBEARABLE...
YAAAAAAAAAAH!
UP ABOVE...THE POSSE WAS SEARCHING THE BURIAL GROUNDS! THE SCREAMING DRIFTED UP... THROUGH THE BLACK EARTH...
D'YA HEAR THAT, JED?
SOUNDED LIKE A SCREAM!
BRUNO WAS GROWING WEAK! THINGS SPUN BEFORE HIS EYES! HE WAS DYING! HE WAS BLEEDING TO DEATH! HE COULD HEAR THE BLOOD GURGLING IN THE MOUTH OF THE CORPSE...BUT STILL THE TEETH HELD...
...FEEL...FAINT... DIZZY...
SOON ALL WAS SILENT! BRUNO WAS DEAD! THE CORPSE RELAXED ITS GRIP! BRUNO'S GLAZED EYES STARED AT THE TARNISHED NAMEPLATE ON THE ROTTED COFFIN! IT READ, 'THADDIUS GOOKIN.. DIED 1867'!
THADDIUS GO
DIED
1867
HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READERS! AND A TASTY MORSEL IF I SAY SO MYSELF! A STORY YOU COULD SINK YOUR TEETH INTO! I HOPE THE SHARP CLIMAX DIDN'T SHOCK YOU! ESPECIALLY THE BITING IRONY OF IT! BOB CERTAINLY GOT HIS LAST LICK, DIDN'T HE! YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL!
THE END

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee . . . well gather yourselves around my *bubbling cauldron,* you HORROR-HUNGRY hidiots, and I'll ladle out some more of my conversational tidbits for you to digest! The first course on the menu is a report on the voting for last issue's stories! The mail has been hot and heavy, and has kept my "Guest of the issue" compilers...THE GHOULS AND ZOMBIES LOVE-POETRY AND GROUP-SINGING CONCLAVE OF LOWER DISCORD, DELAWARE ... working overtime! And here are the SHRIEKING results!

First place goes to GHASTLY GRAHAM INGELS' chiller, *THE HUNCHBACK!* As a result, Ingels gets the lead spot again in this issue with his gripping tale, *A BITING FINISH!* Second place honors go to WEIRD WALLACE WOOD for his wonderful *MAN FROM THE GRAVE!* Woody turns out another of his fine tales of the MACABRE in this issue with *HORROR IN THE FREAK TENT!* COFFIN KAMEN walks off with third spot for his terrifying *TUNNEL OF TERROR!* The fourth place award goes to *THE LIVING MUMMY,* masterpieced by JACK DAVIS, a newcomer to my MAD-MAG! DROOLING DAVIS will positively revolt you in this issue with his horrifying *TASTY MORSEL!* The text, *FIRE,* dies out in fifth place! (Poof!) The other text, *CUNNING,* takes a *clever* last place! Smart... but not as BRIGHT as *FIRE!*

And now for the second course on my miserable menu! PICTURES! I see that that old coot, THE VAULT-KEEPER, is trying to steal some of my thunder by *also* offering pictures of his ugly countenance. I've seen *his* picture...and I must admit it's PRETTY NAUSEATING! But it still doesn't come CLOSE to MINE! My picture is downright sickening! So if you think your stomach can take it, and you'd like an actual photographic reproduction of ME... not a drawing, but a full 5 by 7 picture autographed in my own inimitable scrawl... you can obtain one by sending 10c with your name and address to me at the address at the end of this column. I was really amazed to discover HOW MANY of you FIENDISH DEMONS actually would spend 10c to get a picture of my hideous puss to cherish next to your palpitating hearts! If the orders keep pouring in the way they are, I may find my hard old heart softening toward you maniacs . . . and THAT would NEVER do! You know, I HATE people . . . LIVE people, that is! Well anyway, the pictures are here if you want them . . . 10c . . . cheap at *half* the price!

For dessert, I offer you subscription information! Since all you wrecks have been bombarding me with requests about how to subscribe to the HAUNT OF FEAR, here is the LOW-DOWN straight from the HIGHER-UPS! Send 75c with your name and address to me at the below address . . . and you will receive a full year's supply . . . six thoroughly disgusting issues . . . of the HAUNT OF FEAR! (Gad! This column is beginning to sound like a radio program . . . nothing but commercials!) (But the publisher is twisting my scrawny arm!)

I'm afraid I have to cut my column a little short this time, kiddies . . . some postal regulation about ownership statements and that kind of rot! You'll see this fascinating paragraph of technical nonsense directly below my literary gem! Read it, won't you? It's REAL PEACHY!

Now don't you forget to write me letters . . . not only tell me what you like or dislike about my mag, but for GHOUL'S sake, VOTE for your favorite story! Be seeing you along with the other two GHOULUNATICS in the next issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

And here's the address where you buy the pictures, obtain subscriptions, vote for your favorite stories, and send threatening letters!

The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of HAUNT OF FEAR published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fables Pub. Co. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fables Pub. Co. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.).....

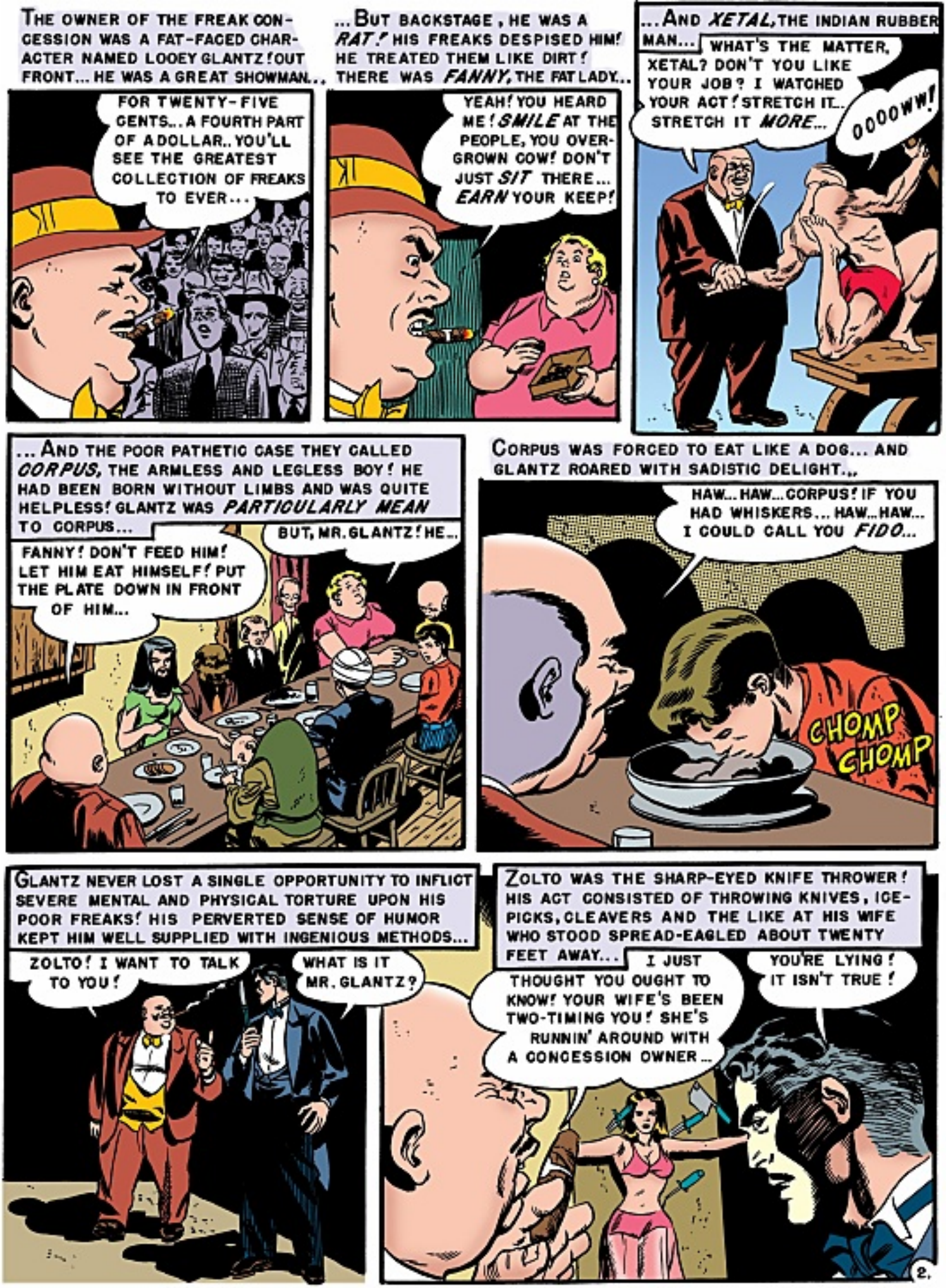
(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of October, 1950.

[SEAL] Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1952.)

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

ZOLTO.
The GEEK
THE LIVING SKELETON
FANNY
WELCOME, MY VERY DEAR FIENDS! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! I AM THE CRYPT-KEEPER! I SEE IT IS TIME ONCE MORE FOR ANOTHER BLOOD-CURDLING, SPINE-TINGLING YARN FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF HORROR STORIES WHICH I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! THIS TALE CONCERNS A CARNIVAL... THE KIND THAT TRAVELS FROM TOWN TO TOWN! THE MANAGER OF THIS CARNIVAL WAS HENRY HASTINGS! LISTEN NOW AS THE STORY UNFOLDS IN HENRY'S OWN WORDS! HE CALLS IT....
HORROR in the FREAK TENT!
MY NAME IS HENRY HASTINGS! I MANAGED ONE OF THOSE TWO-BIT CARNIVALS THAT HITS YOUR TOWN EVERY NOW AND THEN! YOU KNOW THE KIND! AMUSEMENT RIDES... ACROBATS... CHISELING GAMES! THIS PARTICULAR CARNIVAL HAD A SPECIAL ATTRACTION... A FREAK SHOW...
STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! SEE FANNY, THE FOUR-HUNDRED POUND FAT LADY...


THE OWNER OF THE FREAK CONCESSION WAS A FAT-FACED CHARACTER NAMED LOOEY GLANTZ! OUT FRONT... HE WAS A GREAT SHOWMAN...
FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS... A FOURTH PART OF A DOLLAR.. YOU'LL SEE THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF FREAKS TO EVER...
...BUT BACKSTAGE, HE WAS A *RAT!* HIS FREAKS DESPISED HIM! HE TREATED THEM LIKE DIRT! THERE WAS *FANNY*, THE FAT LADY...
YEAH! YOU HEARD ME! *SMILE* AT THE PEOPLE, YOU OVERGROWN COW! DON'T JUST *SIT* THERE... *EARN* YOUR KEEP!
...AND *XETAL*, THE INDIAN RUBBER MAN...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, XETAL? DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR JOB? I WATCHED YOUR ACT! STRETCH IT... STRETCH IT *MORE*...
OOOOWW!
...AND THE POOR PATHETIC CASE THEY CALLED *CORPUS*, THE ARMLESS AND LEGLESS BOY! HE HAD BEEN BORN WITHOUT LIMBS AND WAS QUITE HELPLESS! GLANTZ WAS *PARTICULARLY MEAN* TO CORPUS...
FANNY! DON'T FEED HIM! LET HIM EAT HIMSELF! PUT THE PLATE DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM...
BUT, MR. GLANTZ! HE...
CORPUS WAS FORCED TO EAT LIKE A DOG... AND GLANTZ ROARED WITH SADISTIC DELIGHT...
HAW... HAW... CORPUS! IF YOU HAD WHISKERS... HAW... HAW... I COULD CALL YOU *FIDO*...
CHOMP CHOMP
GLANTZ NEVER LOST A SINGLE OPPORTUNITY TO INFLICT SEVERE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL TORTURE UPON HIS POOR FREAKS! HIS PERVERTED SENSE OF HUMOR KEPT HIM WELL SUPPLIED WITH INGENIOUS METHODS...
ZOLTO! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
WHAT IS IT MR. GLANTZ?
ZOLTO WAS THE SHARP-EYED KNIFE THROWER! HIS ACT CONSISTED OF THROWING KNIVES, ICE-PICKS, CLEAVERS AND THE LIKE AT HIS WIFE WHO STOOD SPREAD-EAGLED ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY...
I JUST THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW! YOUR WIFE'S BEEN TWO-TIMING YOU! SHE'S RUNNIN' AROUND WITH A CONCESSION OWNER...
YOU'RE LYING! IT ISN'T TRUE!
2.

OF COURSE GLANTZ LIED! BUT HE HAD SUCCESSFULLY INSTILLED THAT SPARK OF JEALOUSY IN ZOLTO'S MIND THAT CAUSES THE HAND TO TREMBLE... EVER SO SLIGHTLY...
IF THE KNIVES COME CLOSE, MRS. ZOLTO, REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU! YOUR HUSBAND WOULD LIKE YOU OUT OF THE WAY. THERE'S A LITTLE DANCING GIRL DOWN THE MIDWAY...
YOU... YOU'RE JOKING...AREN'T YOU...
THUNK
I'M TELLING YOU THIS, ALL OF THIS, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO KNOW EXACTLY THE TYPE OF MAN LOOEY GLANTZ WAS! THE LITTLE JOKE HE HAD PLAYED ON THE ZOLTOS HAD HAD ITS EFFECT...
SHE'S GONE! LEFT ME! JUST BECAUSE I SLIPPED AND NICKED HER ARM LAST NIGHT...
HAW...HAW! SHE FIGURED YOUR KNIVES WERE GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT, EH, ZOLTO?
IT'S YOUR FAULT, GLANTZ! YOU DID IT! YOU BROKE ME UP WITH THOSE LIES ABOUT HER...
WATCH YOURSELF, ZOLTO, OR YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR A NEW CARNY! REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG MAN...
...SOB... ...SOB...
DON'T WORRY ZOLTO! I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND A NEW PARTNER FOR YOUR ACT! THERE'S A LITTLE DANCING GIRL... DOWN THE MIDWAY...
A FEW NIGHTS LATER, MRS. ZOLTO RETURNED TO THE CARNY... MAYBE TO MAKE UP, I DON'T KNOW! I SAW HER IN THE CROWD AND WAS AT HER SIDE WHEN ZOLTO WENT INTO HIS KNIFE-THROWING ACT...
THE...THE DANCER... FROM DOWN THE MIDWAY! IT'S TRUE...SOB...TRUE...
SHE LEFT THE GROUNDS CRYING! THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO! GLANTZ'S LITTLE JOKE HAD BEEN CARRIED TO ITS EXTREME! SHE NEVER CAME BACK! EVEN I BEGAN TO DISLIKE THE EVIL FREAK-SHOW OWNER! ONE EVENING...
IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO INVITE ME TO YOUR CHOW TABLE, ZOLTO!
IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO COME, MR. HASTINGS!
FANNY!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO FEED CORPUS! LET HIM FEED HIMSELF!
YES, MR. GLANTZ! I... I'M SORRY, CORPUS!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FANNY!
3.

I WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE SUCH INHUMANITY! BUT...WHEN GLANTZ GOT UP AND...
FEED YOURSELF, CORPUS! LIKE... THIS...
GLUG-GH-H!
IT WAS DISGUSTING! GLANTZ HAD PUSHED THAT POOR HELPLESS BOY'S FACE INTO HIS PLATE! I STARTED TO OBJECT BUT ZOLTO ACTED SOONER...
LEAVE HIM ALONE, GLANTZ!
PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE, ZOLTO!
SNAP!
DON'T YOU EVER TORMENT THAT BOY AGAIN, GLANTZ, OR I WILL PUT DOWN THIS KNIFE---RIGHT THROUGH YOUR UGLY SKULL...
I WAS DUMBSTRUCK WITH HORROR...POWERLESS TO MOVE AS I WATCHED THE ENSUING SCENE! GLANTZ WAS INFURIATED! HE HAD BEEN MADE A FOOL OF IN FRONT OF THE TROUPE! HE RUSHED TO A CORNER OF THE TENT...
THREATEN ME WITH A KNIFE... WILL YOU?
IT WAS ALL OVER BEFORE I COULD DO ANYTHING! GLANTZ SCOOPED UP TWO IRONS THAT THE FIRE-EATER HAD BEEN HEATING FOR THE EVENING PERFORMANCE! THEY WERE WHITE HOT! HE RUSHED AT THE PARALYZED ZOLTO...
I'LL TEACH YOU!
SSSSS
WE SAT THERE...THE FREAKS AND I... AS GLANTZ RAMMED THE WHITE-HOT IRONS INTO ZOLTO'S EYES! HIS SHRIEK OF AGONIZING PAIN ECHOED UP AND DOWN THE DESERTED MIDWAY...
YOU FOOL! YOU'VE BLINDED HIM!
HE... HE HAD IT COMING!
NYAAAAA
ZOLTO LAY ON THE GROUND... HIS FACE CUPPED IN HIS ARMS! HE WAS SCREAMING IN AGONY! THE SMELL OF BURNED FLESH WAS ABOUT US! I FELT A WAVE OF NAUSEA COME OVER ME! AS I LEFT THE TENT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, I HEARD GLANTZ'S HYSTERICAL VOICE...
GET OUT! GET! YOU'RE THROUGH! YOU CAN'T DO YOUR ACT, NOW... BLIND! GET OUT AND DON'T COME BACK!
4

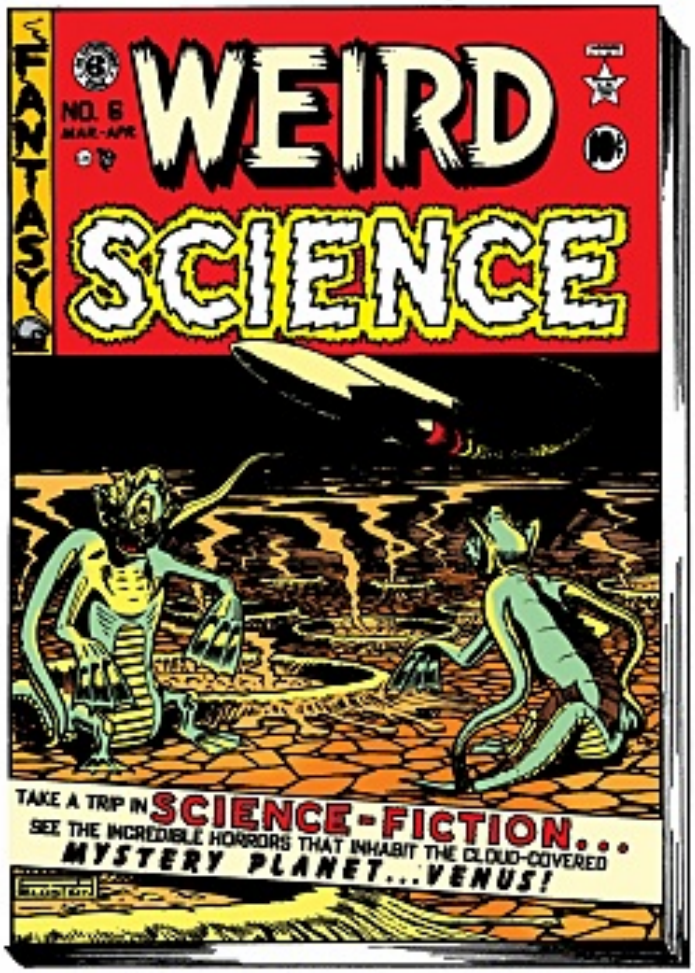
I THOUGHT OF CALLING THE POLICE, BUT I KNEW THAT IT WOULD DO NO GOOD! GLANTZ HAD ACTED IN SELF-DEFENSE! AND HE HAD THE FREAKS SO TERRORIZED, THEY WOULD BE AFRAID TO TESTIFY TO THE CONTRARY! A FEW WEEKS LATER...
ZOLTO? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HIDING IN HERE!
WHO... MR... HASTINGS?
YES, ZOLTO! IT IS I! WHY ARE YOU HIDING?
IT'S FANNY AND CORPUS AND XETAL AND THE REST! THEY'RE TAKING CARE OF ME TILL MY EYES HEAL...
THAT'S GOOD OF THEM ZOLTO!
YES! THEY BRING ME FOOD... AND THEY HIDE ME FROM MR. GLANTZ!
BUT... YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER, ZOLTO!
OH, NO! WE'RE WORKING ON *THAT*...
WORKING ON WHAT?
AN *ACT!* THEY'RE TEACHING ME! IT'S EASY... EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!
TEACHING YOU AN ACT?
YES! THROWING KNIVES AGAIN! IT'S EASY! THEY JUST FACE ME TOWARD THE BOARD... AND I TRY TO VISUALIZE MY PARTNER...
PARTNER?
OH, OF COURSE WE'RE ONLY USING A *DUMMY!* WHEN I GET REALLY GOOD, THEN... MAYBE...
5.

ZOLTO WAS LIKE A LITTLE BOY AGAIN! HE BUBBLED AND CHATTERED ABOUT HIS NEW ACT AND HOW GOOD IT WOULD BE! I FELT SO SORRY FOR HIM...
SO YOU WON'T TELL MR. GLANTZ ABOUT IT, WILL YOU, MR. HASTINGS? AT LEAST NOT UNTIL I'M READY!
READY FOR WHAT?
READY TO SHOW IT TO HIM, OF COURSE! THEN... MAYBE HE'LL FORGIVE ME... AND TAKE ME BACK!
YES, ZOLTO! MAYBE HE... WILL... FORGIVE YOU!
I FELT AS IF I WANTED TO CRY! THE FREAKS HAD DONE WONDERS WITH ZOLTO! HE BORE NO MALICE! AND HE HAD SUCH CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF...
I...I WONDER IF IT COULD BE POSSIBLE...IF HE REALLY COULD GO ON AGAIN...THROWING KNIVES... BLIND!
AND THEN...ONE NIGHT ABOUT A MONTH LATER... ZOLTO STUMBLED INTO MY OFFICE...
TONIGHT, MR. HASTINGS! I'M GOING TO PERFORM TONIGHT! FANNY TOLD ME MR. GLANTZ WOULD SEE MY ACT TONIGHT!
I'LL BE THERE, ZOLTO! I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING!
AND I MEANT IT! THAT NIGHT I MADE MY WAY TO THE FREAK TENT! I GUESS THE AUDITION HAD ALREADY STARTED, FOR I HEARD LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE AS I ENTERED...
BRAVO, ZOLTO!
GOOD SHOT!
A LITTLE HIGHER THIS TIME...
I WATCHED FASCINATED! I HAD COME IN BEHIND THE BACKBOARD SO THAT I COULD SEE THEIR FACES! THEY WERE SMILING! IT HAD BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAD SEEN ANY OF THEM SMILE...
NOW, AN ICE-PICK, ZOLTO! TO THE LEFT THIS TIME... JUST ABOUT AN INCH...
ZOLTO THREW THE ICE PICK! IT MADE A DULL SOUND AS IT HIT! ZOLTO WAS SMILING TOO, ALTHOUGH IT WAS A BLANK SMILE! A FACE WITHOUT EYES LACKS SO MUCH EXPRESSION...
GOOD, ZOLTO! HAH, HAH! GOOD!
ANOTHER ZOLTO! ANOTHER... THIS TIME HIGHER...
...AND TO THE RIGHT...
6.

THE SECOND ICE-PICK WAS THROWN! IT, TOO, HIT TRUE! THEY ROARED WITH DELIGHT! I APPLAUDED TOO, ALTHOUGH I COULD NOT SEE FROM MY VANTAGE POINT HOW CLOSE IT CAME...
SOMEONE'S THERE! BEHIND THE BOARD!
IS THAT YOU, MR. HASTINGS?
YES, ZOLTO! IT IS I!
I'M SHOWING MR. GLANTZ MY ACT! CAN YOU SEE WELL?
WELL ENOUGH, ZOLTO! GO AHEAD!
I DID NOT WANT TO MOVE! I HAD NOT SEEN SUCH HAPPINESS AMONG THE FREAKS FOR SO LONG THAT I WANTED TO STAY WHERE I COULD SEE THEIR FACES... NOT THE BOARD...
NOW A CLEAVER, ZOLTO... A CLEAVER...
DOWN A LITTLE THIS TIME...
AND OVER TO THE RIGHT AN INCH...
I LOOKED FOR GLANTZ! I WANTED TO SEE HIS EXPRESSION! I KNEW HE WOULD GO FOR THIS ACT! BUT... HE WAS NOT DOWN IN THE SEATS...
WHERE'S LOOEY, ZOLTO!
HE'S WATCHING... ISN'T HE?
SURE... ZOLTO... SURE HE IS...
THE CLEAVER LANDED WITH A DULL THUD! I LOOKED DOWN! THERE WAS A POOL OF BLOOD AT THE BASE OF THE BACK-BOARD! A COLD SHIVER WENT DOWN MY SPINE...
CHOF
GLANTZ WAS GAGGED, AND TIED TO THE BOARD! AND ZOLTO'S AIM HAD BEEN HORRIBLY BAD... OR GOOD AS THE CASE MAY BE! HE HAD RARELY MISSED! THE FREAKS HAD GUIDED HIM WELL! I BREATHED A PRAYER AS I LEFT...
YES! HE'S WATCHING, ZOLTO! ANOTHER CLEAVER AND YOUR ACT WILL BE OVER...
LORD HAVE MERCY ON ON THEM...
HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S HENRY HASTINGS' STORY! STRIKING TALE, EH? PIERCING FINISH? WELL, OLD LOOEY CERTAINLY HAD IT COMING... AND IT CAME! ICE-PICKS... KNIVES... CLEAVERS! OH, THAT LAST CLEAVER WAS THE TOPPER... HEH, HEH... GET IT? AFTER THAT, GLANTZ LOST HIS HEAD! WELL, SEE YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! UNTIL THEN... DON'T LISTEN TO OLD KNIVE'S TALES!
7

SCIENCE FICTION FANS!

FOR THE BEST IN THE NEW SCIENCE-FANTASY FIELD...FOR A MAGAZINE JAM-PACKED WITH ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, AND EERIE ADVENTURES INTO THE FANTASTIC ...FOR SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSE STORIES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST, READ...



AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE NOW

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

It was obvious that he was a goner and would be dead within five minutes. His coat and shirt were slashed brutally and blood came pouring out of him in torrents. His eyes were wide and glassy, his mouth moved instinctively but the only sounds which came to his greyish lips were gurgled and incoherent. And then suddenly his body stopped quivering for a moment and he looked up with a glint of recognition at the Police officers surrounding him.

"Out at Fairview..." he whispered, and the Police Stenographer pressed closer, notebook ready. "F-Fairview ... the cemetery," continued the man with the knife slashes draining his lifeblood away. "The headstone ... it's marked ... P-Paul Kleeg ..."

The Homicide Captain leaned over the dying man. "Who are you ... how did you get to Police Headquarters? Who stabbed you ... where are *they?*"

The man's mouth moved convulsively and his words were barely audible. "M-My name ... *Weldon.* T-Two days ago ... got out of State Prison. Came here to see Kleeg's grave ... open it ... make sure he *was* dead like papers said. Kleeg was in on bank job with me ten years ago ... *I* was grabbed ... he got away. Then I heard he died ... eight years ago ... came to make sure!"

A bubble of blood burst on the man's lips and a shudder passed down his body, but after a moment he continued: "Opened his grave ... c-case all rotten and full of weeds ...

only a skeleton left there . . . grinning as if Kleeg was laughing at me! I bent over skeleton . . . to see if he was buried with ring or any other jewelry I could use . . . when his hand reached out and grabbed me! I-I couldn't move . . . then he stabbed me with some kind of blade he had . . . some kind of knife . . ."

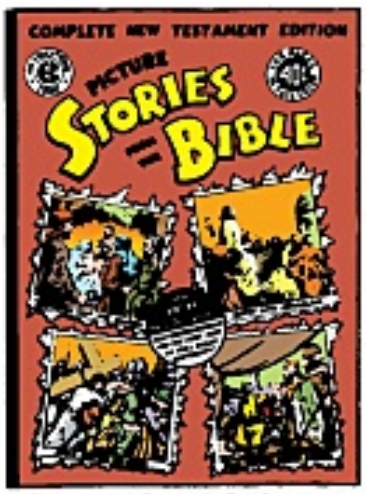
The man's head fell back and a last tortured gasp escaped him. He was dead. The Captain gave his orders in a hushed voice: "Have the Morgue pick 'im up right away! Name's *Weldon*, eh? Must be the one listed among this month's releases from upriver. Come on . . . we'll saunter over to Kleeg's grave out at Fairview! Craziest story I ever heard . . . imagine, a skeleton stabbing a man to death!

The circle of Police stared into the opened grave. The Captain spoke first, as he moved down to it, past the cemetery workmen who had shovelled away the dirt that covered it. "A skeleton . . . just like Weldon described it. And it looks as if it *has* been dug up very recently . . ."

"Craziest story *any* of us ever heard!" a Sergeant said aloud. "What probably happened is that Weldon went off his rocker and stabbed *himself!* Who ever heard of a skeleton...?"

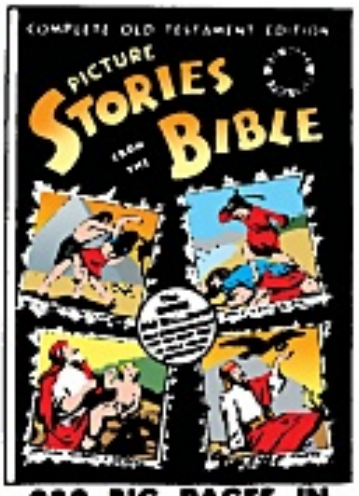
At that moment the Captain looked up from the decayed coffin, his face chalk-white. "His story *is* crazy," he said, "and only an insane man would believe it! But just look at THIS!"

The officers craned forward. There, grasped in the fleshless hand of Paul Kleeg's skeleton, was a blade several inches long. Rusted so completely that it had almost merged with the long tapering bones which clutched it! And covering the entire length of that corroded blade was a sticky dark brown substance. Blood, just beginning to dry!



144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers.*

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1—From the Creation to Joseph 15c

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2—More Old Testament Heroes 15c

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1—The Early Life of Jesus 15c

EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.
225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies.

COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT ..... 75c ☐

COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT ..... 50c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2 . . . 15c ☐

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

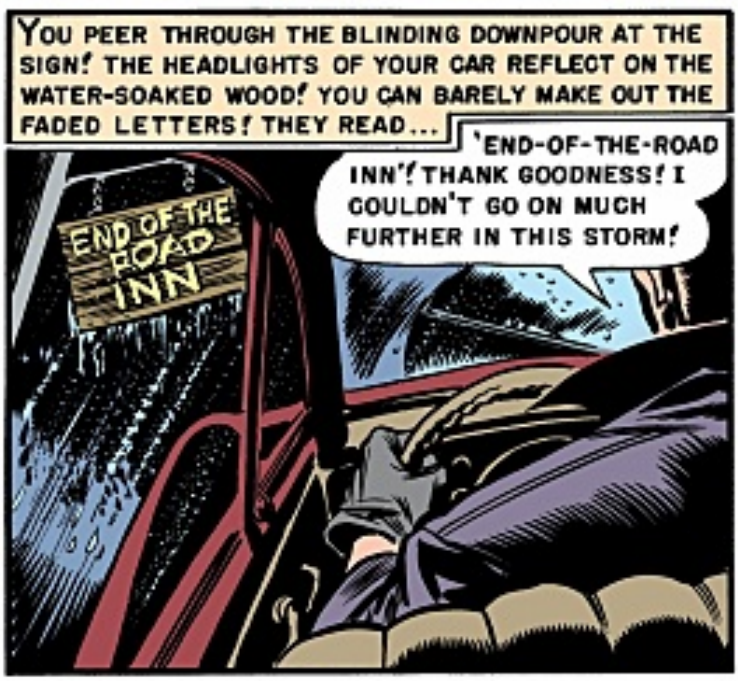
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Postal Zone_____ State_____

Please print plainly. No C.O.D. Do not send postage stamps.

THIS TALE IS ACTUALLY ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO YOU! I CALL IT...
A TASTY MORSEL!


YOU PEER THROUGH THE BLINDING DOWNPOUR AT THE SIGN! THE HEADLIGHTS OF YOUR CAR REFLECT ON THE WATER-SOAKED WOOD! YOU CAN BARELY MAKE OUT THE FADED LETTERS! THEY READ...
'END-OF-THE-ROAD INN'! THANK GOODNESS! I COULDN'T GO ON MUCH FURTHER IN THIS STORM!
END OF THE ROAD INN

YOU TURN INTO THE TREE-LINED ROAD! UP AHEAD, YOU CAN SEE THE LIGHTS OF THE INN SHINING THROUGH THE HEAVY RAIN! YOU PULL UP TO THE DOOR...
I HOPE THERE'S A ROOM AVAILABLE!

IN ANSWER TO YOUR FEVERISH KNOCKING, THE DOOR IS OPENED BY A LARGE UGLY-FEATURED MAN...
YES?
I... I WAS CAUGHT IN THE STORM! I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD FIND LODGING HERE... FOR TONIGHT!
HIS BEADY EYES FOLLOW YOU AS HE STEPS ASIDE AND YOU ENTER THE GLOOMY INTERIOR...
IS THERE A ROOM FOR ME?
I THINK I HAVE ONE VACANT!
YOU STUDY YOUR HOST! HE IS TALL. ALMOST OVERSIZED! HE STEPS BEHIND THE DESK AND PUSHES A BATTERED BOOK... ITS PAGES YELLOWED WITH AGE... FORWARD...
IF YOU'LL SIGN THE REGISTER...
OF COURSE!

THEN THE INNKEEPER TAKES A KEY AND LEADS YOU UPSTAIRS TO YOUR ROOM! AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, THE *MUSTY ODOR* OF *FOUL AIR* SEARS YOUR NOSTRILS...
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, JUST LET ME KNOW!
THANK YOU! I WILL!
HE LEAVES! YOU LISTEN AS HIS HEAVY FOOTSTEPS DESCEND DARK STAIRS AND FADE OUT OF EARSHOT! YOU LOOK ABOUT YOU! THE ROOM IS SPARSELY FURNISHED! A THICK LAYER OF DUST COVERS EVERYTHING!
WELL! I GUESS I'LL TURN IN! DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN HAS TIRED ME!

THE ROOM IS *COLD* AND *DANK!* YOU SEARCH THE CLOSET FOR A BLANKET! THERE IS NONE! THE SINGLE THIN BED SPREAD WILL NOT BE ENOUGH! YOU LOOK FOR THE HOUSE PHONE...
BLAST IT! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO *DOWNSTAIRS* AND ASK HIM FOR A BLANKET!
YOU OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR ROOM AND LOOK OUT! THE HALL IS DARK AND DESERTED! YOU GO DOWNSTAIRS! THE LIGHT FROM THE FIREPLACE CASTS DANCING SHADOWS THROUGH THE LOBBY! THERE IS AN EERIE STRANGENESS ABOUT IT! AND THE INNKEEPER IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN...
H-M-M-M! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO *WAIT* UNTIL HE COMES BACK FROM WHEREVER HE IS! THIS *CHAIR* LOOKS *INVITING*...
2

YOU SIT DOWN! THE WARMTH OF THE CRACKLING FIRE FEELS GOOD! YOU GAZE AT THE LICKING FLAMES...
WONDER WHERE HE CAN BE...
THE FIRE LEAPS UPWARD! THE BURNING LOGS SPATTER AND SNAP! YOU SIGH! YES! THE DRIVE THROUGH THE RAIN HAS EXHAUSTED YOU...
I'D JUST AS SOON SPEND THE NIGHT DOWN HERE BEFORE THIS FIRE! IT'S SO...WARM!
SUDDENLY THE BLOOD FREEZES IN YOUR VEINS! FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS COMES...
A MOAN! GOD... WHAT A HORRIBLE SOUND!
YOU JUMP TO YOUR FEET! YOU STRAIN YOUR EARS... LISTENING! THEN YOU HEAR IT AGAIN! AN AGONIZING MOAN! IT MAKES THE HAIR ON YOUR NECK CRAWL...
IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR!
YOU STEAL TOWARD THE DOOR! YOU REACH OUT CAUTIOUSLY AND TWIST THE KNOB! IT SWINGS OPEN! STEPS LEAD DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS! FROM DOWN THERE... IN THE BLACKNESS... YOU HEAR IT AGAIN... BUT WEAKER...
I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT IT IS! PERHAPS THE INNKEEPER...
YOU MOVE SLOWLY DOWN RICKETY STEPS! ALL IS SILENT NOW! YOU LISTEN! THEN ANOTHER SOUND REACHES YOUR EARS! A STEADY DRIP..DRIP..
LIKE DROPS OF WATER... FALLING INTO A BUCKET...
YOU CURSE YOURSELF FOR NOT BRINGING A FLASHLIGHT! THE DRIP... DRIP... DRIPPING IS CLOSER NOW! YOU'RE ALMOST UPON IT! THEN YOU HEAR THE WHIMPERING... THE WEAK SAD WHIMPERING! YOU SEARCH YOUR POCKETS FOR A MATCH! YOU FIND ONE! YOU STRIKE IT! THE CELLAR FILLS WITH LIGHT...
OH, LORD!
3

IT IS A MAN! A STRANGER... NOT THE INNKEEPER! HE LIES ON A TABLE...TIED THERE BY ROPES! HIS EYES ARE WIDE IN HORROR AS HE STARES AT THE BURNING MATCH! THEN YOU LOOK DOWN...
A PAN! A PAN HALF-FILLED WITH... BLOOD!
YOUR STOMACH HEAVES! YOU WRETCH WITH NAUSEA! THE MAN'S ARM HANGS LIMPLY...THE WRIST SLASHED! THE BLOOD TRICKLES DOWN HIS FINGERTIPS AND DRIPS INTO THE PAN! HE WHIMPERS...LIKE A DOG THAT HAS JUST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR...
HE...HE'S BLEEDING TO DEATH! I'VE GOT TO...
THE MATCH BURNS YOU AND YOU DROP IT IN PAIN! THE DARKNESS CLOSES IN! THE STEADY DRIPPING CONTINUES! SUDDENLY...
THE CELLAR DOOR! SOMEONE'S COMING!
YOU HIDE! YOU COWER BEHIND A PILE OF BOXES! A MAN THUMPS DOWN THE STEPS! HE CARRIES A LANTERN! HIS EYES GLEAM IN THE FLICKERING YELLOW LIGHT...
THE INNKEEPER!
YOU WATCH, TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE! HE APPROACHES THE MAN TIED TO THE TABLE! THE WHIMPERING HAS CEASED NOW! EVEN THE DRIPPING HAS SLOWED CONSIDERABLY! A CREEPING HORROR TELLS YOU...
HE... HE'S DEAD!
THE INNKEEPER NODS HIS HEAD AS IF IN SILENT AGREEMENT! HE UNTIES THE LIMP BODY AND SLINGS IT OVER HIS SHOULDERS! HE CARRIES IT THROUGH A DOORWAY...
I... I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THE INNKEEPER... HE... HE'S A MANIAC!
YOU START TOWARD THE STAIRS! YOU AVOID LOOKING AT THE PAN ON THE FLOOR! THEN, YOU STOP...STARTLED! A MOTOR HAS STARTED! IT THROBS...MATCHING THE RACING BEAT OF YOUR OWN HEART! YOUR EYES FOLLOW THE SOUND...
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE A FROZEN-FOOD-LOCKER!
4

A MORBID CURIOSITY DRIVES YOU FORWARD! YOU HESITATE BEFORE IT... BUT THEN YOU LIFT THE LID...
NO! NO! LORD... LORD, NO!
INSIDE THE REFRIGERATED LOCKER IS A BARREL.. A BARREL OF REDDISH-BROWN LIQUID! A BARREL OF BLOOD! YOU SLAM THE LID SHUT AND TURN... LEANING ON THE LOCKER FOR BALANCE...
HE... HE'S A VAMPIRE! HE COLLECTS THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS!
YOU START TOWARD THE STAIRWAY... BUT THEN YOU HEAR THE INNKEEPER RETURNING! YOU JUST HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO HIDE! HE ENTERS THE ROOM... HIS EYES GLEAMING... HIS LIPS MOIST! HE PICKS UP THE PAN OF RED LIQUID FROM THE FLOOR...
THEN... AS YOU WATCH IN TERROR... HE OPENS THE FREEZER AND POURS THE CONTENTS OF THE PAN INTO THE BARREL...
THEN HE BEGINS TO SHUT THE LID. HE STOPS! HE OPENS IT AGAIN! HIS CRUEL LIPS SPREAD IN AN EVIL GRIN! HE REACHES FOR A TIN CUP HANGING ON THE WALL...
HE STOOPS OVER, REACHING INTO THE BARREL! YOU HEAR THE SPLASHING OF THE SICKLY RED-BROWN LIQUID AS HE DIPS INTO IT...
HE... HE'S GOING TO...
YOU WATCH HIM BRING THE CUP TO HIS LIPS AND DRINK IT DOWN! A SMALL STREAM TRICKLES DOWN HIS CHIN! YOU SCREAM...
YAAAAAAAH!
5

IT IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU! YOU DASH TOWARD THE STAIRS SHRIEKING! YOUR HEAD SPINS...THE STAIRS SEEM TO MELT BEFORE YOU! YOU SPRAWL, HALF-WAY UP!
YOU... YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON ME!
IN A FLASH HE IS UPON YOU...HIS STRONG HANDS HOLDING YOU! YOU'RE WEAK WITH FEAR AND NAUSEA! YOU CANNOT FIGHT HIM...
I HADN'T PLANNED ON ANOTHER VICTIM TONIGHT!
HE CARRIES YOU TO THE TABLE! HE TIES YOU DOWN! YOU SCREAM...
IT IS USELESS TO CRY OUT! WE ARE QUITE ALONE IN THE INN! HE WAS THE ONLY OTHER GUEST...
YOU WATCH, WIDE-EYED, AS HE BRINGS THE PAN AND PLACES IT UNDER THE TABLE...UNDER YOUR HANGING ARM...
YOU... YOU'RE INHUMAN. . . A MAD FIEND!
PERHAPS!
THE KNIFE BLADE GLITTERS IN THE LANTERN LIGHT! HE COMES TOWARD YOU... BRANDISHING IT...
HAVE PITY...SOB... PITY...
I NEED YOUR BLOOD! I MUST SAVE IT...
THE KNIFE BURNS AS THE COLD BLADE SLICES INTO YOUR WRIST! YOUR HEAD SWIMS! YOU CAN HEAR HIM TALKING...AND THE STEADY DRIP... DRIP...
SOMETIMES I HAVE NO GUESTS FOR WEEKS! BUT I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! I HAVE MY SUPPLY...THERE...READY WHEN I NEED IT...
YOUR HEAD POUNDS NOW! THE ROOM WEAVES BEFORE YOU! YOU FEEL YOURSELF SLIPPING...SLIPPING INTO THE BLACKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...WEAK... DIZZY... THE DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...
6

SUDDENLY YOU OPEN YOUR EYES! YOU SQUINT! THE FIRE IS LOW NOW...BUT GLOWING WARM! YOU ARE IN THE CHAIR BEFORE IT...
OH, GOD! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM! A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
YOU BREATH A SIGH OF RELIEF! YOU'D BEEN DREAMING THE WHOLE THING! YOU LOOK UP! THE INNKEEPER IS SMILING DOWN AT YOU...
I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO DISTURB YOU!
YOU SHOULD HAVE! I HAD THE MOST HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE! I... I...
SUDDENLY YOU HEAR IT! THE STEADY DRIPPING! YOU START TO RISE! YOU CANNOT MOVE! YOU'RE TIED TO THE CHAIR! AND BENEATH YOUR SLASHED WRIST IS A PAN...HALF-FILLED WITH BLOOD...
IT'S TRUE! MY DREAM...YOU ARE A VAMPIRE!
THE INNKEEPER'S SMILE VANISHES AS HE SCOWLS AT YOU! THERE IS DISGUST ON HIS FACE...
HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A VAMPIRE!
YOU'RE DRAINING MY BLOOD! YOU'RE GOING TO PUT IT IN THE BARREL... DOWNSTAIRS...IN THE FREEZE-CHEST! YOU ARE A VAMPIRE...
YOU'RE WRONG, MY FRIEND! I AM NO VAMPIRE! I HATE BLOOD! I CAN'T STAND MEAT THAT TASTES OF BLOOD! I AM A GHOUL! I LIVE ON BLOODLESS...FLESH! I HAVE A FREEZE-LOCKER DOWNSTAIRS...BUT IT'S WELL STOCKED WITH DEAD HUMAN FLESH!
A GHOUL! THE DREAM...REALITY...THE SAME...YET DIFFERENT! THE BLACKNESS IS CLOSING IN ON YOU NOW! THE DRIPPING IS SLOWING UP! PERHAPS THIS TOO IS BUT A DREAM! PERHAPS YOU WILL WAKE UP FROM THIS NIGHTMARE, ALSO! THE LAST THING YOU SEE...BEFORE EVERYTHING FADES ...IS THE INNKEEPER...AND HIS MEAT CLEAVER...
7

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! AN INCREASE IN THE POPULATION OF A GREAT CITY'S TEEMING MILLIONS IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THE STATISTICIAN... BUT TO THE SANITATION DEPT. IT MEANS ONLY THAT MUCH MORE GARBAGE TO COLLECT...

THE CITY HAS A HUGE, EFFICIENT SYSTEM FOR THE REMOVAL OF TRASH, AND ONE OF ITS MOST RESPECTED ASSETS IS ITS FLEET OF STREAMLINED TRUCKS!

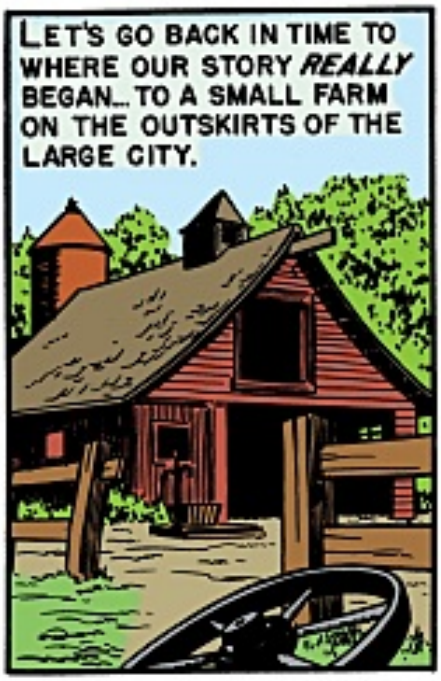
THESE PROUD VEHICLES COVER EVERY PART OF THE METROPOLIS, AND THERE ARE BUT FEW ITEMS THAT CANNOT BE CRUSHED, BROKEN AND HACKED TO BITS BY THEIR GLEAMING, WHIRLING BLADES...

HAVING EATEN THEIR FILL OF GARBAGE, THEY AT ONCE TRAVEL TO THE CITY DUMP AND PURR CONTENTEDLY WHILE THEY DISCHARGE THEIR CARGO.

HERE IS WHERE EVERY BIT OF THE CITY'S COLLECTED WASTE IS BROUGHT. AND IT IS HERE, IN THIS SCAVENGERS' PARADISE, THAT ONE MAY FIND...

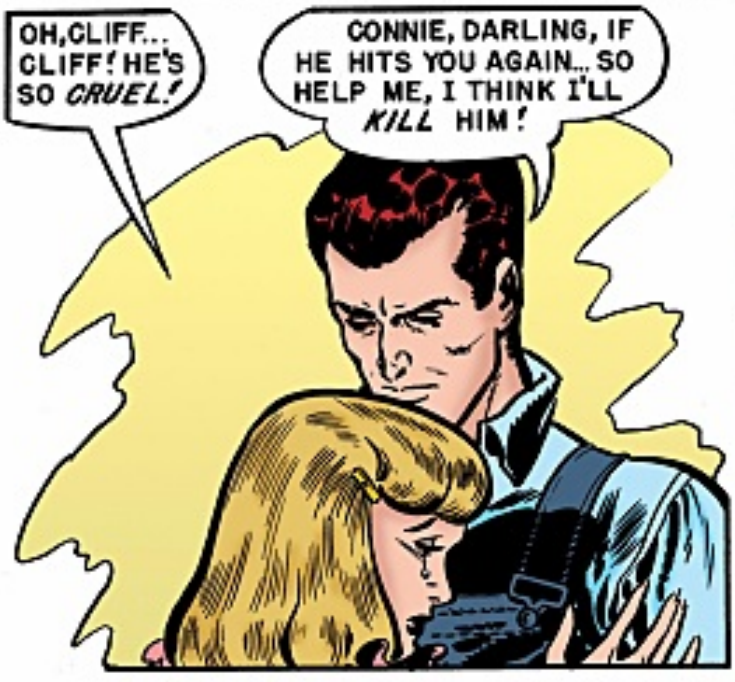
...ALMOST ANYTHING!

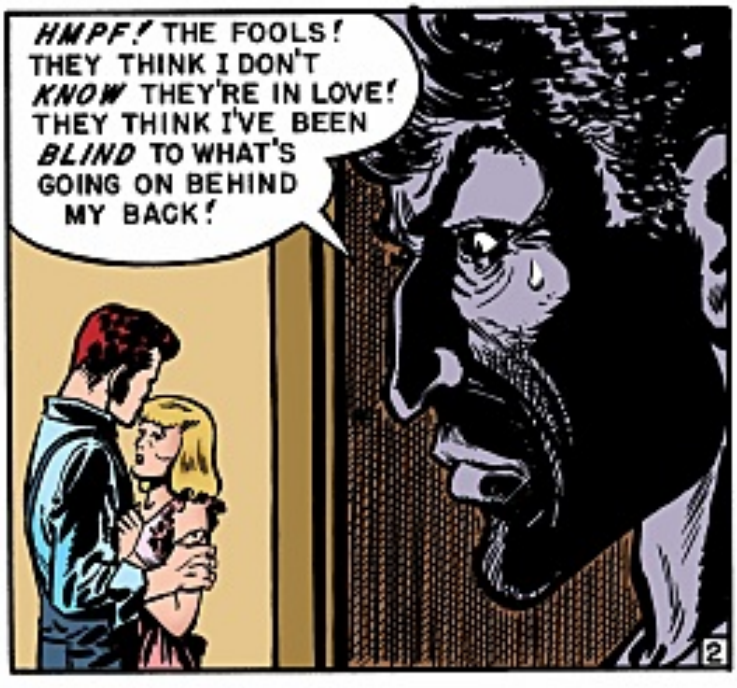
HEH, HEH! QUITE A SHOCKING THING TO FIND, ISN'T IT? NATURALLY, THE MAN ALMOST FAINTED UPON VIEWING HIS HORRID DISCOVERY! BUT HE RACED MADLY TO INFORM THE POLICE... AFTER HE HAD REMOVED THE RING AND STUFFED IT INTO HIS POCKET, OF COURSE! HOW, YOU MAY ASK, DID THE HAND HAPPEN TO BE LYING IN THE CITY DUMP? HEH! HEH! WELL, THERIN LIES OUR STORY! IT'S A GRIPPING TALE AND I CALL IT...
SEEDS of DEATH!
GHOST STORIES


LET'S GO BACK IN TIME TO WHERE OUR STORY REALLY BEGAN... TO A SMALL FARM ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE LARGE CITY.

ON THIS PARTICULAR FARM LIVED THE OWNER, BASIL WOODS... HIS WIFE CONNIE...

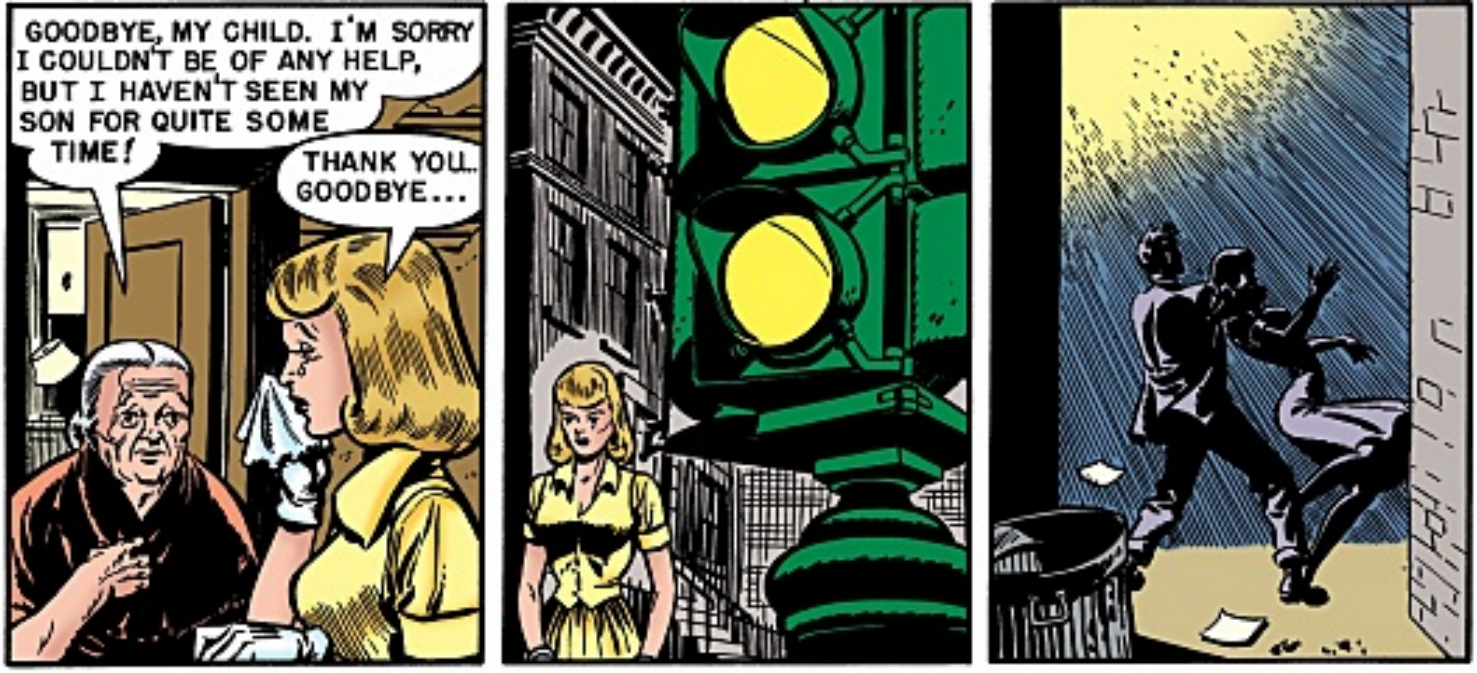
...AND A HIRED HAND NAMED CLIFF!


OH, CLIFF... CLIFF! HE'S SO CRUEL!
CONNIE, DARLING, IF HE HITS YOU AGAIN... SO HELP ME, I THINK I'LL KILL HIM!


HMPF! THE FOOLS! THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW THEY'RE IN LOVE! THEY THINK I'VE BEEN BLIND TO WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND MY BACK!
2

NO MAN CAN TAKE MY WIFE FROM ME AND *LIVE!* I'LL FIX THE DIRTY HOME-WRECKER WHEN THE TIME COMES!
HEH, HEH! WELL, THAT'S THE SITUATION, DEAR READERS... THE *ETERNAL TRIANGLE!* TIME PASSED... AND BASIL WAITED PATIENTLY, UNTIL ONE DAY...
CLIFF, WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN TODAY, WOULD YOU BUY ME SOME *GARDENIA SEEDS?* I WANT TO PLANT THEM IN THE GARDEN!
SURE, MRS. WOODS!
HE'LL BE IN THE CITY ALL DAY... WON'T BE BACK TILL LATE TO-NIGHT! AND HE'LL PROBABLY TAKE THE SHORT-CUT 'CROSS THE FIELD TO THE HOUSE... HMM-M...
... AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT...
'EVENING, CLIFF! DID YOU GET MY WIFE'S GARDENIA SEEDS?
EH? OH... HI, MR. WOODS! YES, I HAVE THEM RIGHT HERE!
HERE THEY ARE! WANT TO TAKE A LOOK?
THWUNK!
GASP! THERE... IT'S DONE! NOW TO BURY HIM... GASP!... RIGHT HERE! HEE, HEE! IN TIME TO COME, HIS BODY'LL MAKE FINE FERTILIZER FOR THIS FIELD! GASP!
3

HEH, HEH! YES, THE DEED WAS DONE! NOW BASIL WOODS FELT CERTAIN HIS WIFE WOULD SOON FORGET HER SILLY LOVE AFFAIR. THE NEXT MORNING...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! CLIFF HASN'T RETURNED FROM THE CITY YET! I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!
CLIFF HASN'T RETURNED? TCH, TCH!
HA, HA! SHE'S WORRIED! BUT AS THE DAYS PASS, SHE'LL FORGET HIM... SHE'LL FORGET!
WELL, THE DAYS *DID* PASS BUT CONNIE *DIDN'T* FORGET! AND ONE EVENING AS BASIL RETURNED FROM THE FIELDS...
CONNIE? *CONNIE!* TARNATION! WHERE *IS* THAT WOMAN? WHA... A *NOTE!*
Basil
Basil— Forgive me. I have gone to the city to search for Cliff. I simply can't stand worrying about him any longer. I must find him. Connie
THAT BLASTED *NO-GOOD!* I'LL TEACH HER TO RUN OFF LIKE THIS! I'LL GO TO THE CITY AND DRAG HER BACK BY THE HAIR OF HER HEAD!
4


GOODBYE, MY CHILD. I'M SORRY I COULDN'T BE OF ANY HELP, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN MY SON FOR QUITE SOME TIME!
THANK YOU. GOODBYE...
SLAM!

BASIL!
YAS, IT'S ME! DIDJA THINK IT WAS GONNA BE YOUR PRECIOUS CLIFF?

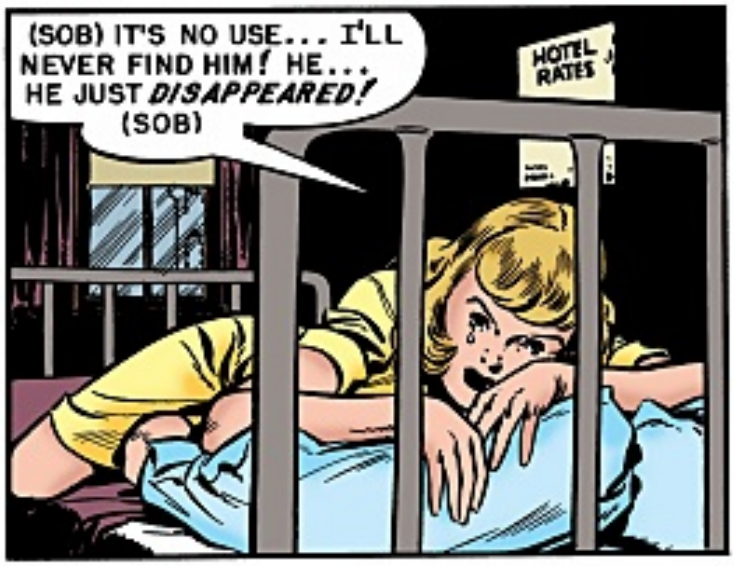
BASIL, PLEASE! DON'T HIT ME!
HIT YOU! WHY, I'LL BEAT YOUR STUPID HEAD IN! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUN OFF!

YOU AND YOUR PRECIOUS CLIFF! WELL, YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
YOU STAY AWAY FROM ME! DON'T TOUCH ME!

DON'T TOUCH ME!
5

OH, GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE I DONE? (SOB) HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
(SOB!) I'M... I'M SO CONFUSED.. SO FRIGHTENED! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
A TRUCK... COMING DOWN THE STREET! IT'S STOPPING! GOOD HEAVENS! I CAN'T LET THEM FIND ME HERE! WHAT'LL I DO?
WAIT! I KNOW... I'LL JUST DRAG BASIL... (UNH!) OVER HERE BY THE WALL. (GASP!)
(UNH!)... AND STUFF HIM INTO THIS..(GASP!) THIS BIG CAN! THEY WON'T SEE HIM HERE... (GASP!) PUT SOME PAPERS OVER HIM...
...AND WHILE THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED...
... I'LL CALMLY WALK AWAY...
D.S.C.
6

HEH! NATURALLY, CONNIE WAS UNAWARE OF HER HUSBAND'S FATE, AND FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, SHE SEARCHED THE CITY IN VAIN... FOR CLIFF...

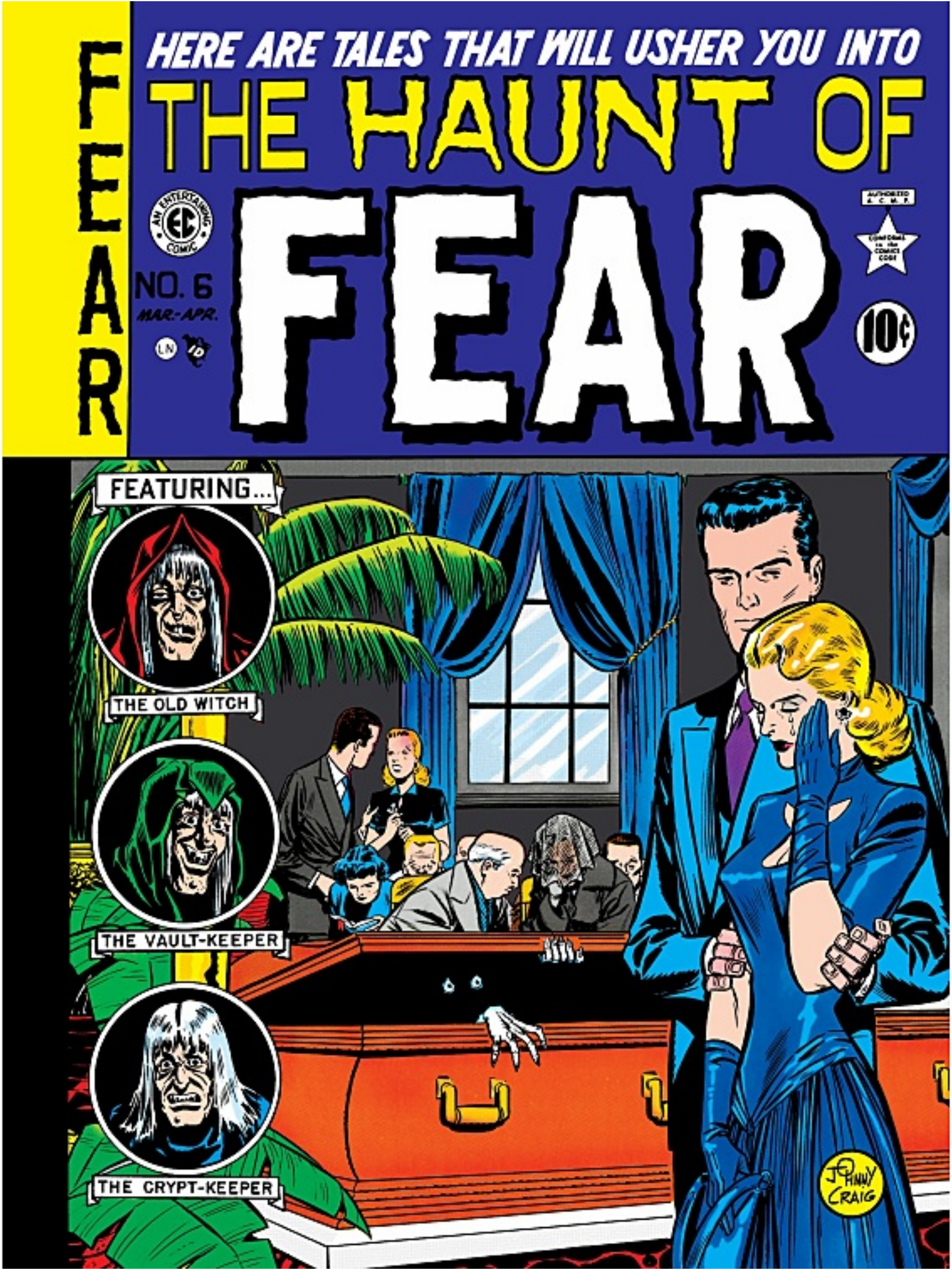


FINALLY, SHE RETURNED TO THE FARM. SAD AND WEARY, SHE TROD THE SHORT-CUT ACROSS THE FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE. SUDDENLY, SHE STOPPED...HER EYES WIDENED!

SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED IN HORROR! BEFORE HER, NOT TEN FEET FROM WHERE SHE STOOD, WAS A MOUND OF GARDENIAS! ALL AT ONCE, THERE CAME THE SHOCKING REALIZATION THAT AT LAST SHE HAD FOUND... HER PRECIOUS CLIFE.

HEH, HEH, HEH! I THOUGHT THAT CLIMAX WAS A BIT FLOWERY, DIDN'T YOU? BUT THE REST OF THE STORY CERTAINLY HAD SOME GRINDING, TEARING MOMENTS! AND CLIFF... HE REALLY GOT A SHORT-CUT WHEN HE TOOK THE SHORT-CUT! BUT DON'T FEEL TOO SAD ABOUT HIM! HEH! NOT EVERY MURDER VICTIM CARRIES HIS OWN BOUQUET OF FLOWERS TO HIS GRAVE! WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE LAUGHING WHILE READING A HORROR STORY! HEH! HEH! HEH!

JACK DAVIS


FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 6
MAR-APR.
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
JOHNNY CRAIG

Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER who teaches harmonica like he plays it—but GOOD! That's why thousands of fellers say —"Play with Jay and you really play!"

Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC *In 8 Minutes Flat!*

RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!

AT LAST, a way to get hep to being a real harmonica maestro in a few FAST MINUTES! Leave it to Big Jay to dope out a sensational new "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" Harmonica that picks out your notes . . . adds your chords . . . does EVERYTHING but blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and how! Read exciting details below!

SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY! AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!

Play For Dancing

They'll Sing With You

Only $1

A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh! Susanna!" And will you have to beat it *fast* to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody else but *you!*

Star At Outings

A CINCH—WITH JAY'S "SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin' jive—Jay's magic SLIDING NOTE FINDER *actually picks out the right notes for you* as it slides back and forth over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you use just ONE SINGLE opening in your MAGIC SLIDING NOTE FINDER. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic, the NOTE FINDER *automatically adds the right chords*—and you're making like a real radio professional!

LOOK! FREE!

JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!

YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Jay's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-plain PICTURE directions. Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're *whizzing* through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you music, words and "works" for 38 of your all-time favorites like—Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—and 30 MORE!

Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS!

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Jay wising you up on these and lots more *professional* harmonica tricks!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, and you get your dollar back at once! HURRY, this may be your last chance!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

JAY TURNER, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

JAY TURNER, Dept. EC21-400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

OKAY, JAY! I enclose $1.00. Shoot me my MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, plus *FREE* SPEED COURSE and *FREE* dope on HARMONICA TRICKS. If I'm not delighted, I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my $1 right back.

Name _____
Please Print Plainly

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

Haunt of Fear, Mar.-Apr., 1951—Vol. 1, No. 6. Published Bi-monthly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1951 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! COME IN! COME IN! YOU ALL KNOW *ME* BY NOW... THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE BUBBLING, STEAMING CAULDRON! I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU! A STORY THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY *HORRIFY* YOU! A YARN OF *TERROR*... OF *REVENGE*... OF *DEATH!* THIS TASTY TALE, WHICH I AM ABOUT TO DISH OUT TO YOU, I CALL...

A STRANGE UNDERTAKING...

MY STORY BEGINS ONE COLD WINTRY DAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN! SNOW BLANKETS EVERYTHING; IT COVERS THE COUNTRYSIDE LIKE A WHITE SHROUD... HEAVY...COLD...SILENT! IT LAYS THICK ON THE ROOF TOPS... IN DRIFTS AGAINST THE HOUSES... AND DEADLY STILL ON THE GRAVES OF THE TOWN CEMETERY...

HMMPH! GROUND'S FROZEN... FROZEN *SOLID!* LUCKY THING I HAVEN'T ANY CUSTOMERS! COULDN'T *BURY* 'EM, ANYWAY!

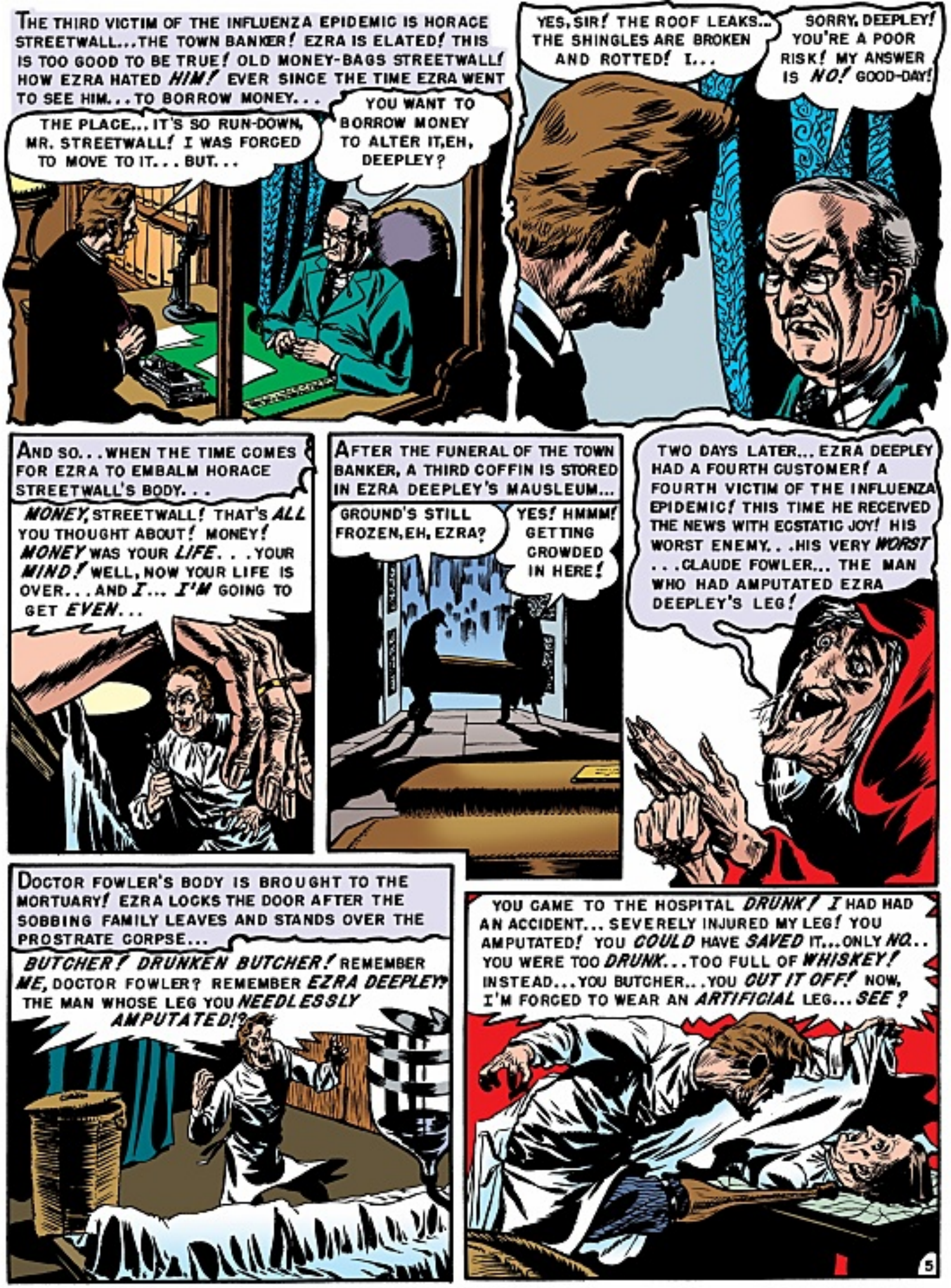
HOWDY, EZRA! ADMIRING YOUR HANDYWORK?

1

THAT'S THE CARETAKER OF THE CEMETERY GREETING EZRA DEEPLEY, THE TOWN UNDERTAKER...
JUST CHECKING... CLEM... JUST CHECKING!
I DIG YUH, EZRA! HAW, HAW!
THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS IS WITH EZRA DEEPLEY! THEY KID HIM... JOKE WITH HIM... INSULT HIM!.. JUST BECAUSE HE'S AN UNDERTAKER...
DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN COFFINS, EZRA!
WHY DON'T YOU DROP DEAD, CLEM?
EZRA DEEPLEY TAKES A LAST LOOK AROUND THE SNOW-LADEN CEMETERY, TURNS, AND PLODS ON HOME...
THEY HATE ME! ALL OF THEM! THEY DESPISE ME FOR WHAT I AM! WHY... WHY? I DON'T HARM THEM! I JUST... BURY THEM AFTER THEY'RE... GONE!
DOWN THE ROAD, EZRA STOPS BEFORE A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE! HE GAZES UP AT ITS BROKEN SHUTTERS... THE ROTTING SHINGLES... THE LEAKY ROOF... AND THE FADED SIGN THAT READS, 'EZRA DEEPLEY, MORTICIAN. FUNERALS ARRANGED'...
THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT... THE TOWNSFOLK! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT FOR ME... TORMENT ME!
EZRA DEEPLEY MORTICIAN
EZRA OPENS THE BATTERED DOOR AND STEPS INSIDE! THE FAINT ODOR OF EMBALMING FLUID MIXED WITH THE SWEET PUNGENCY OF FADED FLOWERS FILLS THE SOLEMN INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE! EZRA HOBBLES THROUGH THE DRAPED ROOMS TO HIS MORTUARY AT THE REAR...
THIS BLASTED COLD WEATHER! ALWAYS CAUSES SHOOTING PAINS IN MY LEG-STUMP...
JUST AS EZRA SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR, THE TELEPHONE RINGS! HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND LIMPS OVER TO IT! THE SOBBING VOICE AT THE OTHER END MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO EZRA! BUSINESS...
YES! THIS IS MR. DEEPLEY!
THIS... SOB... IS MRS. BRIDGEMAN! MY... SOB... HUSBAND... HAS JUST PASSED AWAY! COULD YOU... COME OUT? I'D LIKE TO SOB... ARRANGE THE... FUNERAL!
BRIDGEMAN? JOHN BRIDGEMAN? THE DENTIST? EZRA DEEPLEY'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT! HOW HE HATED JOHN BRIDGEMAN...
I... I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MRS. BRIDGEMAN! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
INFLUENZA, MR. DEEPLEY! THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC IN TOWN!
2

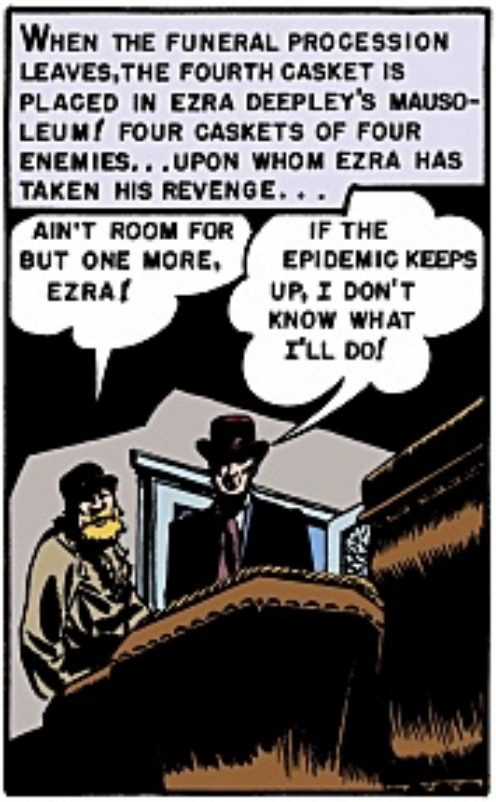
THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE, AND JOHN BRIDGEMAN'S BODY IS BROUGHT TO EZRA'S ESTABLISHMENT! AFTER THE MOURNING WIFE AND RELATIVES LEAVE, EZRA WHEELS THE DECEASED INTO HIS MORTUARY...
YOU... JOHN BRIDGEMAN! YOU HATED ME TOO, BECAUSE OF MY PROFESSION! REMEMBER WHEN I CAME TO YOU WITH ...A CAVITY...
'YOU JOKED WITH ME... CHIDED ME...'
WELL, WELL! EZRA DEEPLEY! WHAT'S COOKING AT THE CREMATORY, EZRA? HAW, HAW!
I... I HAVE A TOOTH-ACHE, DOCTOR!
'...AND THEN YOU TOLD ME THE TOOTH WOULD HAVE TO COME OUT.'
SORRY, EZRA! I CAN'T GIVE YOU GAS! I'M FRESH OUT! THIS MAY HURT!
I... I'M READY, DOCTOR!
YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE, DIDN'T YOU? YOU DELIBERATELY HURT ME! YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN ME NOVOCAIN... SOMETHING... ONLY YOU PREFERRED TO PULL THE TOOTH... PAINFULLY! WELL, JOHN BRIDGEMAN, NOW I CAN GET EVEN!
THE FUNERAL IS HELD THE NEXT DAY! THE LITTLE GROUP OF MOURNERS STAND ABOUT THE COFFIN AS A BRIEF SERVICE IS HELD IN THE BITING COLD! A LITTLE WAY OFF, EZRA DEEPLEY WATCHES...
IF THEY ONLY KNEW, JOHN BRIDGEMAN! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE NOW... WHAT I DID TO YOU... TO GET EVEN...
THE SMALL BAND OF BLACK-CLAD PEOPLE MOVES SILENTLY AWAY AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE, AND EZRA STEPS FORWARD...
WHAT YOU GOING TO DO NOW, EZRA? YOU CAIN'T BURY THE POOR CRITTER! GROUND'S FROZEN!
HELP ME GET THE COFFIN TO THAT MAUSOLEUM, CLEM! WE'LL STORE IT THERE TILL THE GROUND THAWS!
EZRA AND CLEM CARRY THE COFFIN TO A MAUSOLEUM! THE NAME CARVED ABOVE THE DOOR IN LARGE LETTERS READS... 'DEEPLEY'...
GONNA STORE 'IM IN YOUR OWN MAUSOLEUM, EH, EZRA!
YES! THE FAMILY WILL NEVER KNOW! AND IN THE SPRING, WE'LL BURY HIM!
DEEPLEY
3

THE PHONE IS RINGING AS EZRA ENTERS HIS HOUSE! ANOTHER DEATH... FROM INFLUENZA! THE EPIDEMIC IS GETTING SERIOUS...
WHO? WHO DID YOU SAY...?
THE MAYOR, HIMSELF! FREDRICK DUNHILL!
EZRA'S BRAIN REELS! TWO WITHIN A WEEK! TWO OF HIS MOST HATED ENEMIES! FIRST THE SADISTIC DENTIST, JOHN BRIDGEMAN, AND NOW... NOW, FREDRICK DUNHILL, THE MAYOR... THE POLITICIAN... THE THIEF! EZRA'S THOUGHTS GO BACK... BACK TO THAT FATEFUL DAY...
SORRY, MR. DEEPLEY! THE MAYOR JUST ISSUED IT! A NEW ORDINANCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE YOUR MORTUARY OUT OF THE TOWN LIMITS!
BUT, HOW CAN I? THIS PROPERTY IS ALL I HAVE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY ANOTHER PLACE!
THAT NIGHT, AS EZRA STANDS OVER THE DEAD MAYOR...
YOU FORCED ME OUT... FORCED ME TO SELL SO THAT I HAD TO MOVE TO THIS RUN-DOWN PLACE... FORCED ME TO SELL CHEAP! LATER, I FOUND OUT IT WAS YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO BOUGHT MY PLACE! AND THE TOWN BOUGHT IT FROM HIM THE NEXT YEAR...
HE SPLIT WITH YOU, DIDN'T HE, FREDRICK DUNHILL? YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW SPLIT THE PROFIT WITH YOU! OVER TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU CHEAT! YOU LYING POLITICIAN! DIRTY LIES... DIRTY PROMISES! WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! I'M GOING TO GET EVEN, NOW!
THE NEXT DAY WHEN MAYOR DUNHILL IS BURIED, EZRA AGAIN WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS...
LUCKY FOR THEM THEY CAN'T SEE YOU, FREDRICK DUNHILL! LUCKY FOR THEM THEY CAN'T SEE HOW I GOT EVEN!
...AND AFTER THE MOURNERS LEAVE...
GONNA PUT HIM WITH THE OTHER, MR. DEEPLEY?
YES, CLEM! C'MON! HELP ME!
SO A SECOND COFFIN IS STORED IN EZRA DEEPLEY'S OWN MAUSOLEUM! STORED TILL THE SPRING THAW WHEN IT CAN BE BURIED...
THIS EPIDEMIC'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS, EH, EZRA?
OH SHUT UP, CLEM!
4


THE THIRD VICTIM OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC IS HORACE STREETWALL...THE TOWN BANKER! EZRA IS ELATED! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! OLD MONEY-BAGS STREETWALL! HOW EZRA HATED HIM! EVER SINCE THE TIME EZRA WENT TO SEE HIM...TO BORROW MONEY...
THE PLACE... IT'S SO RUN-DOWN, MR. STREETWALL! I WAS FORCED TO MOVE TO IT... BUT...
YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY TO ALTER IT, EH, DEEPLEY?
YES, SIR! THE ROOF LEAKS... THE SHINGLES ARE BROKEN AND ROTTED! I...
SORRY, DEEPLEY! YOU'RE A POOR RISK! MY ANSWER IS NO! GOOD-DAY!
AND SO... WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR EZRA TO EMBALM HORACE STREETWALL'S BODY...
MONEY, STREETWALL! THAT'S ALL YOU THOUGHT ABOUT! MONEY! MONEY WAS YOUR LIFE... YOUR MIND! WELL, NOW YOUR LIFE IS OVER... AND I... I'M GOING TO GET EVEN...
AFTER THE FUNERAL OF THE TOWN BANKER, A THIRD COFFIN IS STORED IN EZRA DEEPLEY'S MAUSLEUM...
GROUND'S STILL FROZEN, EH, EZRA?
YES! HMMM! GETTING CROWDED IN HERE!
TWO DAYS LATER... EZRA DEEPLEY HAD A FOURTH CUSTOMER! A FOURTH VICTIM OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC! THIS TIME HE RECEIVED THE NEWS WITH ECSTATIC JOY! HIS WORST ENEMY... HIS VERY WORST ...CLAUDE FOWLER... THE MAN WHO HAD AMPUTATED EZRA DEEPLEY'S LEG!
DOCTOR FOWLER'S BODY IS BROUGHT TO THE MORTUARY! EZRA LOCKS THE DOOR AFTER THE SOBBING FAMILY LEAVES AND STANDS OVER THE PROSTRATE CORPSE...
BUTCHER! DRUNKEN BUTCHER! REMEMBER ME, DOCTOR FOWLER? REMEMBER EZRA DEEPLEY? THE MAN WHOSE LEG YOU NEEDLESSLY AMPUTATED!?
YOU CAME TO THE HOSPITAL DRUNK! I HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT... SEVERELY INJURED MY LEG! YOU AMPUTATED! YOU COULD HAVE SAVED IT... ONLY NO.. YOU WERE TOO DRUNK... TOO FULL OF WHISKEY! INSTEAD... YOU BUTCHER... YOU CUT IT OFF! NOW, I'M FORCED TO WEAR AN ARTIFICIAL LEG... SEE?
5

WELL, NOW IT'S MY CHANCE, DOCTOR! MY CHANCE TO GET EVEN... WITH YOU!

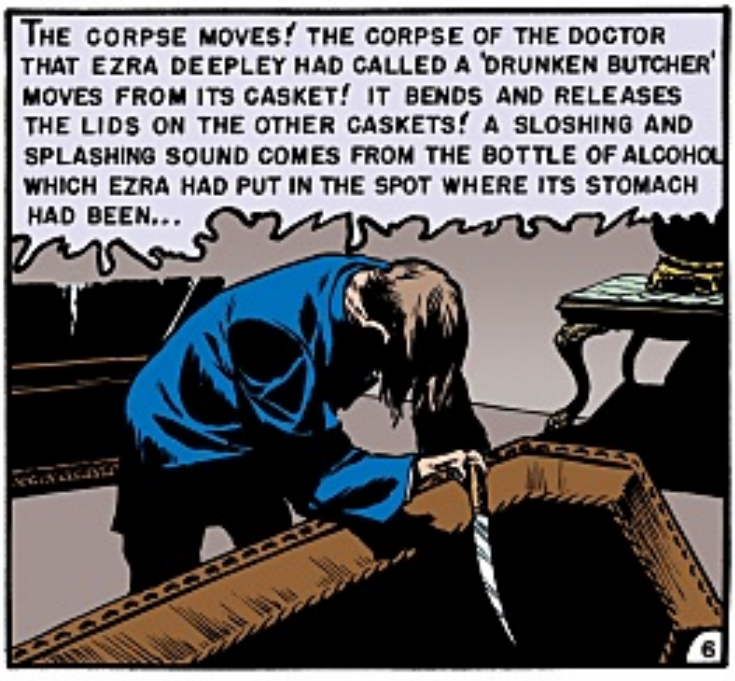
THE NEXT DAY, AS DOCTOR CLAUDE FOWLER'S FUNERAL IS BEING HELD...
TOO BAD, DOCTOR FOWLER! TOO BAD THEY CAN'T SEE YOU AS YOU REALLY ARE... AS I'VE FIXED YOU!


WHEN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVES, THE FOURTH CASKET IS PLACED IN EZRA DEEPLEY'S MAUSOLEUM! FOUR CASKETS OF FOUR ENEMIES... UPON WHOM EZRA HAS TAKEN HIS REVENGE...
AIN'T ROOM FOR BUT ONE MORE, EZRA!
IF THE EPIDEMIC KEEPS UP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

BUT... UNLUCKILY FOR EZRA DEEPLEY, THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC SUBSIDES AND THERE ARE NO MORE DEATHS! EZRA SITS, ONE NIGHT, IN HIS MORTUARY... LAUGHING TO HIMSELF...
HEH, HEH! I FIXED THEM... THE FOUR OF THEM! I FIXED THEM GOOD!

THE NIGHT HANGS STILL AND DARK OVER THE FROZEN GROUND! DOWN THE ROAD FROM EZRA'S HOUSE, THE CEMETERY LIES IN SILENCE! SUDDENLY, THE QUIET IS SPLIT BY A SAWING SOUND... A SAWING OF WOOD COMING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM MARKED 'DEEPLEY'...

THE LID OF THE CASKET IS SAWED OPEN... AND THE CORPSE OF DOCTOR FOWLER RISES! INSTEAD OF HANDS, A SAW AND A BUTCHER KNIFE DANGLE AT ITS SIDES... THE SAW AND THE KNIFE THAT EZRA HAD SEWN THERE...


THE CORPSE MOVES! THE CORPSE OF THE DOCTOR THAT EZRA DEEPLEY HAD CALLED A 'DRUNKEN BUTCHER' MOVES FROM ITS CASKET! IT BENDS AND RELEASES THE LIDS ON THE OTHER CASKETS! A SLOSHING AND SPLASHING SOUND COMES FROM THE BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL WHICH EZRA HAD PUT IN THE SPOT WHERE ITS STOMACH HAD BEEN...
6

IT STANDS OVER THE OTHER THREE COFFINS! IT SEEMS TO BE CALLING THE OCCUPANTS...
THE CORPSE OF HORACE STREETWALL RISES SLOWLY! IT SITS UP IN ITS COFFIN! THE PENNIES IN THE SKULL WHERE THE BRAINS SHOULD BE TINKLE AGAINST EACH OTHER! 'MONEY ON HIS MIND,' EZRA HAD SAID ...AND PUT IT THERE...
THE CORPSE OF BANKER STREETWALL GETS SHAKILY TO ITS FEET! A SACK OF PENNIES SWINGS WHERE ITS HEART HAD BEEN... CLINKING AGAINST ITS RIBS...
THE BANKER'S CORPSE STANDS BESIDE THE DOCTOR'S...WAITING...
THEN THE CORPSE OF DENTIST JOHN BRIDGEMAN RISES FROM ITS CASKET! IT GRINS A TOOTHLESS GRIN, SHOWING WHERE EZRA DEEPLEY HAD REMOVED ALL OF ITS TEETH! ITS EYES ARE GONE... TORN FROM THEIR SOCKETS! 'NOW, DENTIST BRIDGEMAN HAS *TWO CAVITIES* IN HIS FACE', EZRA HAD SAID...
THE THREE MUTILATED CORPSES STAND WAITING AS THE FOURTH CORPSE RISES FROM ITS COFFIN! THE CORPSE OF THE POLITICIAN, FREDRICK DUNHILL...DIRT POURING FROM ITS TONGUELESS MOUTH, BALLOTS STUFFED INTO ITS EARS... GETS TO ITS FEET...
THE COLD MOON SHINES ON THE SNOW-COVERED COUNTRYSIDE! IT ILLUMINATES AN EERIE SIGHT! FOUR DISFIGURED, VIOLATED CORPSES MOVE SLOWLY...STEADILY ...DOWN THE ROAD...TO THE MORTUARY...
7

MANY TOWNSPEOPLE ARE AWAKENED THAT NIGHT BY THE HYSTERICAL SCREAMING AND SHRIEKING THAT COMES FROM EZRA DEEPLEY'S HOUSE! WHEN THEY INVESTIGATE, THE NEXT MORNING...
PLACE IS A SHAMBLES!
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN A GOOD FIGHT HERE! BUT WHERE'S EZRA DEEPLEY? THERE'S NO TRACE OF HIM!
CLEM BODKIN, THE CEMETERY CARETAKER, RUSHES INTO THE MORTUARY! HE IS PALE...HIS EYES WIDE IN TERROR...
COME QUICKLY! I...I FOUND HIM! I MEAN...WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!
WHERE, CLEM? WHAT HAPPENED?
CLEM HAD LOOKED IN EZRA'S MAUSOLEUM! HE HAD NOTICED THERE WERE FIVE, NOT FOUR, COFFINS! HE HAD FOUND EZRA IN THE FIFTH...
WHAT ARE THOSE OTHER COFFINS DOING HERE?
GROUND'S BEEN FROZEN! COULDN'T BURY 'EM! BUT LOOK WHAT EZRA'S DONE TO THE BODIES INSIDE!
THE MEN LOOKED! THEY OPENED EACH COFFIN! THE DENTIST WITH HIS TEETH PULLED OUT...CAVITIES FOR EYES! THE BANKER WITH PENNIES IN HIS SKULL INSTEAD OF BRAINS... THE OTHERS...
MAD, I SAY! EZRA DEEPLEY MUST HAVE BEEN MAD!
THAT'S NOTHING! HERE! HE'S IN THIS ONE...
THE MEN CROWDED ABOUT AS CLEM OPENED THE FIFTH COFFIN... EZRA'S...
GOOD LORD!
OUGH-H!
GULP!
HOW...HOW HORRIBLE! BUT HOW...WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE DID THIS TO HIM!
MAYBE... MAYBE THEY DID... IN REVENGE!
HEE, HEE! WELL? LIKE IT? FEEL A LITTLE SICK? REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING...HE WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST? WELL...IN EZRA'S CASE, NOBODY LAUGHED! WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO EZRA? WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE THING YOU CAN THINK OF? HEE, HEE! THAT'S IT! READY FOR MORE? THEN I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE VAULT-KEEPER! G'BYE, NOW!
OH, BY THE WAY! LOOK FOR MY 'HAUNT OF FEAR' IN CRIME!
8

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

So! I SEE IT IS TIME ONCE MORE FOR ME TO TELL YOU A TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF HORROR STORIES THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE VAULT! WELL, THIS TIME YOUR VAULT-KEEPER TELLS YOU A TALE THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS TO YOU! YOU ARE THE MAIN CHARACTER! YOU LIVE THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE...EVERY CHILLING MINUTE! I CALL THIS SPINE-TINGLER...
SO THEY FINALLY PINNED YOU DOWN!
STOP
You run madly down the deserted street! The light from a distant lamp-post casts your huge, elongated shadow along the grey sidewalk! They're after you! You can hear their voices echoing off the faces of the dark silent buildings behind you! You're tired...breathless!
ALMOST...GASP..ALMOST THERE! ANOTHER...GASP... MINUTE AND I'LL BE...GASP... SAFE...

THEIR HEAVY, CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS ARE NEARER NOW! YOU TURN THE CORNER...THE FAMILIAR CORNER...
ONE MORE...BLOCK! ONE...GASP...MORE...
YOU HURL YOURSELF DOWN THE STONE STEPS...THE STEPS THAT YOU HAVE COME DOWN SO MANY TIMES...THE STEPS TO YOUR BASEMENT HOME...
THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME...NOW! NEVER...
IT IS DARK! YOU LIE QUIETLY, SCARCELY BREATHING! YOU CAN HEAR THEIR CLUMSY FOOTSTEPS RUNNING BY IN THE STREET ABOVE ...THEIR ANGRY SHOUTING...
HE'S TURNED IN SOMEWHERE!
WE'LL GET 'IM, THE FIEND!
YOU FEEL WARM...SAFE NOW! YOU'RE HOME...BACK WHERE YOU BELONG! THEY CAN'T HARM YOU HERE! YOU RELAX! YOU STRETCH OUT COMFORTABLY AND RELAX! A MILLION THOUGHTS RACE WILDLY THROUGH YOUR MIND! A MILLION THOUGHTS RACE BACK... BACK TO THE BEGINNING...TO WHEN YOU FIRST MET HER...
HMMPH! THERE'S NOTHING AS LONELY AS A STRANGE TOWN! NO ONE TO TALK TO! NO FRIENDS! I...SAY... THAT GIRL... SHE'S SMILING AT ME!
SHE STOOD THERE IN THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP ...SWEETLY...DEMURELY! HER EYES FLASHED WITH A FIRE...A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FIRE! YOU MOVED TOWARD HER... AS IF DRAWN BY SOME INVISIBLE THREAD...
I...I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN! I JUST GOT IN TONIGHT! YOU...
I KNOW! I WATCHED YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN!
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! YES...YOU CAN REMEMBER THAT! SHE LOOKED INTO YOUR EYES AND YOUR HEART POUNDED IN YOUR CHEST! HER LIPS WERE FULL AND RED! WHEN SHE SPOKE, THEY TOUCHED AND SEEMED TO CLING FOR A MOMENT, RELUCTANT TO BE PARTED ONCE MORE...
YOU...YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY?
WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT... I DO NEED A ROOM!
SHE TOOK YOU BY THE HAND! HER JET BLACK HAIR SHIMMERED AS A BREEZE LAZILY CARESSED IT! YOU WENT WITH HER! YOU COULD NOT RESIST HER...
I LIVE...DOWN THERE!
BUT...I CAN'T...MOVE IN ON YOU! I...
2.

MILLIONS OF LITTLE THOUGHTS *RACE* THROUGH YOUR MIND! YOU LIE THERE... AND THINK! BUT YOU CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER CLEARLY! YOU OBJECTED! YOU REMEMBER THAT! YOU DIDN'T WANT TO IMPOSE! SHE SHOOK HER HEAD! SHE PRESSED CLOSE TO YOU... HER FULL RED LIPS SO NEAR...SO NEAR...

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT? THERE'S WHERE THE BLANKS BEGIN! THOSE PAUSES... THOSE DARK PLACES IN YOUR LINE OF THOUGHTS BEGAN THERE! YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE REST OF THAT NIGHT... OR THE WHOLE NEXT DAY! BUT THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, YOU AWOKE TO FIND...

YOU FELT WEAK! YOU TRIED TO RISE! SHE BENT AND KISSED YOU! SHE TOUCHED YOUR EYELIDS GENTLY...

AGAIN YOU SLEPT... A DEAD, DREAMLESS SLEEP! WHEN YOU AWOKE IT WAS NIGHT AGAIN! ANOTHER DAY HAD COME AND GONE! AND SHE...THE DARK GIRL WITH THE FIERY EYES...

YOU LOOKED ABOUT! IT WAS A DARK, DISMAL PLACE SHE HAD TAKEN YOU TO! TWO DAYS... TWO WHOLE DAYS YOU HAD SLEPT! WHAT HAD SHE *DONE* TO YOU? YOU WENT OUT... UP THE STONE STEPS TO THE STREET...

YOU SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! YOU LOOKED IN BARS, BACK ROOMS, NIGHT CLUBS, JUKE-BOX JOINTS...

YOU WENT ON...ON! A HATRED GREW WITHIN YOU! AS THE NIGHT DRAGGED ON IT INFECTED...FESTERED! SHE'D *DRUGGED* YOU...ROBBED YOU! YOU HATED HER... *HATED* HER! SUDDENLY.

YOU RAN TO HER! YOU WERE HOT...HOT WITH RAGE! AND THE OTHER FEELING...THE *STRANGE* FEELING ...THE CRAVING WAS STRONG, TOO! A CRAVING FOR... FOR *SOMETHING!* BUT YOU KNEW NOT *WHAT*...

ANOTHER BLANK SPOT! THEY BECOME MORE FREQUENT, NOW! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER? THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS STANDING OVER HER... LOOKING DOWN! BUT HER FACE...HER FACE HAD CHANGED! YOU WERE NO LONGER ANGRY... AND THE CRAVING WAS GONE...

YOU HAD MADE A MISTAKE! A HORRIBLE MISTAKE! YOU HAD KILLED THE *WRONG GIRL!* YOU RAN, TERRIFIED, FROM THE SCENE! YOU RAN UNTIL YOU COULD RUN NO MORE! THEN, YOU CAME TO THEM! YOU WERE GASPING FOR BREATH! YOU WERE TIRED, AND THEY WERE BEFORE YOU...THE *STEPS*...

YOU REMEMBER THE SKY GETTING LIGHT WITH THE COMING DAWN! YOU WENT DOWN THE STEPS! YOU WENT INSIDE! AND THEN, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE DARK PLACES! PERHAPS YOU SLEPT AGAIN! PERHAPS NOT! THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS THE FLASHING LIGHTS...THE THEATER MARQUEE...

YOU STEPPED UP TO THE BOX OFFICE. YOU REACHED INTO YOUR POCKET! YOU HAD FORGOTTEN! SHE HAD TAKEN YOUR MONEY! YOU STOOD THERE... FRUSTRATED...ANGRY...

THEN YOU SAW HER! SHE WAS COMING OUT OF THE MOVIE! *SHE* HAD SEEN THE PICTURE! SHE'D SEEN IT...WITH *YOUR MONEY*...

YOU TRAILED HER! THE RAGE WITHIN YOU WAS A ROARING STORM WHEN SHE FINALLY TURNED INTO A DESERTED STREET! AND THAT CRAVING...THAT *STRANGE CRAVING*...

ANOTHER BLANK! ANOTHER SPACE OF TIME YOU CAN'T REMEMBER! AS YOU LIE THERE QUIETLY...LISTENING... YOU TRY TO RECALL! BUT YOU CANNOT! THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS STANDING OVER HER... NOT ANGRY...NOT CRAVING...JUST TIRED...
GOOD LORD! I'VE MADE ANOTHER... MISTAKE!
YES! YOU REMEMBER THAT! THE WRONG WOMAN... AGAIN! YOU TURNED! A CAR WAS COMING ALONG THE STREET! YOU FLED DOWN A BLACK ALLEY...
GOT TO GET AWAY! GOT TO RUN! I... I'M A MURDERER! SHE'S DONE SOMETHING TO ME... DRIVEN ME...OUT OF MY MIND!
YOU RAN! YOU RAN UNTIL YOU HAD NO MORE STRENGTH IN YOUR LEGS! AND THEN YOU WERE THERE... THERE, WHERE THE STEPS WENT DOWN...
TIRED... SLEEPY... WANT TO... REST...
ANOTHER OF THOSE MEMORY BLANKS! YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT AGAIN! IT WAS NIGHT ONCE MORE WHEN YOU CAME TO...
EXTRA...EXTRA... READ ALL ABOUT IT!
HERE, BOY...
YOU REACHED INTO YOUR POCKET! THE MONEY...YOU'D FORGOTTEN! YOU STARED AT THE HEADLINES... STUTTERING...
I... I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN MY WALLET... I...
YEAH! SURE! HERE! TAKE IT! PAY ME BACK!
YOU TOOK THE PAPER! THE BOY LOOKED AT YOU WITH CONTEMPT, BUT YOU TOOK IT ANYWAY! THE HEADLINES ...THE HEADLINES HAD CAUGHT YOUR EYE...
'TWO UNEXPLAINED DEATHS IN TWO NIGHTS. TWO YOUNG WOMEN FOUND DEAD ON TWO SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS! CAUSES OF DEATH NOT YET DETERMINED! SUPECT MURDER!'
YOU CRUSHED THE PAPER INTO A CRINKLED BALL AND FLUNG IT TO THE GROUND! IT CALLED YOU A DANGEROUS KILLER...
I... I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP... AFTER I GET HER!
6

ONCE AGAIN YOU STALKED THE TOWN... SEARCHING! THEN, YOU SAW HER! ONLY THIS TIME YOU HAD TO BE SURE! YOU STOLE UP BEHIND HER AND...
A-G-G-G-GH!
IT IS YOU THIS TIME! I'M SURE! I'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK!
ANOTHER STORM OF ANGER AND THAT STRANGE CRAVING! A BLANK... AND THEN IT WAS OVER! THE CRAVING WAS SATISFIED! YOU WIPED YOUR MOIST FACE...
NOW... NOW I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! I'VE... I'VE... OH, LORD... NO!
AGAIN! AGAIN YOU KILLED THE WRONG GIRL! THEY ALL LOOKED ALIKE TO YOU BEFORE... THEY ALL LOOKED LIKE HER! BUT AFTER...
I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU REMEMBER IT WELL NOW! THAT WAS LAST NIGHT. AS YOU LIE THERE IN THE DARKNESS, SAFE FROM YOUR PURSUERS, YOU TRY TO REMEMBER TONIGHT... WHAT HAPPENED! YOU HAD FOUND YOURSELF WALKING... WALKING...
CROWD AROUND RADIO STORE! THINK I'LL MOSEY OVER AND LISTEN!
THE ROUND EXPRESSIONLESS FACE OF THE LOUDSPEAKER OVER THE DOORWAY TO THE RADIO STORE RASPED IN AN EAR-SPLITTING CRY...
...AND LAST NIGHT THE KILLER'S THIRD VICTIM WAS DISCOVERED IN AN EMPTY LOT! AN AUTOPSY SHOWED THAT SHE TOO DIED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE PREVIOUS TWO VICTIMS...
THE VOICE COMING FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER CONTINUED! IT RAMBLED ON ABOUT THE MURDERS! YOU STUDIED THE FACES AROUND YOU! THEN YOU SAW HER...
IT'S HER! THIS TIME IT IS HER!
DOCTOR ALEX FARNSWORTH HAS DECLARED THAT THERE IS NO FOUNDATION FOR THIS THEORY! HOWEVER...
YOU HID BEHIND A FAT MAN AND WATCHED! SHE WAS LISTENING INTENTLY TO THE GORY DETAILS! FINALLY, SHE LEFT! YOU FOLLOWED HER! YOU HAD A FAINT SUSPICION THAT AFTER IT WOULD BE OVER... AFTER THAT STRANGE CRAVING WAS SATISFIED...SHE'D BE SOMEONE ELSE! YET YOU FOLLOWED HER! YOU MUST HAVE MADE A SLIGHT NOISE, FOR SHE TURNED AND...
EEEYAAAAA
6.

THEY HAD HEARD HER SCREAM! THEY CAME RUNNING! YOU HAD HAD TO RUN... TO ESCAPE! NOW, YOU ARE LYING IN THE DARK... AND YOU CAN HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS IN THE STREET ABOVE...

WHAT WAS THAT THE MAN ON THE RADIO SAID... ABOUT THE VICTIMS' *BLOOD* BEING *DRAINED* FROM THEIR *BODIES?*

'*THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!*' THE RADIO HAD BLARED! YOU LOOK AROUND! A *VAMPIRE?* IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE? THE LIGHT OF DAWN IS BEGINNING TO STREAM IN THE CELLAR WINDOW...

GOOD LORD! I... I'M LYING IN A *COFFIN!*

YOU TRY TO GET UP! THE HEAVY FOOTFALLS... COMING DOWN THE STONE STEPS...

THEY... *FOLLOWED* ME... TO MY *RESTING PLACE!*

THE DOOR... THE POUNDING... SMASHING... SPLINTERING...

SHE DID IT! SHE *MADE* ME A VAMPIRE! THAT *GIRL... THAT NIGHT...*

THEY RUSH AT YOU! YOU LIE BACK IN YOUR COFFIN, CRINGING! THEY STARE DOWN AT YOU... THEIR OUTRAGED EYES SHINING IN THE TORCH LIGHT...

SOMEONE... GIMME THE *STAKE...*

THE FAT-FACED FLABBY ONE LEANS OVER YOU! YOU CANNOT RISE! THE CRAVING... THE CRAVING FOR BLOOD WENT UNSATISFIED TONIGHT! YOU ARE *WEAK!* YOU CANNOT PUSH THE *STAKE* ASIDE AS HE PLACES THE POINT UPON YOUR CHEST! WHEN HE TAKES THE IRON MALLET AND LIFTS IT HIGH, YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH... AND AS THE MALLET FALLS... *YOU SCREAM...*

GNYAAAAA

YOU'LL REMEMBER THE END... THE TEARING OF FLESH... THE CRUNCHING OF BONE... THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN AS THE STAKE DIGS INTO YOUR THROBBING HEART! AND LASTLY *SHE...* THERE IN THE CROWD... SMILING AT YOU... THEN LAUGHING, *LAUGHING...* AND HER LAUGHTER WILL FOLLOW YOU INTO THE BLACKNESS!

THE END

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HEH, HEH! WELL, THAT'S MY TALE, FIENDS! AND A *PIERCING FINISH* IT HAD, TOO! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF... BEING A *VAMPIRE...* EVEN IF YOU DID MAKE A FEW MISTAKES! OH WELL, IN THE END, *THEY* DIDN'T *MISTAKE YOU!* THEY DID A REAL *THOROUGH* JOB! RIGHT *TH-R-OUGH!*

7

SCIENCE FICTION FANS!

FOR THE BEST IN THE NEW SCIENCE-FANTASY FIELD...FOR A MAGAZINE JAM-PACKED WITH ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, AND EERIE ADVENTURES INTO THE FANTASTIC ...FOR SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSE STORIES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST, READ...

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Young Richard Murdock sat up in bed, the hairs at the back of his neck tingling with excitement. Those sounds on the stairway . . . he could hear them again! *It's insane,* he thought to himself, peering across the room toward the moonlight-splashed door. *All the servants are in the other wing of the house and there's no possible way to get into this section I've been using since the old man's death a month ago! In the pocket of my bathrobe is the only key to the door separating the two sections of the mansion . . . I MUST be all alone here in this wing which the old man reserved for his private use!*

The padded sounds could be heard again. *Like someone trudging up and down the heavily-padded hallways!* young Murdock thought with a stab of terror. His feet slipped to the floor and he drew the robe tightly around him. *Something mighty strange going on here,* he muttered half-aloud, moving fearfully toward the door leading to the hallway. *It can't POSSIBLY be anyone snooping around to find out how the old man disappeared so strangely a month ago! The disappearance is a closed case, the Police said! And aside from ME, there isn't a living soul who knows how old Paul Murdock vanished!*

The young man paused with his hand on the doorknob, a smile on his lips. It had been a skillfull job, dragging the old man down to the marsh at the far end of the estate the night all the servants were at the show in

town! And shoving the old man's body under the mucky water and sand of the marsh was like child's play! With hardly a ripple the ooze had claimed the corpse of the old man! Then, when the disappearance had been reported the following morning, there was only sympathy for the poor grieving step-son. What a laugh! The house belonged to *him* now, young Murdock gloated, and the entire Murdock fortune would pass into his hands as soon as the Insurance Company satisfied itself that his stepfather was gone for good! All he had to do was sit tight . . . feign distress and sadness . . . and resist the temptation to sneak down to the marshes to make certain there were no traces of Paul Murdock! There would be no return to the scene of the crime for *him!*

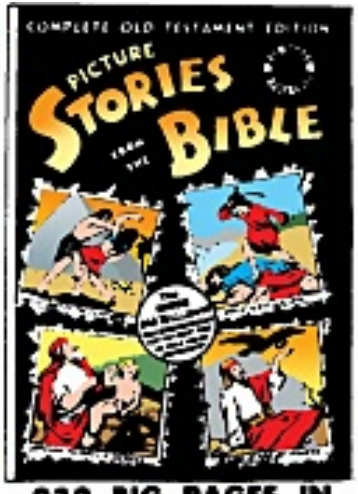
The noises could be heard again in the hallway. Young Richard turned the knob and stepped out into the jet blackness.

* * * * *

"Not a mark on the body," the Coroner said to the assembled servants. "Mr. Richard Murdock's cause of death will have to be listed as FRIGHT! The shadows up here must have proved too much for his heart! No telling *what* he thought he saw!" The Coroner signalled for his assistants to remove the body sprawled lifelessly on the carpet . . . the body with the eyes still staring out of the terror-struck face. The Coroner looked down at the tiny specks of sand in his palm. "This sand from the marsh at the other side of the property," he said with finality, "doesn't have a thing to do with the case, in my opinion! Probably young Richard had been puttering down there and brought it back *himself!* THAT'S why we find the trail of marsh sand on the carpet here in the hallway!"

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers.*

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1—From the Creation to Joseph 15c

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2—More Old Testament Heroes 15c

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1—The Early Life of Jesus 15c

EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.
225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies.

COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT ..... 75c ☐

COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT ..... 50c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

OLD TESTAMENT No. 2 . . . 15c ☐

NEW TESTAMENT No. 1 . . . 15c ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Postal Zone_____ State_____

Please print plainly. No C.O.D. Do not send postage stamps.

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee! Yep, it's me again! I see it's time for another of our effervescent discussions of various and sundry trembling topics! First, let me thank all you thousands of HORROR-HAPPY FIENDS who have written me raving about my wonderful photograph. Real revolting, wasn't it? (Whaja expect? Betty Grable?) I got some left! Any of you creeps who haven't gotten yours yet can have it by merely sending your name and address along with one thin dime, ten cents, to me at the address at the end of this page. For this disgustingly meager amount of U.S. coin, I will send you by return mail a full five by seven, autographed, actual photographic reproduction of me as I appear in the flesh . . . decaying, that is! So if you have ever wondered if I really look like the drawings the artists make of me, set your curious little inadequate minds at ease! See for yourself!

Apropos of this offer, I have a distasteful message from those nauseating creatures, my idiot editors. They, in a misguided, contorted sense of justice, have come up with a vicious plan to save you each one big, fat nickle . . . a revolting thought to my selfish, wizened heart! This is it! They, in checking through the orders of those other two insipid Ghou-Lunatics, the CRYPT-KEEPER and the VAULT-KEEPER, as well as mine, have noted that many of you fiendish fans are sending for *all three pictures!* This I simply cannot understand! How any of you would want THEIR pictures is beyond me! However, no hard feelings! (Jerks!) Anyway, this is costing you creeps 10c each, or thirty cents for the lot . . . to say nothing about *three* stamps, *three* envelopes, and *three* pieces of paper to order them! Hence, the following plan slowly formulated in the editors' infantile minds! With ONE stamp, ONE envelope, and ONE piece of paper, you can order ALL THREE PICTURES at one time! Since this will also save two stamps, two envelopes, and two packings at this end, my stupid editors are willing to pass the savings on to you! The price for all three ordered at one time is twenty-five cents . . . one quarter . . . a fourth part of a dollar! This is a BARGAIN . . . at half the price! Same address! 'Nuf said!

And now the results of the voting on last issue's stories. Our "Guest-of-the-issue" vote tabulators . . . THE ROPE, GAS, AND ELECTRIC EXECUTIONERS INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD, LOCAL 3.1417, OF OHMSVILLE, TEXAS . . . have just handed me the following shocking results. Jack Davis, the newest artist to join the hysterical staff of my HORRORIFIC mag, captures first place honors with his palatable *TASTY MORSEL!* In this issue, DROOLING DAVIS unwraps his odoriferous *CHEESE. THAT'S HORRIBLE! HORROR IN THE FREAK TENT*, masterpieced by Wally Wood, snagged second spot. WEIRD WOOD spikes you in this issue with his arresting *SO THEY FINALLY PINNED YOU DOWN!* Graham Ingels' *A BITING FINISH* rates third niche. GHASTLY GRAHAM horror-fies you in this issue with his rigor-mortifying *STRANGE UNDERTAKING! SEEDS OF DEATH*. Johnny Craig's offering, finds fourth position. Craig's spot is filled this time by KREEPY JACK KAMEN, who presents the hilarious *GRAVE GAG!* The text, *SKELETON*, wasn't a very MEATY story! It drew a *thin* amount of votes to rattle into fifth position!

If you lack ambition, hate to move from your tomb, dislike mingling with the peasantry, have a crush on the postman . . . if you don't like rummaging through inferior comics looking for mine and finding all the copies have been sold out, then why don't you treat yourself to a subscription? This is how to have a full year's supply . . . six repulsive issues . . . of the HAUNT OF FEAR slipped under your gravestone reeking to be read! Send seventy-five cents along with your name and address to me, THE OLD WITCH, at the below hovel!

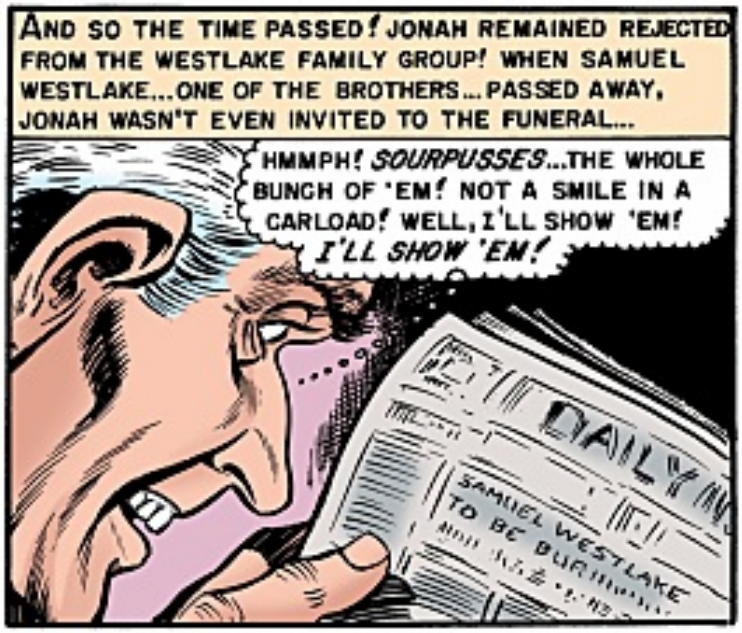
Don't forget to write and vote for your favorite story so I'll know which artist to feed this month! Also write and tell me what you think of my mag! The address where you send these insulting letters, your hard earned subscription money, and ill-spent picture dough, is:

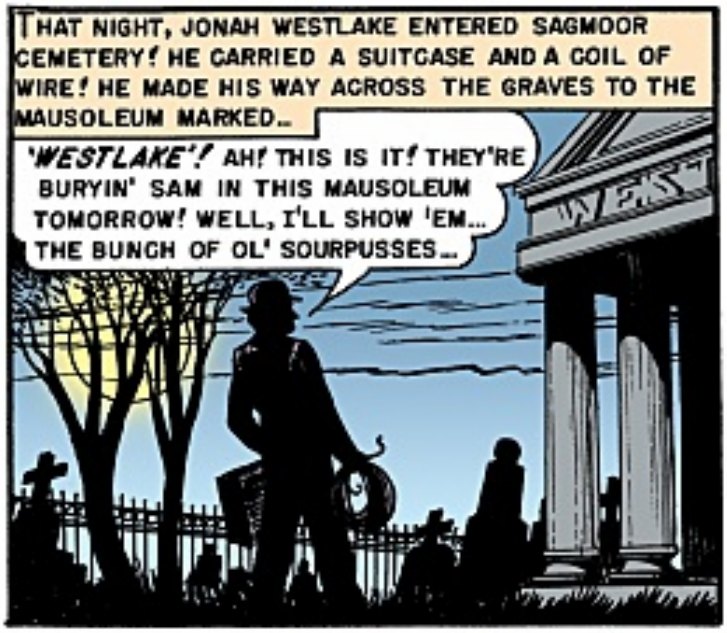
THE OLD WITCH
Room 706, Dept. 6
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

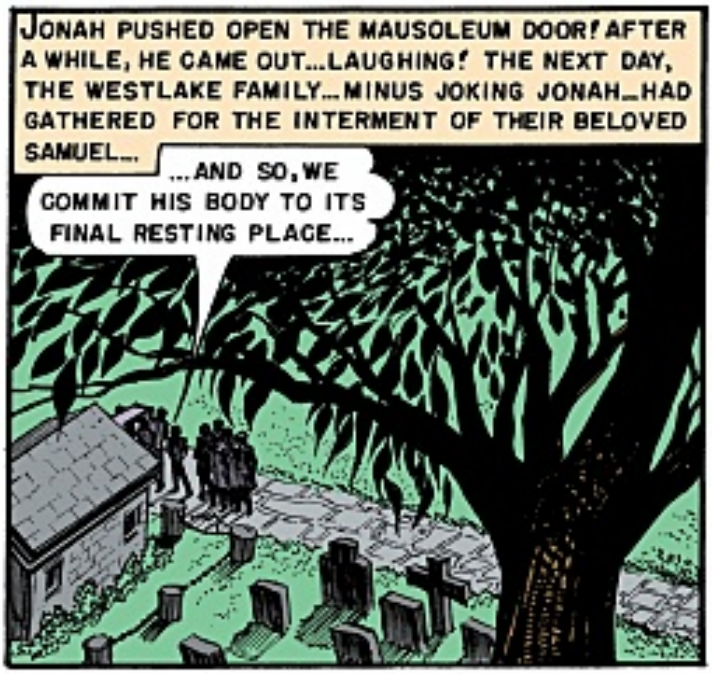
HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE TALE FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT! I CALL IT...
A GRAVE GAG!!
THE DOOR TO THE SMALL AMPHITHEATER OPENED, AND THE BLACK-CLAD MOURNERS FILED TIGHT-LIPPED DOWN THE AISLE! THE WOMEN, THEIR FACES VEILED IN FLIMSY BLACK NET... THE MEN, UNCOMFORTABLE IN THEIR STIFFLY STARCHED WHITE SHIRTS AND THEIR NEATLY PRESSED BLACK SUITS...
SOB... SOB...
BUT... WHY... WHY CREMATION ?
SH-H-H! IT WAS HIRAM'S LAST REQUEST, SAMUEL!
1

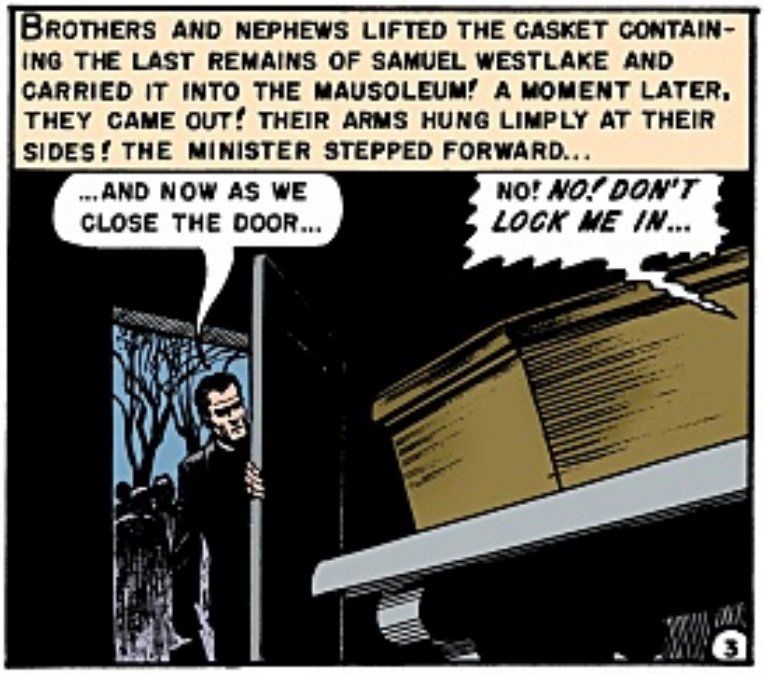
FINALLY, THEY WERE ALL SEATED ON THE UNCOMFORTABLE STRAIGHT-BACKED BENCHES! BEFORE THEM, THE COFFIN OF THE DECEASED RESTED SILENTLY ON THE TRACK OF ROLLERS THAT RAN TOWARD THE BLACK DOOR IN THE BRICK WALL!
IS THAT THE CREMATORIUM, GRANNY?
CREMATORY, EZRA! YES! AND SH-H-H-H!
THE FAMILY OF HIRAM WESTLAKE SAT STIFFLY, AS A MINISTER RECITED A SIMPLE SERVICE! HIRAM WESTLAKE HAD BEEN ONE OF FIVE BROTHERS! FOUR OF THEM HAD GOTTEN MARRIED AND RAISED LARGE FAMILIES! THE FIFTH REMAINED SINGLE! HIRAM HAD BEEN THE FIRST TO DIE! AS THE MINISTER FINISHED HIS SERVICE...
...AND WE NOW COMMIT THE LAST REMAINS OF OUR BELOVED HIRAM WESTLAKE TO THE CONSUMING FIRE! ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO...
THE COFFIN SLID SLOWLY DOWN THE ROLLER TRACK TOWARD THE SMALL DOOR THAT STOOD OPEN NOW! FROM WITHIN, BLASTING HEAT AND DANCING FLAMES LEAPED FORTH...
...FOREVER AND EVER...A-MEN!
THE HEAVY IRON DOOR CLANGED SHUT! THE MOURNERS SAT SILENTLY... HEADS BOWED! FROM BEHIND THE BRICK WALL, A RUSHING ROAR WAS HEARD... THE ROAR OF THE CONSUMING FIRE...
THEN...SUDDENLY...THEY HEARD IT! ALL EYES TURNED TOWARD THE CREMATORY! IT CAME FROM BEHIND THE WALL... A HORRIFIED, BLOOD-CURDLING, HYSTERICAL SCREAM..
EEEEAAAH!
WHAT THE..
THE FRIGHTENED WIDOW JUMPED TO HER FEET! THE GRIEF-STRICKEN MOTHER FAINTED! THE THREE BROTHERS PRESENT LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WIDE-EYED IN DISBELIEF...
IT CAME... FROM... INSIDE...
HE...HE'S ALIVE!
DO SOMETHING!
AND THEN... BEFORE ANYONE COULD MOVE... A FIGURE STEPPED FROM BEHIND THE DRAPERIES TO THE RIGHT OF THE WALL! IT WAS JONAH WESTLAKE... THE FIFTH BROTHER! HE WAS LAUGHING.... LAUGHING GLEEFULLY...
A... HAH! A... HAH! HAH-HAH-HAH!
PRETTY GOOD... EH?
YOU... YOU FIEND!
2

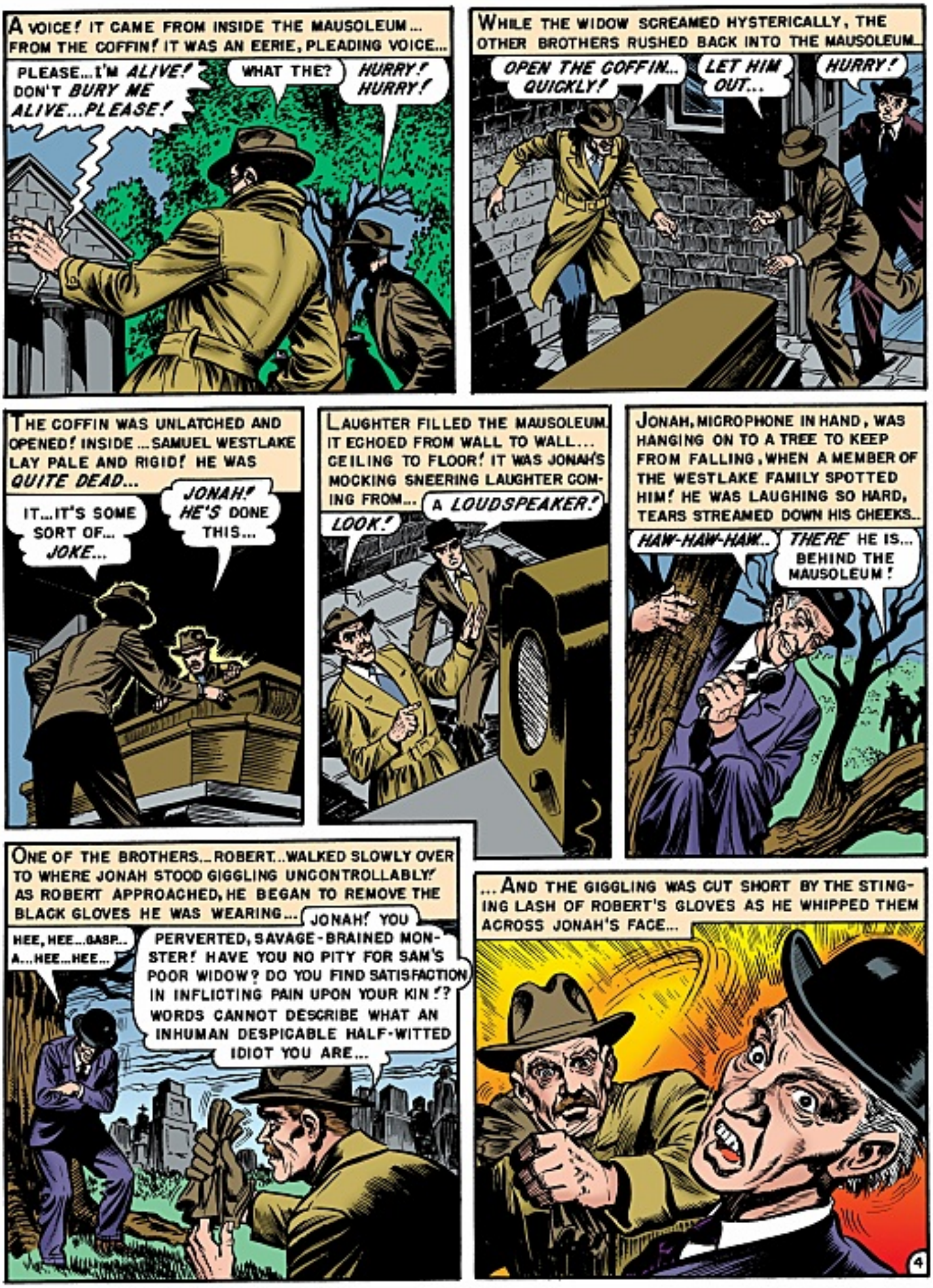
HEE, HEE! YEP! THAT WAS JONAH WESTLAKE! THE BLACK-SHEEP OF THE WESTLAKE FAMILY! ALWAYS THE COMEDIAN... ALWAYS THE PRACTICAL JOKER! SOME JOKE, EH? YES, JONAH LOVED TO PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON THE OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY! HE'D BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS! BUT THIS... THIS WAS GOING TOO FAR...
JONAH! HOW COULD YOU...
I...I HATE YOU!
LEAVE! GO! GET OUT! IMMED-IATELY!
SO JONAH LEFT! HE WAS BANISHED FROM THE FAMILY CIRCLE! HE WAS NEVER INVITED BACK AGAIN...
NO SENSE OF HUMOR! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG! NOBODY'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR! HMMPH! CAN'T EVEN PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE...


AND SO THE TIME PASSED! JONAH REMAINED REJECTED FROM THE WESTLAKE FAMILY GROUP! WHEN SAMUEL WESTLAKE... ONE OF THE BROTHERS... PASSED AWAY, JONAH WASN'T EVEN INVITED TO THE FUNERAL...
HMMPH! SOURPUSSES... THE WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM! NOT A SMILE IN A CARLOAD! WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL SHOW 'EM!
DAILY
SAMUEL WESTLAKE TO BE BURIED


THAT NIGHT, JONAH WESTLAKE ENTERED SAGMOOR CEMETERY! HE CARRIED A SUITCASE AND A COIL OF WIRE! HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE GRAVES TO THE MAUSOLEUM MARKED..
'WESTLAKE'! AH! THIS IS IT! THEY'RE BURYIN' SAM IN THIS MAUSOLEUM TOMORROW! WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM... THE BUNCH OF OL' SOURPUSSES...


JONAH PUSHED OPEN THE MAUSOLEUM DOOR! AFTER A WHILE, HE CAME OUT... LAUGHING! THE NEXT DAY, THE WESTLAKE FAMILY... MINUS JOKING JONAH... HAD GATHERED FOR THE INTERMENT OF THEIR BELOVED SAMUEL...
...AND SO, WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...


BROTHERS AND NEPHEWS LIFTED THE CASKET CONTAINING THE LAST REMAINS OF SAMUEL WESTLAKE AND CARRIED IT INTO THE MAUSOLEUM! A MOMENT LATER, THEY CAME OUT! THEIR ARMS HUNG LIMPLY AT THEIR SIDES! THE MINISTER STEPPED FORWARD...
...AND NOW AS WE CLOSE THE DOOR...
NO! NO! DON'T LOCK ME IN...
3


A VOICE! IT CAME FROM INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM... FROM THE COFFIN! IT WAS AN EERIE, PLEADING VOICE...
PLEASE... I'M ALIVE! DON'T BURY ME ALIVE... PLEASE!
WHAT THE?
HURRY! HURRY!
WHILE THE WIDOW SCREAMED HYSTERICALLY, THE OTHER BROTHERS RUSHED BACK INTO THE MAUSOLEUM...
OPEN THE COFFIN... QUICKLY!
LET HIM OUT...
HURRY!
THE COFFIN WAS UNLATCHED AND OPENED! INSIDE... SAMUEL WESTLAKE LAY PALE AND RIGID! HE WAS QUITE DEAD...
IT... IT'S SOME SORT OF... JOKE...
JONAH! HE'S DONE THIS...
LAUGHTER FILLED THE MAUSOLEUM. IT ECHOED FROM WALL TO WALL... CEILING TO FLOOR! IT WAS JONAH'S MOCKING SNEERING LAUGHTER COMING FROM... A LOUDSPEAKER!
LOOK!
JONAH, MICROPHONE IN HAND, WAS HANGING ON TO A TREE TO KEEP FROM FALLING, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE WESTLAKE FAMILY SPOTTED HIM! HE WAS LAUGHING SO HARD, TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS...
HAW-HAW-HAW...
THERE HE IS... BEHIND THE MAUSOLEUM!
ONE OF THE BROTHERS... ROBERT... WALKED SLOWLY OVER TO WHERE JONAH STOOD GIGGLING UNCONTROLLABLY! AS ROBERT APPROACHED, HE BEGAN TO REMOVE THE BLACK GLOVES HE WAS WEARING...
HEE, HEE... GASP... A... HEE... HEE...
JONAH! YOU PERVERTED, SAVAGE-BRAINED MONSTER! HAVE YOU NO PITY FOR SAM'S POOR WIDOW? DO YOU FIND SATISFACTION IN INFLICTING PAIN UPON YOUR KIN!? WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE WHAT AN INHUMAN DESPICABLE HALF-WITTED IDIOT YOU ARE...
...AND THE GIGGLING WAS CUT SHORT BY THE STINGING LASH OF ROBERT'S GLOVES AS HE WHIPPED THEM ACROSS JONAH'S FACE...
4

JONAH'S FACE WAS LIVID WITH RAGE AS ROBERT TURNED HIS BACK AND WALKED AWAY! WHILE THE GROUP OF MOURNERS MOVED DOWN THE GRAVEL PATH, JONAH SWORE A SILENT OATH...
I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU, ROBERT!
HE CLENCHED HIS FISTS TILL THE KNUCKLES WERE WHITE BLOTCHES...
I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS!
JONAH WAITED TWO YEARS...TWO LONG YEARS...TO GET EVEN WITH ROBERT! AND THEN HIS CHANCE CAME, WHEN LISA WESTLAKE, ROBERT'S WIFE, PASSED AWAY...
NOW, ROBERT...NOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! TOMORROW AT LISA'S FUNERAL! YOU'LL SEE!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JONAH SLIPPED INTO THE FUNERAL PARLOR WHERE LISA WESTLAKE'S BODY LAY IN ITS COFFIN! A PLAN HAD FORMED IN JONAH'S WARPED MIND...A FIENDISH PLAN...
THIS WILL BE MY BEST...MY GREATEST PRACTICAL JOKE!
WHEN NO ONE WAS ABOUT, JONAH REMOVED LISA'S BODY FROM ITS COFFIN...
AT THE FUNERAL TODAY, ROBERT, YOU'LL GET THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!
ONCE LISA'S BODY WAS SAFELY HIDDEN, JONAH CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN...
WHEN THEY LOWER THE COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE, YOU'LL HEAR YOUR WIFE, ROBERT! HAH, HAH! SHE'LL MOAN...SCREAM...
YOU'LL BEG THEM TO STOP! YOU'LL OPEN THE COFFIN... AND I'LL BE THERE... LAUGHING AT YOU!
5

LATER THAT DAY, A SMALL SOBBING GROUP STOOD ABOUT THE COFFIN OF LISA WESTLAKE IN SAGMOOR CEMETERY! AFTER THE SIMPLE CEREMONY...
LOWER THE COFFIN!
THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE! SUDDENLY, A WAIL DRIFTED UP FROM THE YAWNING BLACK HOLE...
WHAT WAS THAT?
A MOAN!
SHE'S ALIVE!
NO!
O-O-O-O-O-H-H!!!
ROBERT STEPPED FORWARD! HE SNATCHED THE SHOVEL FROM A HORRIFIED GRAVEDIGGER...
BUT...SHE'S ALIVE!
NO! IT'S A TRICK!
ROBERT DUG THE SPADE INTO THE SOFT MOUND OF EARTH BESIDE THE OPEN GRAVE, AND DIRT POURED DOWN ONTO THE COFFIN BELOW...
DON'T...DON'T BURY ME... ALIVE... ROBERT!
IT WON'T WORK, JONAH! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'VE WIRED THE GRAVE FOR SOUND SOMEHOW... BUT IT WON'T WORK!
JONAH, INSIDE THE COFFIN, REALIZED THAT ROBERT WAS DETERMINED NOT TO FALL FOR HIS LITTLE JOKE! HE PUSHED AT THE COFFIN LID BUT...
IT'S LOCKED! THE COFFIN'S LOCKED! I CAN'T GET OUT! ROBERT...IT'S ME...JONAH!
YOU SEE! IT IS JONAH! I TOLD YOU! GOT A LOUD-SPEAKER DOWN THERE, JONAH?
THE DIRT PILED HIGHER AND HIGHER! JONAH'S SCREAMING GREW MORE AND MORE MUFFLED! THE SMALL GROUP STOOD ABOUT...PRETENDING NOT TO HEAR HIM... KNOWING IT WAS ALL A HIDEOUS PRACTICAL JOKE...LIKE THE OTHER ONES! WHEN THE GRAVE WAS COVERED, THEY LEFT...
COME! IGNORE HIM! WHEN WE ARE GONE, HE WILL COME OUT FROM WHERE HE IS HIDING AND REALIZE THAT WE HAVE BEATEN HIM!
GOOD-BYE, JONAH! SORRY YOUR LITTLE TRICK DIDN'T CONVINCE US!
THE BLACK-CLAD MOURNERS FADED OUT OF SIGHT...OUT OF EARSHOT! BUT THE MUFFLED, TERRORIZED SHRIEKING CONTINUED! SOON, HOWEVER... EVEN THAT FADED! AND JONAH'S LAST PRACTICAL JOKE FADED TOO...WITH THE LAST DROP OF AIR IN THE COFFIN SIX FEET BELOW THE GROUND!
THE END
HEE, HEE! WELL! WHAT A SIDE-SPLITTING HUMOROUS FINISH, EH? I HOPE YOU LIKED MY LITTLE COMEDY! A RIB-TICKLER, WASN'T IT? OH, BY THE WAY! A WEEK LATER, THEY FOUND LISA WESTLAKE'S BODY, PROPPED IN A CLOSET, AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR! THERE WAS A FAINT SMILE ON HER WITHERED FACE! I GUESS SHE LIKED JONAH'S LITTLE JOKE! SHE... AND JONAH...WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT GOT IT, THOUGH!
6

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! *GREETINGS!* IT'S NICE TO SEE YOUR *HORROR-HAPPY FACES* ONCE AGAIN! SO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU ANOTHER OF MY *TALES OF TERROR* THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE *CRYPT*, EH? WELL, COME IN! COME IN AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME... *THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* I HAVE A REAL *SPINE-TINGLER* READY FOR YOU! WHILE I'M TELLING YOU THIS *CHILLING YARN*, WE CAN AMUSE OURSELVES WITH A FRIENDLY GAME OF *POKER!* I HAVE *ONE* ON THE *FIRE*... GETTING *RED-HOT!* OH, BY THE WAY...I CALL THIS LITTLE *SCREAM-PLAY*...

CHEESE, THAT'S HORRIBLE!

WHEN HENDRICK VILLHEM, A MILD-MANNERED, SHY, QUIET TYPE, ARRIVED HERE FROM HOLLAND TWO YEARS AGO, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION...THE FORMULA FOR MAKING *VILLHEM CHEESE!* AS HE STEPPED OFF THE GANGPLANK IN NEW YORK...

I LEARNED FROM MY CONTACTS ABROAD YOU WOULD BE ON THIS BOAT, SO I CAME DIRECTLY TO NEW YORK TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU LANDED!
VELL! DAT VAS VERY NICE OF YOU, MISTER PRINCE!
VILLHEM! I WON'T MINCE WORDS! I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO OFFER YOU! I WANT TO PRODUCE VILLHEM CHEESE IN THIS COUNTRY ON A LARGE-SCALE COMMERCIAL BASIS! I AM WILLING TO FINANCE THE WHOLE UNDERTAKING!
YOU...YOU VANT TO BUY MY FORMULA? NO! I...I AM SORRY, MISTER PRINCE!
THE FORMULA FOR VILLHEM CHEESE HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM FADDER TO SON FOR GENERATIONS! I CANNOT SELL IT!
LOOK HERE, VILLHEM! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE YOUR FORMULA AWAY FROM YOU! YOU'LL BE A PARTNER IN THE BUSINESS!
YOU MEAN...I PUT IN MY FORMULA... UNT YOU PUT IN THE MONEY... AND VE GO FIFTY-FIFTY INTO BUSINESS?
THAT'S THE DEAL, VILLHEM! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
68
HENDRICK VILLHEM TOOK IT! BUT HE HAD ONE STIPULATION...
WHAT'S THAT, HENDRICK?
I VILL NOT TELL THE FORMULA OR WRITE IT DOWN! IT IS HERE... HERE IN MY HEAD... AND HERE IT SHALL REMAIN!
BUT, HOW...
I VILL MIX ALL OF THE INGREDIENTS IN THEIR PROPER PROPORTIONS MYSELF... IN PRIVATE!
WELL, HOW IN BLAZES ARE WE GOING TO TURN THE CHEESES OUT IN QUANTITY, IF YOU HAVE TO MAKE EACH ONE YOURSELF!
DAT, MISTER PRINCE, IS YOUR PROBLEM!

VILLHEM CHEESE WAS FAMOUS IN EASTERN EUROPE! ITS DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR....ITS DELICIOUS TANG...WAS A CHEESE-LOVER'S DELIGHT! BRADBURY PRINCE KNEW A GOOD PRODUCT WHEN HE SMELLED IT! SO HE LOST NO TIME IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM HENDRICK VILLHEM HAD PROVOKED...
THERE IT IS, VILLHEM! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
YOU VANT ME TO MAKE CHEESES ZO BIG...IN ZUCH TREMENDOUS VATS?
SURE! YOU MIX IT UP JUST LIKE THE LITTLE ONES YOU USED TO MAKE! THEN, WHEN IT HARDENS...WE CUT IT UP! WE COULD GET OVER TWO-HUNDRED SMALL CHEESES FROM ONE VAT!
BUT, IT TAKES TWO YEARS TO AGE!
WHAT? TWO YEARS?
YAH! DAT'S RIGHT! IT TAKES TWO YEARS TO AGE PROP-ERLY.. TILL THE BACTERIA HAS...
BRADBURY PRINCE ALMOST BLEW HIS MILLIONAIRE TOP! HE ALMOST TOOK HENDRICK VILLHEM AND HIS FORMULA AND TOSSED HIM INTO ONE OF THE EMPTY VATS THEY WERE STANDING OVER! BUT THEN... THEN AN IDEA CAME TO HIM! WHY TOSS HIM NOW? WHY NOT... IN TWO YEARS?
TWO YEARS! IN TWO YEARS HE WOULD HAVE STARTED... LET'S SEE.. ABOUT SIX HUNDRED VATS OF CHEESE! SIX HUNDRED GIGANTIC CHEESES, EIGHT FEET HIGH BY SIX FEET ACROSS! THAT WOULD BE PLENTY! PLENTY!
YES! YOU GUESSED IT! BRADBURY PRINCE'S IDEA WAS... MURDER! IN TWO YEARS... HE WOULD OWN THE BUSI-NESS...AND SIX HUNDRED HUGE VILLHEM CHEESES ...OUTRIGHT...
HAH, HAH! WELL, HENDRICK! WHAT'S TWO YEARS, EH? WHAT'S TWO YEARS IN A LIFETIME PARTNERSHIP?
A MERE... DROP IN THE VAT... MISTER PRINCE!
THAT NIGHT... ALONE IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT... BRADBURY PRINCE MADE HIS PLANS...
YES, SIR! JUST BEFORE THE FIRST VAT IS BROKEN OPEN AND THE CHEESES CUT AND WRAPPED... I'LL GET RID OF THAT LITTLE.. MOUSE!
3

THEN...THEN I'LL HAVE THE OUTPUT OF TWO YEARS COMING OF AGE! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE... AND THAT LITTLE CREEP... THAT LITTLE MOUSE...WON'T BE THERE TO TAKE HALF OF IT AWAY!
HAH, HAH! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! HAH, HAH! I CALLED HIM A MOUSE! HE'S THE FIRST MOUSE I EVER HEARD OF THAT MAKES HIS OWN CHEESE...
HAH, HAH! A MOUSE! THAT'S WHAT HE IS! A MOUSE! AND I...I'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED!
AND SO...'THE P.& V. CHEESE COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE ORIGINAL DUTCH TYPE VILLHEM CHEESE' WAS BORN! EVERY DAY...IN DEEP DARK SECRECY, HENDRICK VILLHEM MIXED ANOTHER VAT OF CHEESE...
SUCH TREMENDOUS QUANTITIES! I...I HOPE IT TASTES THE SAME LIKE IN THE OLD COUNTRY!
...AND EVERY DAY, ANOTHER VAT OF CHEESE WAS MOVED INTO THE AGING WAREHOUSE FOR A TWO-YEAR STAY...
VELL, MISTER PRINCE! DAT'S NUMBER VUN-HUNDRED AND TEN!
YEP! TIME REALLY FLIES, DOESN'T IT, HENDRICK?
110
109
AFTER ALMOST A YEAR AND A HALF HAD PASSED...
LOOK, HENDRICK! LOOK! ADVANCED ORDERS! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED ORDERS! WHEN WILL THE FIRST VAT YOU MIXED BE READY TO OPEN?
LET'S SEE! IN SEVEN MORE MONTHS, MISTER PRINCE!
SEVEN MONTHS...SEVEN LONG MONTHS! THE ORDERS PILED UP! THE FIRST YEAR'S OUTPUT...THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE VATS...ENOUGH TO MAKE SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND SMALL CHEESES...HAD ALREADY BEEN SOLD...
TOMORROW, MISTER PRINCE! TOMORROW VE OPEN THE FIRST VAT!
GOOD! GOOD! WE'LL HAVE A CELEBRATION! YOU WON'T HAVE TO MIX A VAT TOMORROW! IT'LL BE A HOLIDAY!
4

I...I VAS VONDERING, MISTER PRINCE! I VAS VONDERING IF I COULDN'T START DRAWING SOME MONEY FROM THE BUSINESS, NOW! VE MUST HAVE COLLECTED PLENTY OF MONEY ALREADY IN ADVANCED ORDERS!
SURE, HENDRICK! SURE! AFTER TOMORROW! AFTER THE VAT IS OPENED, AND THE CHEESE IS TASTED!
YES, MISTER PRINCE! I UNDERSTAND! I UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE VORRYING IT MAY NOT BE GOOD, YES?
MAYBE, HENDRICK! MAYBE! NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO MIX UP TODAY'S VAT!
HENDRICK VILLHEM LEFT BRADBURY PRINCE'S OFFICE! AS THE DOOR CLOSED, BRADBURY LEANED BACK IN HIS SWIVEL CHAIR AND ROARED WITH LAUGHTER...
HAW, HAW! WHAT A MEEK CREEP! WHAT A MOUSE!
HE STOOD UP! HIS FACE REDDENED! HIS EYES BULGED IN VIOLENT ANGER...
TODAY'S THE DAY, HENDRICK! TODAY'S THE DAY YOU GET YOURS... YOU MOUSE!
BRADBURY PRINCE OPENED THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE AND PEERED DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE MIXING ROOM...
DOOR'S LOCKED! ALWAYS LOCKS IT! AFRAID I'LL STEAL HIS STUPID FORMULA! FOOL! MOUSEY FOOL! I'VE GOT A SKELETON KEY!
BRADBURY MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND STOPPED BEFORE THE MIXING-ROOM DOOR! HE COULD SEE HENDRICK INSIDE...STIRRING THE HUGE VAT FROM THE PLATFORM THAT CROSSED OVER IT! SLOWLY HE UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE...
GOT TO BE QUIET...LIKE A CAT...STALKING A MOUSE...HEH, HEH...
THE STARTLED HENDRICK VILLHEM SCREAMED AS BRADBURY PRINCE PUSHED! HIS EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK ECHOED FROM WALL TO WALL...
EEEEEEAAAAH!
6

THE CHURNING AND SPLASHING IN THE VAT STOPPED AFTER A FEW MINUTES! HENDRICK VILLHEM WAS DEAD! DROWNED IN HIS OWN CHEESE...
I'LL LEAVE HIS BODY THERE! THE CHEESE WILL HARDEN...AND IN TWO YEARS...WELL, TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME!

THE VAT CONTAINING HENDRICK VILLHEM'S BODY WAS PUSHED INTO THE AGING WAREHOUSE, AND STORED IN ITS PROPER PLACE...
IN TWO YEARS, THE INVESTIGATIONS INTO HIS 'MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE' WILL HAVE BEEN OVER! IT WILL HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN!
612
613

THAT NIGHT, AS BRADBURY PRINCE LAY IN HIS BED...
CAN'T SEEM TO FALL ASLEEP TONIGHT! BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING FOR THREE HOURS! KEEP THINKING ABOUT VILLHEM IN THAT CHEESE! SUPPOSE...SUPPOSE THEY OPEN THAT ONE TOMORROW?

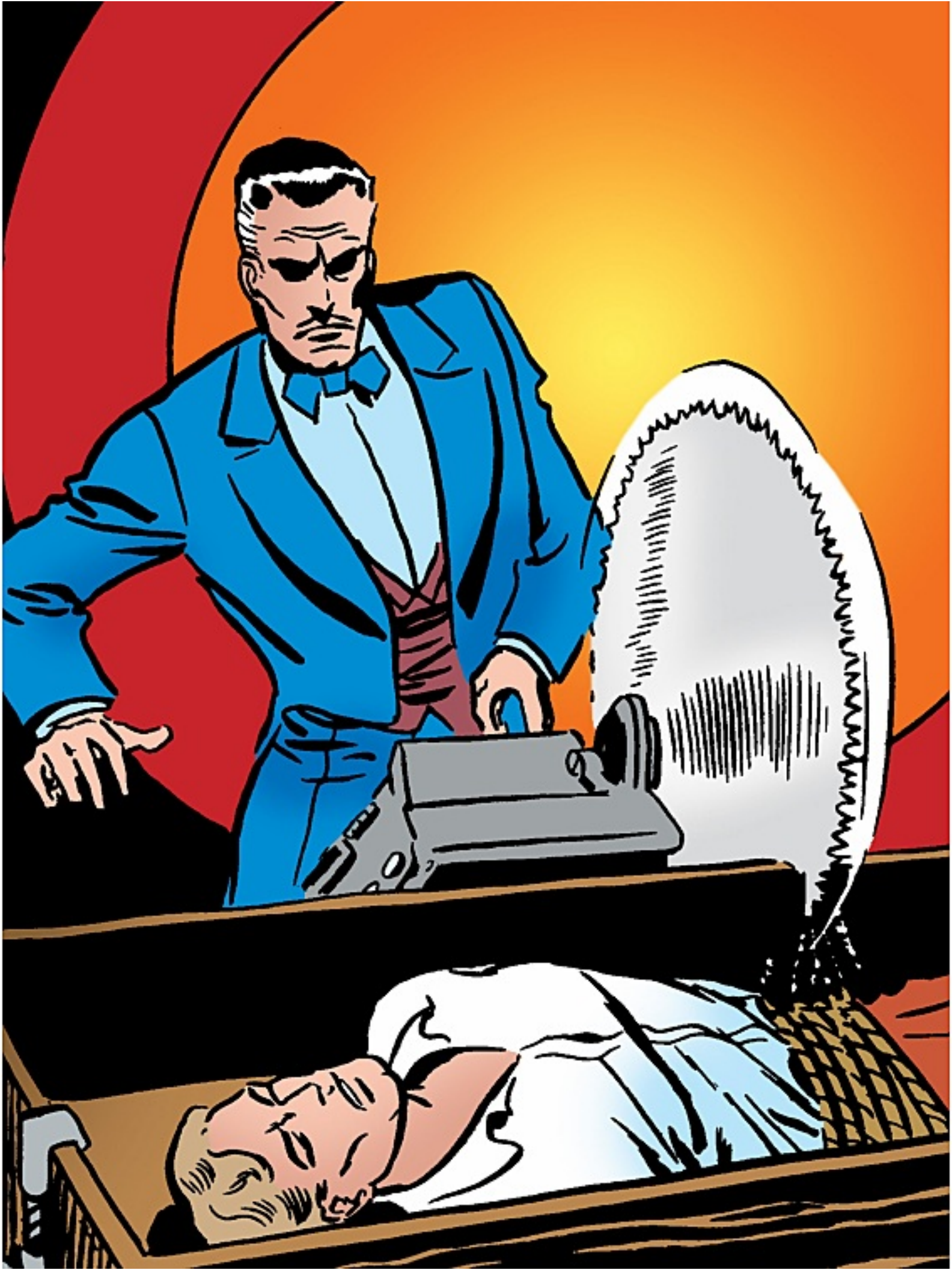
BRADBURY PRINCE GOT UP! HE DRESSED QUICKLY...
GOT TO GET OVER TO THE WAREHOUSE! GOT TO SEE IF THE VAT IS IN ITS RIGHT PLACE...LAST IN LINE...NOT FIRST!

AS BRADBURY WALKED DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREET...
EVERYTHING LOOKS STRANGE... WEIRD...

AS HE WALKED ALONG, A SOFT PADDING SOUND SEEMED TO BE FOLLOWING HIM...
IT SOUNDS...LIKE... LIKE AN ANIMAL! A GIANT ANIMAL...

THE PADDING WAS CLOSER, NOW! BRADBURY TURNED AND...
GOOD LORD! EYES! THE EYES OF A CAT!
6

BRADBURY DARTED INTO A DOORWAY AND SLAMMED THE DOOR BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE SHINING, GLEAMING EYES...
I...I SEEM TO BE IN A DESERTED WAREHOUSE! IT... IT'S DARK IN HERE...
HE MOVED THROUGH THE DARKNESS! HE NO LONGER COULD HEAR THE SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH HE HAD ENTERED! HE PASSED THROUGH A LOW OPENING LIKE A ROUGHLY HEWN HOLE IN THE WALL, AND THEN...
LOOKS LIKE A PLATFORM... WITH A METAL RAIL AROUND IT...
BRADBURY MOUNTED THE PLATFORM AND MOVED ALONG IT! A STRANGE COIL OF METAL CROSSED IT! HE CLIMBED OVER IT...
IT'S LIKE...LIKE A HUGE SPRING...
AND THEN HE SAW IT... THE LARGE WEDGE OF CHEESE ...VILLHEM CHEESE! HE COULD TELL IT BY THE FAMILIAR SMELL! BUT WHAT WAS THAT IN IT... IN THE CHEESE...
GOOD LORD... IT'S A PART OF HENDRICK VILLHEM'S BODY... HIS HANDS STICKING OUT! I...I...
BRADBURY PRINCE LEANED AGAINST THE HUGE WEDGE OF CHEESE ...SICK! IT TILTED SLIGHTLY! SUDDENLY HE HEARD A CLICK AND THE SOUND OF METAL SINGING THROUGH THE AIR...
NO...NO...YA-A-A-A-H!
OUTSIDE OF BRADBURY PRINCE'S LUXURIOUS BEDROOM, HIS BUTLER WAS JUST GETTING READY TO RETIRE WHEN HE HEARD THE SHRIEK OF HORROR CUT SHORT BY THE LOUD SHARP SNAP! HE RUSHED IN...
MR. PRINCE! I...I... GULP! HE...HE'S BEEN SEVERED IN HALF!
HEH, HEH! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! OLD BRADBURY HAD BEEN DREAMING! THE ONLY PUZZLING THING IS...IF HE WAS ONLY DREAMING THAT HE GOT CAUGHT IN THAT HUGE MOUSE-TRAP, WHAT WAS THE SNAP THE BUTLER HEARD? AND WHAT MADE BRADBURY GO TO PIECES? WELL, LOOKS LIKE HENDRICK WASN'T THE THE ONLY MOUSEY CHARACTER IN THIS STORY, EH? MR. PRINCE REALLY ENDED UP LIKE ONE... A MOUSE, THAT IS! 'BYE, NOW! OH, BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU EAT VILLHEM CHEESE... DON'T STUDY IT TOO CAREFULLY! YOU MIGHT FIND A BIT OF HENDRICK!



THE *HAUNT* FONT OVERFLOWETH! Collecting issues #15–#17 and #4–#6 of the classic horror series, and featuring gorgeous new digital colors—using Marie Severin's original palette as a guide, this volume includes unforgettable stories drawn by all-star comic artists Johnny Craig, Al Feldstein, Harvey Kurtzman, Harry Harrison, Wallace Wood, Graham Ingles, Jack Kamen, and Jack Davis!

FEAR KNOWS NO AGE!

"EC COMICS WERE AND ARE A SEMINAL INFLUENCE ON MY GENERATION AND GENERATIONS TO COME."

—ROBERT ENGLUND

DARK HORSE BOOKS

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC